This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

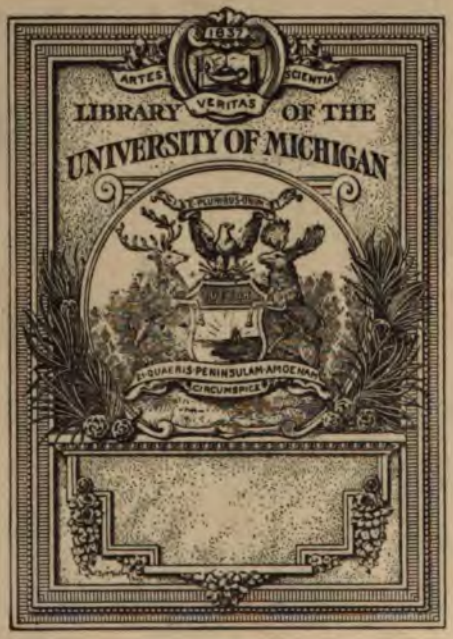
We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

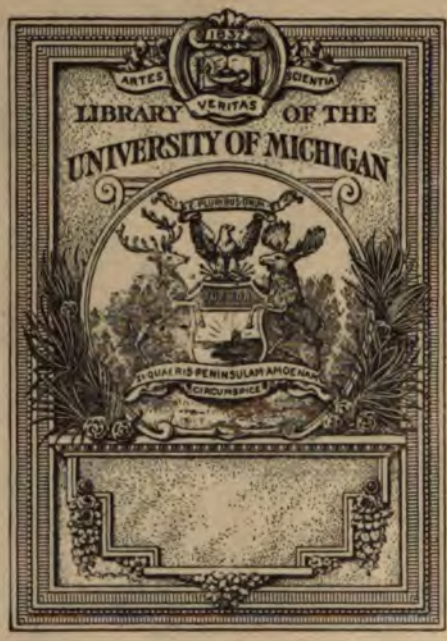
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

1,180,879


1837
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
E PLURIBUS UNUM
TUEBOR
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

805
R89e


1837
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
E PLURIBUS UNUM
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

805
R89e

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Royal Society of Literature

OF

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XXVI.

LONDON:
ASHER AND CO.,
13, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

MDCCCCV.

PRINTED BY ADLARD AND SON,
LONDON AND DORKING.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. The Psychological Treatment of Nero in Literature. By MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL, B.Litt., F.R.S.L. 1

II. The Sháh Námah, or Book of Kings. By A. ROGERS, M.R.A.S. 45

III. The Letters and Autobiographical Writings of Oliver Goldsmith. By SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L. 67

IV. Romeo and Juliet before and in Shakspere's Time. By WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L. . . 101

V. Some Contributions to 'Tottel's Miscellany.' By the Rev. F. ST.JOHN CORBETT, M.A.(Dub.), F.R.S.L., F.R.Hist.S. 145

VI. El ingenioso hidalgo 'Don Quixote de la Mancha': The Book and its Author. By PHILIP H. NEWMAN, R.B.A., F.S.A., F.R.S.L. 165

VII. The Religion and Philosophy of Thomas Carlyle. By the Ven. HENRY E. J. BEVAN, M.A., F.R.S.L., Archdeacon of Middlesex 211

VIII. French-Canadian Literature. By W. D. LIGHTHALL, M.A., F.R.S.L. 231

192700

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL TREATMENT OF NERO IN LITERATURE.

BY MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL, B.LITT., F.R.S.L.

[Read November 23rd, 1904.]

"HISTORY is manufactured in the nursery," Renan is reported to have exclaimed in an outburst of that caustic *bonhomie* with which we are familiar. Beneath this airy sarcasm lies a profound truth. Our childhood's prejudices, its sympathies or antipathies, are of all the most rooted and unassailable. Ingratitude stops short at the authors of our first delights, forgiveness at the objects of our childish terror. Which of us but yet remembers those sinister figures, scourges of God and man, as portrayed by the 'Royal Reader' of our first history lessons? At the mere thought of the bloody hecatombs of block and pile which their fantastic wickedness cost the world even to-day an involuntary shudder, a muttered curse, will escape us. First impressions were derived from the ready imagination of the family governess and the unexceptionable criticism of Mrs. Markham and Little Arthur. Then came the inevitable schoolmaster, at once the standard-bearer of traditionalism and the bugbear of historical truth, and on the simple and confiding rudiments of our plastic nature stamped the moral teaching of these striking pictures, dis-

tributing among the chief actors pains and rewards in this world as far as possible, and in the other world, when, occasionally, the facts were glaring and refused to adapt themselves to the requirements of an all-absorbing and justiciary Providence. A little later the historical references of the parson in his pulpit on the one side, and on the other the novels of a Scott or a Dumas *père* gave the final touch to the gloomy or brilliant colours of the portraits.

The appeal from these rough and ready tribunals, which made short work of unwelcome evidence, was a matter of some difficulty and seldom undertaken. Generation after generation, without questioning their decrees, have rushed, "like moths at a flame," to worship the kindly and ever prosperous among sovereigns—if at the price of martyrdom. Similarly, as sparrows shun the scarecrow, so sparrow-like generations gave the cold shoulder to the evil-minded among despots who were invariably tormented—if by no more than their conscience. It was forgotten that the moths in their credulity would one day end by discovering they were singeing their wings, and that the sparrows, thanks to their cowardly prudery, were losing many opportunities of satisfying their most legitimate appetites. Such an optical illusion could not go on for ever, and once the fog began to clear the reaction must needs be proportionately great.

And that is what happened. In the end History kicked against the bearing-rein. It was borne in on her that her duty was not to sermonise on the moral quality of individuals or events but to explain the latter by the former, or in a less degree the former

by the latter. Dogma is deserted for psychology, but the revolt refuses to stop at this point, and the tendency is more and more towards pathology, assuredly a less legitimate field of inquiry.

But just now the literary fashion is to search out the unhealthy, the morbid, what the semi-puritans in 'Jericho' call with indulgent resignation "unpleasant," which is not exactly synonymous with "disagreeable." Accordingly, swept along in the general current, the historian heads for the periods and rulers styled, rightly or wrongly, the decadent, for the tottering Eastern dynasties, Imperial Rome, and mystical debauched Byzantium. The *dilettanti* take a hand, and rummage for preference in the most prurient corners. Such vagaries and excesses combine to spoil the benefits of an otherwise pregnant reformation, because the more serious elements, which in many cases would largely justify long due attention, are thus comparatively thrown into the shade. However, the modesty of public opinion (often a mere relish for curiosity) is not slow to take alarm at the too open avowal of doubtful predilections towards the decadent. The fear suggests itself that someone may think to remark "*De te fabula* (*est*)." Appearances must be kept up. The plan adopted is that of the lover who, to palliate in his own eyes and other people's an attachment which he feels illicit, makes an effort to "whitewash" the unworthy object of his affection, whom he idealises—against the grain. To this end it is by no means necessary to clothe the personage in an imposing costume of all the virtues. Set yourself to discover one good quality in your

hero's or heroine's career: one is quite enough. When found, comment at length, expand, eulogise, exalt, set on a pedestal. The ball set rolling gathers size and eclipses all the less edifying, if more attractive, aspects, which can be then sampled at leisure in the shadow of the superstructure of purification you have raised. You will admire in Tiberius his administrative and economic sagacity, in Louis XI of France the protection accorded to the middle class, in the courtesan Empress Theodora her personal courage, with just a hint of penitence sufficient to admit her to the ever-increasing number of imperial and royal Magdalenes. In default of *actions* tending to support the process of rehabilitation, we must fall back on *good intentions* or philosophic considerations, environment, temperament, heredity, while in the last resort there is always the specialist in mental diseases to deliver a certificate of irresponsibility. With this proviso Nero himself will get off, and, indeed, he has already extricated himself with considerable credit.

Yes, "Nero the monster, Nero the arch-tyrant, last and most detestable of the Caesarean line; Nero, vulgar, timid, and sanguinary, the enemy of mankind, the Man of Sin, the son of perdition; Nero the Antichrist"—as the Sibylline oracles of early Christianity would have their contemporaries believe—and, later on, when the historians, having shot all their bolts of verbal indignation, and fearing, perhaps, lest the torrent of their abuse should end by investing their victim with more than suitable distinction in an age too partial to "great criminals," were anxious to add to their curses the shaft of

ridicule—"Nero the operatic Emperor, the night-reveller, the would-be artist"—after all this, the same Nero, in 1839, comes out as a model prince, and—will it be believed?—as a good man. Less credible still, this first attempt to whitewash the sinner, made by an Austrian writer, Dr. Wm. Reinhold, and originating possibly in the itch to contradict our esteemed colleagues from which even historians and philosophers are not entirely free, this first essay does not long remain an isolated achievement.

The pen was taken up again on several occasions, and if none since of the great modern historians has made the thesis his own, it is matter of common knowledge that more than one among them has shown himself to be decidedly affected and shaken on certain specific indictments. This consensus of unorthodoxy has had constant and serious effect on our formerly implicit belief in the Roman authorities for Nero's biography, bringing out their contradictions and, with greater *à propos*, their incontestable prepossessions. Undoubtedly Nero had the misfortune to suffer from what I have no hesitation in stigmatising as "a venal press." The three principal historians of his reign who have come down to us are all branded with double political bias. They are in differing degrees Optimates, members of the senatorial party, opposed on principle to the military Principate of the Julio-Claudian line, and urged further in this direction by the hatred which the Flavian age and the Flavian Emperors displayed towards this Dynasty. Apart from this, each has his little jealousies to nourish, his own petty personal interests to cater for. Tacitus, after all, may have

been no more than an aristocratic Stead "Catonising," as in the 'Germania,' on the vices of his fellow-countrymen and the virtues of foreign barbarians. Suetonius retailing with highly-spiced indignation the scandals of the Smart Set in Rome would have fairly well filled the post of editor of a Roman 'Truth.' Dio Cassius was apparently the least intelligent and also the most honest of the three, Greek though he was, and even he admits to some extent that the temptation was great to put down the probable as the certain.

Are we to understand that Nero's apologists have succeeded in rendering his private life defensible from the standpoint of a purely natural morality? By no means, although, when investigating the *chronique scandaleuse* of monarchs, we should be ever mindful that of would-be victims only too anxious to suffer compromission—or the appearance of such—at princely hands there are many. Neither, in my view, do the ingenious and somewhat laboured efforts of Dr. Reinhold and his disciples result in a well-founded acquittal of Nero of a whole or part share in the various *causes célèbres* of his reign—the murders of Agrippina and Octavia, for instance. Alone the idea of his participation in a gigantic arson of Rome may be unquestionably dismissed as a malicious invention: not so, however, the lyrical effusions of his "artistic impressionism" over the burning city. His innocence of any criminal intention in the scene which cost Poppoea Sabina her life seems at least probable; the accidental death of Britannicus is only a very remote possibility. As to the ignoble term given to

the persecutions of the Christians under his rule, and the even more ignoble part he played therein on at least one occasion, there has been at worst a slight misinterpretation of the imperial conduct; we should see here rather an instance of Roman ignorance—a perfectly comprehensible ignorance—and cruelty in general than of Nero's in particular. No, the single scientific method, not indeed of "whitewashing" Nero, but of doing full justice to his merits as to his defects, has been indicated and to a great extent followed by Mr. Bernard Henderson in the admirable 'Life and Principate of Nero,' which he published a year ago. Relegating to its proper place—a still considerable but not overshadowing place—the *chronique scandaleuse* of Nero's vices, as emphasised and retailed by Caesar's earlier detractors, Christian as well as pagan, that distinguished Oxford scholar has restored to light and skilfully marshalled what should have been to us of infinitely greater import—the public events of the same period. And from Mr. Henderson's dispassionate argument a new Nero has been evolved, one who is assuredly not cleared from the indelible blots of debauchery, rapine, and murder, but whose talents, of no mean order, as a statesman, an administrator, and an artist, call for tardy recognition and, in the latter connection, for redress. It is no part of my design to undertake a sketch of the diplomatic or fiscal Nero, great though the temptation. I am the more bound to dwell, if only in a passing manner, on the distortions to which his intellectual physiognomy has been ruthlessly subjected.

A Hellenist by education and taste, the fervent admirer and practitioner of all the arts—poetry, acting, music, singing, sculpture, architecture, painting—Caesar could not fail to displease the Roman aristocrat of the old *régime*, who saw in the patronage thus extended to artistic Hellenism by the Emperor the official confirmation for the original cause of the slackness of public and private morals. And when the Emperor himself sought to win the applause of the mob by semi-private and open exhibitions of his talents, the indignation of *laudatores temporis acti* knew no bounds. It was a direct attack on the most sacred principles of ancient Rome: *severitas*, that specific gravity of the Roman temperament—otherwise called cant; *consuetudo*, or respect for custom and precedent; *mores maiorum*, or the tardy homage paid to bygone generations which costs present tastes and habits many a sacrifice. Unable to control the indiscreet outbursts of the imperial æsthete, the Catonian party determined to caricature him, a policy the more easy because the public has ever shown itself unreasonably exacting and critical of the artistic capacity in princes. In all probability Nero's voice, his acting, his music, and his poetry were not those of the great *virtuoso*, but merely a rather distinguished amateur's. On his pre-eminent gifts as an architect, sculptor, and painter there are no two opinions. That was no excuse, perhaps, for the diplomatic mistake he once made in rewarding the applause of the Greek claque with civic freedom; but apart from such considerations as this, his hobby was much more refined and infinitely more moral than the gladiatorial shows which he detested and

attended only because the popular devotion and his own position forced him to go. More than once he interfered to prevent bloodshed, a proof that he was not sanguinary by nature, and his skill as driver and wrestler disposes of the charge of cowardice, physical at any rate, which is brought against him. It is purely gratuitous to discover in his sporting tastes —he came from a horsy race—anything derogatory or undignified. The Romans, putting aside the extreme Puritans, did not blame him on that score, and the only ill-effect of the applause, which was no doubt sometimes paid for, was to accentuate his inordinate personal vanity alongside of the spontaneous emanation of his divinity. We see, however, that he forbade the erection of a temple to his "divinity" as the Senate proposed after his escape from the Pisonian conspirators. He appears to have understood that true Caesar-worship lay in the glorification of an idea, not of an individual. This goes to show the gratuitous conjectures of Dr. Wiedemeister, Mr. Baring Gould, and others, with their theories of Nero's utter mental aberration and moral irresponsibility, which they trace to a specific pathological and hereditary phenomenon, "the madness of Caesarism." These theories are, unfortunately, only too well advanced and disseminated by the dramas and historical novels which have taken Nero for the central character.

When we examine such books we trace the impress of historical theses on the subject. It is a curious and by no means unimportant study, this. Little doubt but that historical dramas and historical novels often lead public opinion astray; but now and then

"a light surprises" and some rays of necessarily finite and human psychology are thrown on the actions of the character. Sometimes, too, dramatists and romancers are heralds of a new historical movement; thus Mr. Harrison's 'Nicephorus Phocas' points to the revival of interest in Byzantine history in this country.

Nero's unwaning devotion to his dominant passion might well tempt us to conclude that the stage-struck Caesar must have privately vowed to make his reappearance before the world beneath a posthumous mask and on the platform which he would consider, not altogether wrongly, as the best suited to display his peculiar genius. Ages passed before the promise could be realised. The poets of that period did not shine in the dramatic instinct, a fact which, apart from all professional jealousy, would explain their pretty unanimous hostility towards a prince whose æsthetic tastes they had not the wit to satisfy. Accordingly after his lamentable end, they burst out in a chorus of epigram and abuse. Martial and Statius brought into action the quick-firing batteries, soon to be reinforced by heavier ordnance, which was to give the final blow to his reputation, already much shattered by the satirical grenades of Persius and Juvenal. I omit the doubtful irony of Lucan! Yet in the Latin drama there is but one reference to him, and this by no means a flattering one. It is in that pitiful mass of verbiage, 'Octavia' the authorship of which, long attributed to Seneca, has since given rise to embittered but inconclusive controversy. Ahenobarbus was once for all entered on

the imperial black-list of melodramatic villains to come.

But, except for more or less vague allusions in the epics and chronicles of the Middle Ages, the recidivist criminal has to wait for nearly 1500 years before making his second and, as we shall see, ineffective bow. How can we explain this neglect, the knowledge of which must have been keener torture to the shade of the vainglorious tyrant than any of the other pangs in his Hellenic Hades? Was it because the blackness of his portrait as originally drawn gave no clue to the possible existence of such conflicting features in him as were considered requisite by the canons of the classic drama? However that may be, it was not until we reach the marked fondness of the Elizabethan poets for the "raw and bloody" side of life—a trait in which we must admit that they have no cause to be jealous of the somewhat anæmic, however scrupulous, realism of the present day—it was not till those spacious days that Nero was once more called before, or rather behind, the curtain. For on this occasion also he failed to get so far as the footlights.

Mr. Bullen in his valuable 'Collection of Old English Authors' has brought to light two anonymous quartos, dated 1624 and 1633 respectively, which contain the text of the 'Tragedy of Nero.' Subsequently, Mr. Herbert Horne has given us a new modernised version in the "Mermaid" series, for which he has utilised an additional manuscript, containing a large number of emendations together with some parallel passages from the classics. It would be a sovereign injustice to say that the

anonymous author of this 'Tragedy of Nero' estimated his own capacity at its exact value. There are some fine moments in the play, some very striking lines. But its construction is incoherent, its *dénouement* abortive; its hangings are tawdry; there is an utter absence of the historical sense and of all psychological insight. The author is ignorant of the requirements of the stage; but his documentary acquaintance with his subject is not open to criticism; paraphrases and reminiscences of the classics abound to prove that he tapped the earliest sources with a good will. So far we should be ready and anxious to believe that we are in the presence of a humanist in the making who aspires to the honours of Melpomene. But, unfortunately, the use which he makes of the authorities evidences fatal lack of discernment, both as to their credibility and as to the technical requirements of the task he has set himself. For his hero's characterisation he refers particularly to Suetonius, who is not only the least trustworthy but also the most superficial of chroniclers from the analytic point of view. This is his initial mistake, but he goes one worse in limiting his canvas to the last phase in Nero's life, when the tyrant's moral degradation has reached its climax and the hypochondriac's megalomania has destroyed with his reason the last vestiges of a conscience. Now, the disordered gestures of an irresponsible character may astonish the spectator, and hold him for a moment, but cannot sustain his interest; for the inner conflict, which is the essence of drama, is not there. Besides, the absence of Agrippina, who was the motive-power in Nero's

moral evolution, sweeps away that most difficult and interesting struggle which he had to maintain against the rest and himself. We see only a raging and tearing potentate, peacock and tiger in one, and there is nothing to indicate the contradictions or the antecedents of his criminal tendencies. Strange that neither the pride of his race and throne, nor the refining influence of his education and his art, hinder him from acting and speaking like the lowest of "car-men and candle-sellers," whose applause this "wild beast," as Marcus Aurelius called him, seems subserviently to court. He may have violated all the virtues; we cannot believe that he was lost to all notions of the Protocol. But, perhaps, the histrionic element in his nature had gained so despotic a sway that the tendency was no longer a crime or a weakness; it was sheer raving lunacy with a pretty superadded touch of erotomania.

All his entrances, with hardly one exception, illustrate his æsthetic madness. Here is the first, and by far the best of them:

Nero: Now, fair Poppoea, see thy Nero shine
In bright Achaia's spoils, and Rome in him.
The Capitol hath other trophies seen
Than it was wont; not spoils with blood bedewed,
Or the unhappy obsequies of death,
But such as Caesar's cunning, not his force,
Hath wrung from Greece, too bragging of her art.
Pop.: Yet in your Greekish journey, we did hear,
Sparta and Athens, the two eyes of Greece,
Neither beheld your person nor your skill;
Whether because they did afford no games,
Or for their too much gravity—

Nero: Why, what
Should I have seen in them, but in the one
Hunger, black pottage, and men hot to die,
Thereby to rid themselves of misery;
And what in th' other, but short capes, long beards,
Much wrangling in things needless to be known,
Wisdom in words, and only austere faces?
I will not be Agesilaus nor Solon.
Nero was there where he might honour win
And honour hath he won, and brought from Greece
Those spoils which never Roman could obtain,
Spoils won by wit and trophies of his skill.

We may acknowledge that this first appearance and introduction is not bad; we may even discover therein the single delicate feature of the characterisation. Though the rest of his behaviour and his actions are flatly contradictory, there is yet here a discreet revelation of his original kindliness and innate love of peace, which is by no means synonymous with cowardice. There is a touch of humour, not without a spice of malice, in his outlook upon life, and the curiously inconsistent instruction of his tutor Seneca. After this, we must confess some disappointment that he takes a joke so badly when he is the object of it. We shall not be too hard on him for banishing Annaeus Cornutus because the latter publicly condemned his projected epic. For to pick an esteemed *confrère* to pieces, except behind his back, is unworthy of whoever aspires to the distinction of man of the world and courtier. Poets, however, have never been conspicuous for their tact. But when Proculus loses his head because of an almost sympathetic remark on the occasion of Nero's fall from a horse, the episode could

only appeal to the gallery in the early part of our seventeenth century:—

Nero: Tigellinus, said the villain Proculus
I was thrown down in running?
Tig.: My lord, he said that you were crowned for that
You could not do.
Nero: For that I could not do?
Why, Elis saw me do't, and do't to th' wonder
Of all the judges and the lookers on;
And yet to see—A villain! Could not do't?
Who did it better? I warrant you he said
I from my chariot fell against my will.
Tig.: He said, my lord, you were thrown out of it,
All crushed, and maimed, and almost bruised to death.
Nero: Malicious rogue! when I fell willingly
To show of purpose with what little hurt
Might a good driver bear a forced fall.
How say'st thou, Tigellinus? I am sure
Thou hast in driving as much skill as he.
Tig.: My lord, you greater cunning showed in falling
Than had you sat.
Nero: I know I did. I bruised in my fall?
Hurt? I protest, I felt no grief in it.
Go, Tigellinus, fetch the villain's head;
This makes me see his heart in other things.
Fetch me his head; he ne'er shall speak again!
(*Exit* TIGELLINUS.)

* * * * *

Re-enter TIGELLINUS *with* PROCULUS' *head.*

Neoph.: My lord,
Tigellinus is back come with Proculus' head.
(*Strikes him.*)
Nero: I cry thee mercy, good Neophilus;
Give him five hundred sesterces for amends.
Hast brought him, Tigellinus?
Tig.: Here's his head, my lord.

Nero: His tongue had been enough.
Tig.: I did as you commanded me, my lord.
Nero: Thou told'st not me, though, he had such a nose!

And all this supported into the bargain by aphorisms which smack of their puny Machiavellian author rather than suggest the majesty of Imperial Rome!

"Kings must upon the people's headless corses
Walk to security and ease of mind.
Why, what have we to do with th' airy names
That old age and philosophers found out,
Of justice and ne'er certain equity?
The gods revenge themselves and so will we;
Where right is scant, authority's o'erthrown:
We have a high prerogative above it.
Slaves may do what is right, we what we please;
The people will repine and think it ill,
But they must bear, and praise too, what we will."

No wonder, after what we have just heard, that the silent but eloquent criticism of his acting by one unfortunate spectator drives him to bury his chagrin in a general conflagration, which leaves him free later to employ his divine voice in consoling the mothers mourning for the burned corpses of their children:—

"Now in the tears of all men let me sing,
And make it doubtful to the gods above
Whether the earth be pleased or do complain."

We are thankful for comparative relief in the scene when, after having in an access of jealousy done Poppoea to death, he breaks into lamentations over her body:—

Nero: Fetch her again, she shall not die:
I'll break the iron gates of hell
And loose the imprisoned shadows of the deep,
And force from death this far too worthy prey.
She is not dead:
The crimson red that like the morning shows,
When from his windows, all with roses strewed,
She peepeth forth, forsakes not yet her cheeks;
Her breath, that like a honeysuckle smelt,
Twining about the prickling eglantine,
Yet moves her lips; those quick and piercing eyes,
That did in beauty challenge heaven's eyes,
Yet shine as they were wont! Oh, no they do not;
See how they grow obscure! Oh, see! they close,
And cease to take or give light to the world.

We note, by the way, that none of Nero's literary interpreters has questioned the sincerity of his devotion, and this single outburst of feeling is far more genuine than the tirade, which his fall provokes, on the vanity of earthly greatness—an involuntary caricature of Shakespeare. More feeble still is the following hateful travesty of his last words: "Qualis artifex pereo."

"O Rome, farewell! Farewell, you theatres
Where I so oft with popular applause
In song and action—— Oh, they come, I die!"

And a spectator sets to moralising on this end, in a manner which may be Sophoclean but is far from Roman:—

"Thus great bad men above them find a rod.
People, depart and say there is a God."

When we pass from the Court of Nero according to the Elizabethan tragedy to that depicted less than half a century later by the pet dramatist of Louis XIV of France, we are, so to speak, transported from the "Old Swan" tavern to the "Petit Trianon" of Versailles. The heralds of romanticism have been very bitter against Racine for what they call his want of intelligence of or his indifference to local colour; and if thereby they mean to insinuate that his Greek virgins borrowed from Euripides bear the mark of the catechism of Saint Cyr and Madame de Maintenon, and that his Achilles and Hippolytus flavour of "*petit maître*dom," I should not be inclined to contradict. But the reproach of untruthfulness can only be sparingly levelled against Racine as regards his "Tragedy of Britannicus." Voltaire called it "the connoisseur's play," and this praise, which possibly explains the poor success attending its first performance, seems to me deserved in every way. At least Racine, as the devoted but discriminate admirer of the classics, followed for the facts of his drama the most penetrating and relatively the most truthful among the earlier authorities — Tacitus. But while following him very closely he completes and throws fresh light on his guide, proving himself, I may say, his ablest of commentators and apologists, in the luminous psychological developments and the co-ordinating method which he applies to the scattered hints and traits of the historian. For Racine, that subtle and keen reader of feeling, the heart of woman has few secrets indeed, and the "Roi Soleil," instead of causing him to waste his time in dry royal chronicles, would have done better to

appoint him grand almoner, or in default lay visitor, to the women's prisons. From such visits he would have brought back many precious memoranda, and who knows but his happy combination of the mysticism of Port Royal with his experience of the Court and the world would have been effectual in many fortunate conversions, and treated us to a dainty procession of elegiac *pénitentes*? That he was a criminologist born this tragedy of Britannicus, with its three unforgettable figures, Nero, Narcissus, and Agrippina, proves to all purposes. What is his Nero but, as he himself declares in his Preface, the study "of a monster in birth who dares not yet openly declare himself and seeks to gloss over his wicked actions"—"*Factus natura celare odium fallacibus blanditiis.*" Clearly Racine, whether out of respect for classic belief or Greek dogma or under the influence of Jansenism, in an age when from philosophic and theological Chairs came dithyrambic approval of the doctrine of free will, declares himself, if not a fatalist, at least in a marked degree a determinist, though he knows how to save himself from ever exaggerating the influence of heredity or environment. None has ever comprehended psychological dosology better than he, or better emphasised the pitiless logic of human actions in their very contradictions. His Nero is a prey to melancholy from his birth, like all ardent and artistic natures. In his features may be read "the gloomy and savage temper of the proud Domitians." But, regardless of his thirst for beauty and the ideal, Agrippina, whose policy was here guilty of its one blunder, makes him contract a marriage of convenience. It is the first restraint, a sentimental one

merely, but, in the case of a nature such as his, so sensitive to feminine influence, good or bad, a restraint as dangerous as irksome. The second is no less.

"He mingles all the arrogance which he derives from their blood [the Domitians] with the pride of the Neros which he imbibed in my womb," said Agrippina with reason. He feels himself called by right, right divine and popular we may note, called by heredity and temperament, to rule men. He knows it, and his sycophants never cease to repeat the flattering tale; and yet it is his mother who is really sovereign. He burns to escape from this tutelage, but he dare not take a decisive step. Not that he feels bound by gratitude, though Agrippina's incautious optimism will have it so. Spoilt children—and Nero is in the first rank of such company if we take account of all the crimes committed to further his interests—value very slightly any maternal kindnesses, no doubt because on cool reflection it becomes apparent that a fund of egotism has been at the bottom, which was signally the case with Agrippina. Now Nero, removed from the distractions of government, has leisure to reflect. In the long run his reasoning will lead him to conclude that since so many crimes have been committed by others for his own and others' benefit, it would be highly foolish in him to abstain when his interests urge him in that direction. No, it is not gratitude that holds him back, it is fear. "My genius is surprised and trembles before hers," he admits to his confidant Narcissus. Agrippina is quite aware of it. "I should soon be afraid if once

he ceased to be afraid of me." So she has long since taken precautions to keep this fear alive. Though she has caused Britannicus to be disinherited in favour of her own son, she continues to protect the life of the legitimate successor of Claudius and thus possesses in him a sword of Damocles ever hanging above Nero's head. In all this she has forgotten but one thing, that one fine day Nero may well take it into his head to overthrow all her little system of equilibrium by getting rid at one fell blow of the counteracting weight of his eventual rival. Evidently she does not credit him with the force of will necessary to conceive such a project or, once conceived, to put it into execution. She is not altogether wrong; the budding tyrant is still uncertain of his ground, his influence, his friends, in this Court "where lips and heart are so little in correspondence." Everything gives him pause—Octavia, Seneca and Burrhus, "three virtuous years"—relatively, that is; for his mother and his teachers have shut their eyes to his youthful escapades. Herein they showed great want of foresight; for from those easy conquests, which are the prerogative of a young monarch of agreeable presence, Nero returns fully conversant with the sliding scale which regulates the purchase of consciences, terribly puffed up with his personal successes, and the more inclined to idealise the elect among the fair sex because, as regards the generality, his illusions are gone. Now arises a passion such as he can consider from the subjective point of view of the artist and the lover as disinterested or worthy of himself, such a passion as will crush everything in

the road to reach its ends. Its object is the beautiful Junia, the last of the descendants of Augustus, and, what is worse, affianced to Britannicus. "Ay! there's the rub!" Britannicus, his political rival, now becomes his rival in love, and a successful rival too. Passion, as always in Racine, the great adherent of the maxim *Cherchez la femme*, has made ashes of scruples, and all Agrippina's plots and counterplots bid fair to vanish into smoke with the inevitable death of her last hope, Britannicus. "Nero is in love. 'Tis but a moment since, but it will last my life." He is young, and we may believe him sincere. "And Nero's jealousy will cost its object dear." No more is said, but there is much to be done. Yet at the Court, the first Court in the world, even if the despot's wish has the force of law, he must proceed to realise it with due circumstance; there are rules of etiquette which he himself will not break. In the palace of Nero, as in the palace of Louis XIV, any outburst of scandal or noise must be avoided, and, except in absolute privacy, a mother does not rate her crowned son any more than a wife upbraids him for his desertion. Besides being an artist, and, like all artists, vain, Nero in love would be the first to refuse to employ all at once forcible means which would ensure material success. Victory gained in advance loses much of its sweetness, and if on the present occasion Caesar's chances, by his own avowal, are slight indeed, he all but underrates his charms. The experiment is worthy of his Don Juanesque talents, and, indeed, the sentiments he utters are proof that his first trials of skill have been made in a good school and

with a will. Sentimental reasons, reasons of State—nothing which is calculated to stagger and overcome the scruples of a young and inexperienced princess is omitted in his declaration of his passion. His appeals to the majesty of his Empire and of the gods (in whom his scepticism does not permit him to believe, but whom he cunningly introduces for the edification of a young lady of strictly religious principles) are relieved by madrigals of his own which from certain critics have elicited undeserved censure. In my view they are quite natural coming from a Hellenist and pupil of Petronius like Nero. They would be as suitably ensconced in the Anthology as in the Albums of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. They may appear hackneyed and carefully conned, but if so they merely throw a light on Nero the comedian, who acts not only on the stage but in the world of life and makes himself the victim of illusion in the process. Racine, in this single and indirect allusion to the æsthetic side of his character, shows supreme skill in so completely dovetailing the comedian in the man.

However, the scheme fails before native pride and outraged love. Caesar has failed to please; he will know "how to punish a rash rival" and that with a grace all his own. On the preceding night he has had a vision of Junia "sadly lifting her eyes, moist with tears which shone in the midst of torches and armour." The sight tickled his æsthetic feelings, he will have it repeated for himself alone, and he will dote on the very tears he makes Junia shed.

"She loves my rival, I cannot gainsay it,
But my joy shall be such as to drive him to despair.

Of his agony I make a charming picture,
And I have seen him suspect his sweetheart's loyalty."

What unheard of refinement of cruelty! Only jealousy could have suggested to Nero to compel Junia to dismiss her betrothed under pain of his death, and to enjoy his brother's discomfiture from behind a curtain. We see it all. The tyrant in him only came to life on the day when the intoxication of absolute power felt the rude shock of deliberate resistance. The tyrant is awake, nothing shall stand in his way.

"Happy or wretched, it is enough that I am feared."

Indeed, this is the logical conclusion of the precept and the example of Agrippina. She, for the first time feeling her authority seriously threatened, indiscreetly evinces some alarm. Nero hears of this and rejoices. "She fears me, even she!" From this moment "the power of Agrippina rushes daily with great strides to its fall." Here, again, the only question remaining for Nero is to choose his appropriate time, as with the preparation for the banquet when Britannicus is to be poisoned. Meanwhile Agrippina has pulled herself together admirably and throws her last cards on the table. In vain has she tried the military leaders with a view to getting Britannicus proclaimed by the army. No, she must rely on her personal resources; her diplomatic genius is all that remains to her. Here comes that incomparable interview of the veteran imperial criminal with her son, a freshman in her school, but one with every prospect of graduating in high honours. Not a dramatist, not a novelist who has treated of Nero

but has found himself obliged to include this scene as a clincher. None has surpassed, none has come near to, the tragic intensity of Racine. Agrippina masters the internal rage which is consuming her, and recounts to her son in all their naked and solemn simplicity the crimes she has committed on his behalf. Instead of seeking justification against her traducers, she haughtily demands payment for past services and guarantees for the future, interspersing her reproaches with pathetic references to her mother's love. This studied calm is completely outwitted by the placid courtesy—Agrippina fails to see the irony—wherewith he listens without raising an eyebrow to her protests and requests, arranging the while a fold of his toga which does not droop quite in the latest fashion. She cannot resist a momentary tremor when he demolishes in a few words her plea of disinterestedness and shows her that he feels behind him the support of Rome," which wants a master, not a mistress." Yes, Rome—and Agrippina—have found their master, Britannicus his doom. "I embrace my rival but only to strangle him." And strangle him he will, fear of reprisals and joy to humble for good Agrippina's pride stifling any remnants of remorse. But we know well "the name of good once tarnished can never be regained." There is no hope for the "first offender"; so Agrippina tells him in the famous attack which ends the scene.

Racine's masterly portrait of the youthful Nero affords us a glimpse of his ethical *jardin de culture*. But note once more the poet's psychological subtlety. The evolution of Nero's criminal instincts, encour-

aged by men and circumstances, appears, so to speak, inevitable; his moral responsibility, however, is by no means destroyed, though to some extent diminished. He is fully conscious of his crimes, for he plans them, and in premeditation sips slowly the delight of their successful accomplishment. He is guilty of dissimulation, not from cowardice, but from taste, from the refinement of his comedian's art. Yet this aristocrat, this *virtuoso* in the cultivation of "flowers of wickedness" never descends to offences against "good form," which from his point of view must certainly be the least pardonable of any that history recounts. But blood intoxicates; we kill first in self-defence, but soon out of inordinate lust of murder. Be that as it may, we may rest assured that he will not discard the "grand manner," and that, although himself the perfect embodiment of the maxim *L'état c'est moi*, or rather precisely because of this, he will always have a care for the majesty of the Roman name and the elegance of its representative.

But short will be the duration of this illusion of a Cæsar who clothes his worst misdeeds in dress of fashionable cut and brilliant colour, in the manufacture of which genuine posturing and hypocritical timorousness are equally blended, the latter destined to vanish with lapse of time and constancy of habit. The Italian poet Alfieri will clip the wings of this braggart soul with the eagle's talons; and the "juvenile lead" in tragic drama will fall once more to the "low comedian" of the back-yard, to a figure which, in its brutal melodramatic nakedness, offers but little attraction to the mind of the cultured spectator or reader. Through all this unilateral

development of the Neronic character we hardly find more than a single escapement of *finesse* to give us a kind of glimpse of the intellectual aspect, which is so important a factor in determining the individual personality. This single instance comes when Nero, to secure the reluctant assent of Seneca to the pursuit of his cruel designs, threatens the Stoic with the loss, not of his life, but of his reputation for disinterested wisdom. It is a delicious hit at the little foibles of these austere professors, pre-eminently susceptible to the opinion of those whom they affect to despise.

This mediocre Italian version of the rhetorical 'Octavia' has, however, a quite peculiar ethical value.

Alfred de Vigny, the distinguished exponent of French romanticism, pithily remarked: "Nero's cowardice I do not see; nations do not love cowards, and Nero is the only imperial name that is popular in Italy." If this is really so—and my own experience would prompt me to coincide—Alfieri must have largely contributed to secure this verdict, or possibly he has done no more than give it the *cachet* of literature. There are masculine nations and feminine, the former particularly sensitive on the subject of principles and consequences, the latter only to the art with which they are governed. In the first category are the Teutons, in the second the Latins. The first ask to be respected, the second to be defied by their rulers, and what matters the mailed fist if the arm in striking catches the artistic curve? The Italians who cringed before a Sforza or a Borgia may well worship a legendary Nero. Besides, though

this does not excuse the incredible disgrace of his conduct towards the pure and mournful Octavia. Alfieri's Caesar rouses us to a movement of involuntary admiration when he faces the howling mob before the windows of his undefended palace, and refuses to the people in arms to order the banishment of Poppoea, while she, less daring than her lover, is the first to urge that course on him. In Racine, Caesar cries in high dudgeon: "Am I their Emperor merely to please them?" In his Italian successor what was sheer impatience becomes a question of imperial dignity. This trait, together with that "sad and savage temper" which could be momentarily softened by the titting or by turns passionate music of a woman's voice, is found strongly marked in the Nero of the French romantic writer Alexander Soumet.

"Must I love Octavia because a people love her? No. There is no brightness, no animation in her, nothing to ravish the soul, no captivating charm, but ever an air of reproach." Away with Octavia "and all the virtues which make me hate her." And again, "I must have a fruitful wife to transmit to my blood the inheritance of the world." These are complaints, we must admit, whether due to sentiment or pride, and doubtless compounded to some extent of egotism, which are yet excusable in particular instances and become more so when State reasons intervene, for these cannot be peremptorily dismissed. And to what has this forced and ill-assorted marriage, unhappily for the State, led the overstrung and sensitive Emperor? His condition is one of weariness and disgust; and from weariness to "the necessity of dispelling it" is but

a step, given the power and a predisposition to gloomy fancies and visions. Still stronger proves the temptation when the ruler, filled himself with high and generous ideas, is called upon to govern a people who show utter incapacity to appreciate this idealism and have but one cry, "*Panem et circenses*," but one passion, for vulgar scenes of butchery, while the once powerful brain of this great body, the Senate, "now a court of dumb creatures, self-dishonoured, hires its services to whoso will take advantage." Certainly in view of the universal demoralisation we may sympathise with Nero when he exclaims: "I was born for the arts. Why have I fallen into the line of the Caesars?" And we may almost conceive that, having failed to win popular admiration for the budding virtues which no doubt enlightened appreciation would have elicited and strengthened—for every sensitive nature cries for sympathy and appreciation in order to continue in well-doing—his disgust and disillusion led him, in the absence of all recognition of his transcendent personality, to prefer such extravagant compliments as: "You are beautiful, Caesar, appallingly beautiful." Beautiful, that is the very question in dispute, though some beautiful features might be brought into view did not his incorrigible vanity disclose the same too visibly. We may instance the truly eloquent harangue when he confesses to his well-beloved Poppoea that he would willingly give up the imperial crown to throw at her feet his laurels and his earnings as actor and singer.

In spite of his display of histrionic powers, doubtless highly creditable from a technical point of

view, he is not more captivating when he anticipates or rather gives us a reminiscence of 'Hamlet' by the diversion of playing the famous scene of the murder of Agamemnon before Agrippina, who is panic-stricken with recollections and presentiments. She guesses the motive of this unpleasant stage show. Nero has determined to give himself the luxury of making her tremble; he has delighted in her evident concern; he will henceforth say, as in Racine: "I fear her no more; it is she who fears me"—and he says it in so many words. Having reached this point, he will not stop at the first act of the trilogy. After Agamemnon, Clytemnestra; after Clytemnestra, Orestes. "Tristis Orestes" is only too suited to his taste; and as in this born comedian life and art are inextricably blended, he will live the part—and afterwards play it "the more divinely."

The Nero of the Elizabethan dramatic student was at once grotesque and repulsive. Racine's Nero is no more than hateful: he is a brute, but a well-educated brute. In Alfieri and Soumet he resumes, no doubt, his accents of unbridled ferocity, though not without the addition of a certain air of grandeur—"the power of darkness" if you will. Note the decrescendo of the original feeling of disgust. Yet he does not move us in any way by and for himself; he does not awaken in us the least sparkle of sympathy. Dr. Reinhold and the party of whitewashers have not yet succeeded in providing him with a thoroughly spotless outfit. It is only a question of time. With the German dramatist Adolf Wilbrandt, Nero appears in the five-act tragedy called by his name under a brand-new cockade. He poses as the precursor of

the great intellectual movements of the nineteenth century; he anticipates "the great melancholy recluses" of romantic poetry; the premature victim of the charnel-house of morbid introspection, he is always rummaging about his "ego"; passionately he analyses his defects, acquired or hereditary, or, like Maupassant in 'Le Horla' dotes on the first symptoms and developments of his mental aberration. Of his own accord he will do for himself what a pathologist-historian, Dr. Wiedemeister, has since done for him, and produce a detailed time-table of his lucid and irresponsible moments; and yet at Rome, in default of more advanced therapeutics than were professed by the "bourgeois" physician Pliny, there was assuredly no lack of hydros! The Germanised Nero foresees Lombroso, and aspires already to the "Superman" of Nietzsche. I am not sure that he has not had an inkling of Mr. Myers and the alternation of human personality.

His confession to his friend Otho is a masterpiece of self-analysis.

"*Nero*: When with violets in my hair, wine in my heart, I spend the night with you in ribaldry; when song makes me merry, chatty, and amorous; when the mad Bacchantes —we know them well!—chase us down the sombre alleys, —you know not Nero. He that carouses with you, laughs and revels with you, who is he? The jailor of the true, real Nero, not himself. The true, real Nero lurks in my brow—well guarded in his gloomy cage—a monster known but to one man, to myself alone. He neither laughs nor sings, nor feasts with you; he speaks to none, lies dormant in his cage, and broods over himself. I know him—he is Agrippina's son. He craves solely for Liberty, the liberty to trample under foot you, and her, and all . . . . We hear

that Sicily—that beauteous land—boasts the finest honey and the deadliest hemlock. Here, in my heart, there dwells one Nero, honey-sweet and good, the friend of men —one whose most ardent wish is to bestow rich gifts on all, and make all happy; to be a prince whose like none hath yet seen, in every way the Master whom men delight to honour. My ambitions soar high. Apollo would I equal in song and music, the sun-god as a charioteer, great Hercules in deadly feats; and thus will I starve, chastise, and harden myself, and sweat like the veriest Roman of them all, until I am the first. Then he within this brow will stir, and wake . . . . Until I am the first? I *am* the first! Who will deny it? You are all mine, the lot of you! . . . . To starve and strive? . . . . Our day is short . . . . and hours are brief . . . . To be master, and enjoy, and slay; to dare what none hath dared; to possess what none hath yet possessed; to conquer every enemy, every woman,—let angry storms rage as they list! Let every head bow down, let every slave—there are but slaves—crawl at my feet like the worms I crush; and let the gods die of envy . . . . That is the Fury's . . . . my mother's son."

That is cleverly expressed and admirably reasoned. Besides, incipient and periodical lunacy does not exclude the power of reasoning. Only, as Molière remarks, "sometimes reasoning ends in destroying reason." An instance occurs immediately in the arena, where Caesar starts with the humanitarian idea of saving a disabled gladiator from the *coup de grâce*, and ends by commanding his guards to charge the crowd, thus sacrificing a thousand lives to save one which the people claimed as their right. For Caesar knows how to impose his kindness, which is not less costly than his cruelty! How much more delicate, how superior in subtlety, to the Caesar in

the arena of Sienkiewicz, who spills blood because he loves the colour of it. Truly, in dealing with a logician of this calibre the otherwise diplomatic Agrippina is very ill advised when she tries to parry the swift Neronian scepticism which is provoked by the recital of the crimes committed in his behalf, instead of the gratitude which her motherly anxiety deserved; or, again, when her *quasi*-Christian indignation is met with quiet sarcasm, and she loses her self-control so far as to threaten to his face to dethrone him in favour of Britannicus, the true heir, the rightful Caesar, his rival in empire and song: "Thou sayest the rightful Caesar lives. So be it; then dies the rightful Caesar. Thou wilt recognise thy blood, sweet mother!" And the golden voice of the boy Britannicus will be for ever silenced before he finishes the very *à propos* Horatian couplet: "*Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni.*"

Britannicus out of the way, Nero will not stop there. He is eminently gifted with *esprit de suite*, a specific feature of certain types of mental disease. He has formed his major premiss, "Whoever conspires against my power must die"; and Poppoea and her attendants will provide him with the minor premiss, "Agrippina is conspiring against your power and life." Conclusion: "Agrippina will die." It is strange, however, that this determined analyst, who never tires of applying his analysis to himself, does not question the characters or the acts of his immediate circle—the proofs, for instance, that they bring him of Agrippina's treachery; strange, too, that, satisfied as his mind seems to be with this evidence, his conscience should yet require

the moral, or shall we say also practical, sanction of philosophy and the army in the persons of Seneca and Burrhus. Stranger still that, when these worthy representatives of sword and pen depress their thumbs and give *habet* for the already fallen princess, their former benefactress, Nero, though feeling himself free and acquitted by all men and all philosophies, is still subject to keen remorse. Is it a forecast of the restless uncertainty of the modern neurasthenic patient? Or have we not rather come to one of those periodical crises which Dr. Wiedemeister describes? It is not improbable; for Nero, in Wilbrandt's drama, urged by remorse and still better by wine, which makes him take a black view of everything—poor Caesar! his wine is sour! —wants to change night into day, and Rome must blaze, by his orders, to provide the necessary illumination. And so we have unexpectedly returned with a modern writer to the old original legend. But wait! Some glimmers of reason or analytical reasoning will return for the last time to the insane monarch. The approach of danger and death supply the uncertainty needed to bring him back to realities, although instead of taking action he resumes his first delusion and indulges in a last phase of introspection—and apology. He tells us himself it is not he who has ordered the murder of all his relatives; it was a madman, yes, "the enemy of mankind," and this prompter seems not yet dead in him. For he will kill her whom he loves, Actea, "his child of the Muses," who alone has not forsaken him in his fall, and is now wrapt in profound sleep from which she shall never awaken to recall to

him "his dead youth." Love stronger than death nerves his trembling hand, and allows him, as he stabs himself, to make his final exit with a duly pointed jest upon his lips: "So dies a bad Emperor but a good singer"—a free and very passable translation of *Qualis artifex pereo.*

Herr Wilbrandt's "Nero" is before all a one-part play; from the psychological and dramatic point of view the whole action and interest centre round the manifestations of his complex and intricate, if somewhat extravagant, personality. The Nero of Mr. Robert Bridges—of which the first part only has been published, and ends with the death of Agrippina—does not perhaps possess the specific merit of unity, but it is not intended for the stage. If the title character is very uninteresting he has, on the other hand, a quite subordinate part, and his personality might be summed up in these words: braggart, cheat, coward. Indeed, after the magniloquent promises to which we are treated on his first appearance, we could hardly look for better. Certainly it is difficult to repress a smile at the more than elephantine vanity of his chimerical projects in architecture, economics, and statecraft; for, nursling of Agrippina as he is, and a credit to her, he preaches and foretells the coming of universal peace, like any Abbé de St. Pierre. Yet, though doubts must arise on the subject of this realisation, we should at least believe in his sincerity when he cries: "Be all human hopes summed up in mine"; and with the gloomiest forebodings in regard to his future mental evolution, we could hope that the budding tyrant revealed in this spontaneous exclamation: "The Caesars which have been have

never known what 'tis to be full Caesar!" would not in his worst excesses be wanting at least in a certain air of grandeur. Nothing of the kind. He has no thought of Roman majesty. Degraded by the pleasures of the table and the debauch, slave to the most depraved and most transparent of coquettes, pulled to right and left at any moment in his terrors and suspicions by the least creditable of people and stories, the victim twice, in spite of Seneca's wise warnings, of the false pathos of Agrippina's coaxing, the miserable skunk is consciously reduced to the most inept and basest of subterfuges to compass the assassination of his mother.

We are justified in some resentment against the poet, not only for ignoring ancient and modern historians on this point, but also for flouting the literary proprieties by the choice of a character so thinly drawn for his hero. Possibly he has set out with the ethical object of reacting against our no doubt reprehensible tendency to deck the worst criminals in most gorgeous costumes. Or it may more probably have been his intention less to depict the man than his Court and his epoch. If so, his success is complete; for his picture of Rome under the Caesars, in which he has grasped not only the external appearance but also the Hellenistic spirit in its most subtle and most intimate expression, is a masterly achievement—a lesson in applied historics. His psychological and political instinct is most penetrating, his characterisation most delicate and varied.

The graceful outline of the fallen prince Britannicus, whose native pride is so well assorted with

his gentle and almost childlike devotion to his loved sister, the chaste and deserted Octavia, whose safety is the only reason which makes his heroic heart hesitate to follow his legitimate ambitions; by their side the proud Agrippina, whose intrigues are on the point of breaking down under the double stress of present failure and the recollection of past successes. She is indeed beginning to lose her balance, this Agrippina. She acts so precipitately as to hasten the destruction of the threads she has so patiently spun, and to ensure the ruin of her most precious and indispensable instruments. Yet, confronted by immediate danger, she recovers all her old mastery, and plays as of yore the whole gamut of emotion, and then, dazzled afresh by the still apparent force of her virtuosity, composes herself to foolish and fatal slumber. Nero's teachers: Seneca first, "stiff and prosy enough," but, if you pinch him, yielding "with softness here and there" —Seneca who thought to insure stability by a just counterpoise of warring factions and sees all his calculations and theories reduced to nothing by the single unpremeditated move of one of his chessmen. A fine collapse of philosophy, powerless to prevent nature from self-assertion! So sinks this "man of many parts, a scholar, poet, lawyer, statesman, courtier, man of business and money-maker, in short, man of the world—like a ship that, lifting to every wave, heeling to every blast, makes good her way and leaves no track." A striking contrast to the man of words is found in the man of action, the soldier Burrhus. Blind obedience to duty does not prevent him from employing the perspicacity of the

practical statesman. "The wrongs on which Rome sets her seal" become in his eyes by that fact rights. He is the slave of Rome, and her chosen Emperor. He will deplore Nero's first and unsuccessful attempt on his mother's life; but facts are facts.

> "'If she should live but till to-morrow morn,
> 'Tis civil war.' Necessity o'errides
> The common form.
> The less delay the better—let her die."

The State first. Yet the *arbiter elegantiarum*, the Epicurean Petronius, deprecates this vulgar butchery, the offence against taste: "Ye neglect the manner. Why, see, there are a hundred subtle ways by which, had Caesar done the thing, he had not been blamed."

I pass over scenes and characters finely described and drawn. Picturesquely staged is the famous banquet when Britannicus succumbs during the discussion on the relative value of the arts, while Petronius assigns the first place to cookery. Delicious is the irony underlying the conversation between Otho and Poppoea, whence it appears that stoic indifference, which is on everybody's lips, is confined in practice to conjugal relations. *O tempora! O mores!* you will exclaim; but it is a very powerful picture that the artist has filled in. Mr. Stephen Phillips, whose promised effort we wait with curiosity to see produced at His Majesty's Theatre, must go one better if he can.

Side by side with the evolution of the character of Nero on the stage, and as its natural complement, I should have liked to follow, step by step, the

psychological development of Ahenobarbus in modern fiction, but the references under this category are at once less numerous and less striking. I shall content myself with a short review of the two most notorious conceptions in fiction in these latter days, representing as they do to some extent the two opposite poles of historical opinion on the subject. You have guessed that I certainly refer to 'Quo Vadis,' the work of Sienkiewicz, the Pole. A worthy pendant to this novel is the 'Nero' of that delicate and erudite German writer Ernst Eckstein. The first of these works is too well known to you to require any description at my hands. To tell the truth, I find its reputation somewhat exaggerated. The resurrection of an historical atmosphere, the racial and individual characterisation, seem somewhat superficial and stereotyped, the descriptive effects unquestionable, but achieved by too sensational means. True, Sienkiewicz manages his crowd scenes as only a Slav knows how, and the picture of the circus with the struggle between Ursus and the bull, like that of the burning of Rome or the orgies at the palace, reveal irresistible power; but in the crowd as in the revelry I miss a certain Roman instinct, that undeniable but indefinable manner which the adopted sons of the eternal city, with their barbaric past lost in the dim distance behind, possessed and claimed as a glorious inheritance in the very last days of the Empire—and Nero's day was long before then. If a specifically racial physiognomy is reflected by the crowds in 'Quo Vadis,' it is Slav, whether of Warsaw, Moscow, or Constantinople under the Bulgarian Emperors; and the some-

what transparent abuse of Latin terms which Sienkiewicz affects does not compensate for the absence of the inner spirit. To descend from the mass to the unit, if the mentality of the former may be described as perfectly uniform, we cannot say so much of the individual characters. In 'Quo Vadis,' from Lygia, the familiar figure of the Christian virgin as represented by school and pulpit tradition, to the attractive group of Epicureans, the two lovers, Petronius and Eunice, with that young man, Vinicius, whose simplicity and insignificance is genuine and whose tone is excellent—when he is sober—all the characters without exception are single-stringed instruments. In each one special characteristic is brought into strong relief, and the impression produced is that they are a set of puppets instead of flesh and blood. Nero himself is only a highly-coloured portrait, effectively done, I admit, of the legendary strolling minstrel improvising bad verses over the ashes of Rome, or encouraging a coarser tendency in the already coarse outlines of his physique by excess of gluttony, debauchery, and cruelty. Politics, imperial or Court, there are none. Hellenic culture has indeed its representative in the *arbiter elegantiarum*, but he stands alone and in marked contrast to the rest. Were we to trust Sienkiewicz, Roman Hellenism would appear a private monopoly, whereas we know that it fused with Etruscan savagery, which was never quite brought under, to form the curiously heterogeneous mixture called Graeco-Roman civilisation. Scratch the Hellenist and you will find, not the Greek, but what is infinitely better or infinitely worse, the son of the Martian wolf. This fusion has been

pre-eminently understood and distributed by Herr Eckstein in carefully varied degrees over all his educated characters.

Attic speech, as well as an occasional lapse into the Boeotian dialect, is much in evidence at the Court of Nero. Agrippina herself in the interval between two recitals of intended proscriptions, will calm down for a moment and converse in the language of Socrates on the choice of a wife and the dignity of the Roman nation, and pass on to criticise, with Aristophanean zest, the harmless hierarchy of the Olympian gods. Sienkiewicz' sketch of Petronius the epicure is here equalled and perhaps surpassed, in gorgeous colouring, by the portrait of Tigellinus, in all his many-sided aspects —courtier, opportunist, statesman, society leader, literary man, with a touch of the Don Juan, an inimitable combination of the *rastaquouère* and the *grand seigneur*. Sprung from the gutter and now the equal of the noblest in the land, this favourite of the son forms a contrast to the confidant of the mother, the freedman Pallas, in whom honours and riches have not been able utterly to destroy the plebeian sincerity of his affections. Equally admirable is the description of Octavia's struggle between her pride of race and the deep but inexpressive and so misunderstood passion she bears her husband.

But the delicacy of touch conspicuous in these studies in half tints, which form a happy blend of the spirit of history and the literary imagination, does not exclude an exceptionally bold drawing of the central figure, Nero. It may be that, in his very original interpretation of Neronian ethics, Herr

Eckstein has made himself the mouthpiece of a section of feminine critics. If that is so, the exquisite art with which he has extricated himself will excuse his breaches towards the incontestable facts of history. Woman—and the fact does honour to her heart, for we must not be so ungallant as to attribute it to confidence in her power to charm, to vanity, that is, rather than to altruistic charity—woman refuses to believe that any sinner, however black, is beyond hope of redemption; and if, apart from this consideration he belongs to the romantic race of the "dark-featured Apollos," is not yet too uncomely by age and nature, and can show to his credit some years of youthful virtue, feminine indulgence, flattering and captivating to the heart of man, may assume active shape, and will devote itself to the attempt to save this "archangel of evil." A fervent believer herself will find therein only one reason the more for her activity. In the case of Nero history gives us a glimpse of possible devotion of this kind on the part of the tender and faithful Actea. Abandoned, but never dismissed by her master, she continued to love him with a love that never waned and made no demands, trying in her humble retreat in a corner of the palace from time to time to obtain pardon and kind recognition for obscure and persecuted virtue, and, as rumour alleges, finding secret comfort for her betrayed trust in the sources of the living waters of Christianity. Herr Eckstein has made ingenious use of these vague data. Among the Nazarene leaders he has invented one Nicodemus, a profound politico-religious thinker, who anticipates Boniface VIII and Loyola. This Nicodemus, fully alive to the possibilities implied

by Caesar's intellectual penchant for all the novelties in the higher realms of thought and feeling, dreams of converting him, and with him the rest of the world, to the new faith. How better to convey the message of the "good tidings" with irresistible force to a prince young, sentimental, astute, imaginative, impulsive, fertile in grandiose projects of onslaught on the old order of things, but by the medium of two pretty eyes expressing young and virginal innocence? Evidently this Christian neophyte Nicodemus has not completely forgotten his Epicurus! Only it will happen, as happen it must, that, Actea once in Apollo's arms, Eros will cause her to forget the first motive of her mission. There will be little question of conversion, and the only trace we find of any transient effort in this direction is the idea of a universal and imperialist fraternity among various other Utopian fancies of political or economic bearing. Yet Actea, possibly because she occupies a remarkable portion of his time, which would otherwise be devoted to public affairs, has an undeniably beneficent influence on the unruly Nero. She seeks, with some success, to bring out all there is of good in him and to solve the enigma of his melancholy temperament. And the quinquennium would appear certain of indefinite prolongation did not the scheming Agrippina and the amorous Pallas, both of them jealous of Actea, put their heads together to part the lovers. Detestable insight into the human heart had Agrippina and Pallas! Take from the genuine idealist his ideal when he has found it and you condemn him to lose his balance. That is what happened to Nero. For the rest of his life the sincere idealist

who has once drunk from life's true clear spring, now muddied, will be seeking another fount to quench his ever-growing thirst for the ideal; and to reach the object of his desire, or what he fancies may be such, any means will be good and practicable in his eyes. Is he not Caesar and his the Pretorian guard? In vain he will run through the whole gamut of sentiment and sensation—breaking in his course the most sacred laws of morality, nature, and society. In vain, an unsatisfied Orpheus, he summons the whole universe to weep with him for his lost Eurydice, and sends to Pluto victims by the score to carry thither the echo of his sobs and lamentations. There is no peace for him—no satiety—and finally the lute of this Titanic player of evil is broken in his hands by the very extravagance of the outbursts he has wrung from it. But he loved much, and much shall be forgiven him. At his last hour, when the Emperor has said good-bye to that Rome of which his pride was but the feeble reflection, and his fall but one tiny incident in an eternity of grandeur, when the man has parted with the vanities of the artist, Actea will give him in the pressure of her little hand the assurance of everlasting love, and the last murmur of her dying voice will be the one word "Pardon." For above Rome, but visible to the ecstatic martyrs, will rise the outline of the Cross, white and triumphant against the blood-stained dew.

And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the poetic, charming, bewitching, but—allow me to add—utterly damnable fashion in which history is travestied by literature!

THE SHÁH NÁMAH, OR BOOK OF KINGS.

BY A. ROGERS, M.R.A.S.

[Read January 25th, 1905.]

THE Society having done me the honour to accept a paper from me on the 'Sháh Námah,' the great Persian epic poem, I think it will be advisable to commence with a description of the work and its origin before giving a brief outline, which it contains, from the poem itself, of the history of the country. As written, it consists of some 60,000 rhymed couplets in a ten-syllabled metre, and is said to have taken its author, Abúl Kásim, otherwise known by the name of Fardúsi, some thirty-four years to compose. In the reign of the last of the kings of the Sassanian dynasty of Persia the work of collecting from all parts of the kingdom the existing popular tales and legends of its ancient monarchs from the earliest days had been commenced by the poet Dánishvar in a poem styled the 'Khudái Námah,' equivalent to the book of kings. This work was fortunately saved from destruction at the hands of the iconoclastic Khaliph Umr and his generals at the invasion of the country by the Arabs in the second century of the Hejïra, or Hijra, and its continuation was taken in hand by Yákúb bin Láith, the first of the Safvi dynasty. When that dynasty made way for the Samanians, the descendants of the Sassanians, the latter entrusted

its completion to a Persian poet of the name of Dakíkí. Again the completion of the work was delayed by this man's assassination and the transfer of the kingdom to the dynasty of the Ghaznevides, until it was finally handed over to Abul Kásim by Mahmúd bin Sabaktagin, who reigned from 997 to 1030 A.D., and is commonly known by the name of Mahmúd of Ghazni. This monarch had collected together a number of the most learned men to continue the work, and was so much pleased at the ability of Abul Kásim, one of them, shown in some verses he composed in praise of the king's favourite slave Ayáz, as to declare that he had turned the assembly into a Paradise (Fardús), whence the poet obtained the title of Fardúsi, by which he is always known. The composition of the epic was so much admired that the king's treasurer was directed to pay him at the rate of 1000 pieces of gold for every thousand couplets. Fardúsi, as he may now be called, preferred not to take immediate payment, but to allow it to accumulate, in order to win sufficient to pay for the construction of a dam on the river on which his native town of Tús was situated, and when the poem was completed the treasurer, horrified at having to hand over the 60,000 pieces of gold, managed to persuade the sultan that the proposed payment was exorbitant, and sent only 60,000 dirhams in silver, about £1200. When Ayáz came with the money Fardúsi, enraged at the breach of the Sultan's promise, handed over 20,000 to Ayáz, 20,000 to the keeper of the bath, and paid the rest for a glass of *fúkán* a kind of beer. He then wrote a satirical couplet in the mosque on the

Sultan himself, for which the latter threatened to have him trodden to death by an elephant. Failing to appease his sovereign at a personal interview, Fardúsi ran away to the Court of Kábús, ruler of Mázanderán, who, being afraid of Mahmúd's vengeance if he sheltered the poet, made him a handsome present and sent him away. Fardúsi escaped to Baghdád (Bagdad), where he was befriended by Kádar b' Illah, the Khaliph's Vazir. At this time Fardúsi wrote a poem on Yusaf and Zuleikha, but, to avoid trouble with Mahmúd, retired to Persian Irák, the governor of which province, a friend of Mahmúd's, wrote to him and remonstrated with him on Fardúsi's treatment. Mahmúd at last, softened by this representation, sent the 60,000 gold pieces originally promised. It was, alas! too late, for, as the treasure entered one gate of the town, the poet's corpse was carried out at the opposite one to be buried.

To come to the work itself. As noted above, it is written in rhymed couplets to the number of about 60,000. Its language, although to some extent antiquated, differs but little from the classical tongue of modern Persia except in being purer and less interlarded with Arabic words and expressions. The style is very even throughout, and, as becomes a historical work, it does not abound, as many of the writings of the more modern Persian poets do, in fanciful metaphors and similes. It commences, as most Persian poems do, with a good deal of extraneous matter, such as a fanciful description of the creation of the earth, the sun and moon, and the *kosmos* generally, the heading being the universal

one of the name of Allah, the merciful, the compassionate, *Allah ul rahím ul rahmán*, and the exordium being in praise of wisdom as typifying the Almighty, of which a few lines may be quoted to show the style.

"Of life's lord and of wisdom in the name,
To transcend which not even thought may claim,—
The lord of honour and of place of pride,
The giver of our daily bread and guide,—
The lord of universe and rolling sphere—
Bright in whom Náhíd, sun, and moon appear,—
Painter supreme of every gem as well,
Name, mark and fancy doth He all excel.
You the Creator who now fain would see,
Trouble your eyes not, for it cannot be.
No carking care to Him its way may find;
All dignity and fame Him lag behind.
Words that this excellence may pass beyond
These nor in soul nor wisdom may be found.
The soul and wisdom only would He weigh,
Nor cares He worldly riches to assay.
None knows to praise Him as he doth deserve,
And thou should'st gird thy loins to duly serve.
With wisdom such as life and soul afford
How of creation shall we praise the Lord?"

This is followed by a few couplets in praise of wisdom in the abstract, and a vague description of the creation of the sun and moon, of the world, and of man, succeeded by others in praise of the prophet Muhammad and his successors, Abu Bakr, Umr, Usmán, and Ali, which are wound up with the exhortation:

"As goodness ev'rywhere is useful still,
Choose thou the good and be ashamed of ill."

A few sections are now devoted to the compilation of the 'Sháh Námah,' in inquiries relating to which much time was spent, until at last a friend brought the author a manuscript written in Pehlavi, and gave Fardúsi a keynote for his work, on which—

> "When I obtained the manuscript I sought
> Into my darkened soul a light was brought."

and after the composition of sundry couplets in praise of Mansúr, of the Sultan Mahmúd, and Amir Nasr, his brother, the historical portion of the poem was taken in hand under the auspices of Mahmúd of Ghazni.

The first king is said to have been Kayumúrs (this name being given in the Zead Scriptures to the first man). He established the customs of the throne and crown, and ruled with such beneficence for thirty years that all wild beasts obeyed him, and men, who till then had been content with panther skins for their clothing, were taught the use of ordinary garments. This king had but one son called Siámak, who was defeated in battle, and killed by Áhriman, the spirit of evil, who is now first introduced into the story. The whole realm mourns this event for a year until a heavenly messenger comes to the king with a command to raise an army and extirpate the demon from the face of the earth. On this he summons a huge army, consisting of beasts, birds, and *Paris*, who were apparently beneficent demons, corresponding probably with the fairies of our own ancient lore, and placing them under the orders of Hushang, the son of Siámak, sends them out to battle. The fight ends with the

slaughter and flaying of the demon by Hushang, and shortly afterwards Kayumúrs himself dies, being succeeded on the throne by his grandson.

From this point may be traced a connected story of the kings of Persia, for the battle referred to can only have been with some neighbouring and equally savage tribe, now brought under control. The first sign of civilisation is to be found in this king's reign of forty years, in which iron is said to have been extracted from stone. This signifies probably the advance of the world from the stone to the iron age, and from the nomad to the manufacturing stage, for—

Out of the hard rock iron when he drew,
Its essence water-like to form he knew.
This known, the blacksmith's art his own he made
And fashioned axes and the saw and spade.
Water to use a plan did he devise,
Drawn from the streams, the plain to fertilise.
Rivers to join the streams he access gave,
To the king's glory labour thus to save.
For with this knowledge when mankind were filled,
Spreading the seed, they harvested, they tilled.
Thus all preparing for themselves their bread,
Each knew and for himself provision made.
Ere this was done the people's wants to meet,
Nothing but fruit alone they had to eat.
This was not all men had with leaves to do,
They made them useful for their clothing too.
That there was fire in stone he also found,
And thence light kindled in the world around.

This is one of Fardúsi's many anachronisms: he had apparently forgotten that metals could not be smelted without heat and light. As well as the art

of metal working he is said to have taught the people how to domesticate wild beasts for the use of man, to weave the wool of sheep into clothing, to train hawks and falcons for the purpose of sport, to use fowls for domestic purposes, and finally, having curbed Áhriman with bonds of magic, to have driven him wildly through the world, whilst the released demons taught him to read and write Arabic, Rúmi or Greek, Chinese, Persian, Hindu, and Pehlavi. After a reign of forty years Hushang passed away, and was succeeded by his son Jamshíd, one of the most famous of the Persian kings, who is said to have reigned 700 years. Round him many fabulous legends have accumulated. He has often been confounded with Solomon, king of the Jews, and is said to have brought all beasts and birds, as well as good and evil spirits, under his sway. He first turned his thoughts towards the invention of warlike weapons, and coats of mail, and breastplates and helmets owed their origin to his genius. He studied the domestic arts of spinning and weaving, and instituted various divisions among the people, such as Katúzi, who apparently attended to the business of public worship; Nisari, Nasúdi, and Ahnúkushi. These divisions are now unrecognisable, except that the Nasúdi were to some extent tillers of the soil. Demons were taught to mix mud and water, and to make bricks to build palaces and baths with. He collected jewels of amber and ruby, and gold and silver; scents, aloes, balsam, camphor, and medicines. He made a golden throne which the demons carried to the skies, and prospered so exceedingly that at last he lost his head and pro-

claimed himself the Deity. Then prosperity forsook him.

There was a man possessed of herds and flocks, who had an evil-minded son of the name of Zuhák, whom Iblís, the evil one, persuaded to cause his father's death treacherously, so as to gain possession of his wealth. Still further ingratiating himself with the youth by passing himself off as a good cook, the devil pampered him with all kinds of luscious food until he centred all his affection on him. Having thus got him into his power, he one day asked to be allowed to kiss him on his shoulders, and did so on receiving permission. Thereupon there started up a black snake from each place where a kiss had been implanted. In vain were they cut off, and endeavours made to get rid of them by medicines, for they at once grew again, to Zuhák's torment. Meanwhile, as the favour of God had fallen from Jamshíd in consequence of his apostasy, the people of Irán sought another ruler and chose Zuhák in consequence of the dread inspired by him and his snakes, Jamshíd passing away, it is not stated in what manner. Iblís, the evil one, again appears to Zuhák, and advises him that the only means by which he could rid of the snakes was to give them to eat every day the brains of two of his subjects, which would in due time cause them to perish. This advice being followed, two men were daily sacrificed by his cook for the purpose, so that in the end the horror of the thing spread through the land. Shortly, two men of the royal race conspired together to mitigate the evil, and, managing to gain admittance to the king's house-

hold as cooks, only killed one of the men allotted for the snakes' daily meal, and saved the life of the other victim. The latter they provided with sheep and goats, and sent him, and those that succeeded him, out into the desert, where they became the ancestors of the Kurds, of whose savageries we hear even in the present day.

It is now related that one night Zuhák dreamt that three warriors, one of them being a young man of kingly air, attacked him, and the young one caught him in a lasso and drew him by it to the hill of Damávand. Wise men and Mobeds (priests) could not interpret the dream, until one (Zírak the clever one), foretold the coming of one Áfridún, whose father would be one of the victims to the snakes. This Áfridún, or Faridún, would be nourished by a cow in a wood to which his mother would convey him for fear of the king, and the cow itself would fall a victim to the king's fury. On hearing this interpretation Zuhák had a search made for Faridún in all directions, but in vain, although in the course of it the cow, as foretold by Zírak, was killed. Faridún, when grown up, being informed by his mother of all that has occurred, vows vengeance on Zuhák. Zuhák calls together an assembly of Mobeds and wise men and endeavours to obtain their signatures to a paper enumerating the king's virtues and excellences, when there arises a loud cry in the hall for justice from one Kávah, a blacksmith, whose son has been selected to be one of the victims. The blacksmith is sent for, his prayer for the release of his son is granted, and he is desired to sign the king's testimonial, but refuses,

and rushes into the street with his son, exciting the people to rebel, and raising on a spear his blacksmith's apron, henceforth to be adopted as the royal standard of Persia. Joined by Faridún and his two brothers, he accomplishes a revolution, seizes and carries off Zuhák to a cavern in the hill of Damávand, where the latter is tortured and killed. Faridún ascends the throne, reigning 500 years, and with his reign may be said to close the mythical portion of the history of Persia. The Hindu origin of these old legends is clearly traceable, for Zuhák, or Duhák, as he may be called, is evidently the dragon Dháká, and Faridún the Indian deity Fraita or Phraitona.

Faridún's three elder sons having come to untimely deaths the throne devolved on a posthumous child by a slave girl. At his birth one of the many wonders recorded in the history came about in Faridún, who had become blind, being restored to sight in order that he may see his royal grandchild. At the festivities that took place on the occasion there appears one of the Persian heroes, Sám, son of Narimán, to whose deeds, and those of his son Zal, or Zal-zar, a great portion of the epic is devoted. The latter was born with white hair, and is said to have been brought up by the well-known Símúrgh, the Persian Phœnix, and was granted by Manuchehr the reigning king, the sovereignty of Zábúlistan. This appears to have included Afghanistán, and as far to the east as the River Indus. Zál marries Rúdábah, daughter of the ruler of Kábul, and of this union springs the famous Persian hero Rústam. Long accounts are given of the deeds of valour performed by him, the next important historical event

being the war between Púshang, chief of the inhabitants of Túrán, who is assisted by Afrásiáb, the lifelong enemy of Rústam, and the Persians. Several kings succeed each other with nothing very particular to mark their reigns, except that an agreement is come to that the Jaihún, or Jaxartes, shall be the boundary between the dominions of Persia and Túrán, by the latter of which the country of Chinese Tartary (Scythia) may be considered to be designated. The boundary, however, forms a fruitful source of contention between the two countries, and the narrative of the consequent wars affords constant opportunities for extolling the great heroes, Zál and Rústam.

After an encounter with one of the numerous demons that abound in the story, viz. that of the latter with the White Demon, Rústam's address to the Deity is worth quoting, as showing the true sense of religion entertained by these ancient people.

(And) "O Thou just and gracious Ruler," said,
"Thy servant's refuge Thou in every ill,
Valour Thou givest me and power still,
My manliness, my glory, my resolve,
All my desire as sun and moon revolve.
These are Thy gifts: else see I none more base,
Or wretched more, of earth upon the face.
Anxiety, grief, sorrow, care and all,
Both good and evil that to mortals fall—
Decrease and increase, and a happy fate,
Highness and lowness and the pride of State—
All from Thy justice comes to me, I own;
No other's hand is in it, Thine alone.
For through Thy grace becomes a sun each mote,
And in Thy glory spheres are of no note."

In one of these wars Kai-Káüs, the king, is taken prisoner, and advantage is taken by Afrásiáb to make another incursion from Túrán. He is assisted by the kings of Barbaristán—by which may be understood Arabia—and Egypt, but all three are defeated again by Rústam, and prosperity is restored to Persia. Intoxicated by the sense of his own greatness, King Káüs turns aside from the ways of God and forces the demons, who were probably some neighbouring uncivilised tribes, to make for him a magnificent throne to be carried by eagles to the heavens. Unfortunately the birds grow tired and bring him to earth again, where, being found by Rústam, he is reproached for his folly and is pardoned.

A large space in the poem is here taken up by a description of one of the chief episodes, the combat of Rústam with his son Suhráb, in ignorance of who the latter is. This has been described by Matthew Arnold in a well-known poem, which unfortunately is not even a paraphrase of the original, and omits an incident in the fight which is by no means to the credit of the hero. Suhráb, having brought his father to the ground in a wrestling bout, is about to dispatch him when the latter obtains his release by pretending that it is not the custom of the country to kill one's adversary the first time he is overthrown, but to give him a second chance. Suhráb agrees to this, and Rústam immediately seizes his opportunity and drives a dagger into his son. He is overwhelmed with grief on finding what he has done, and his mother's grief is related in touching verse.

"Rúdábáh on the bier saw Suhráb lie,
And with the tears of blood e'erflowed her eye.

The youth upon his narrow bier was laid:
'O royal Pehlaván!' she wailing said.
Again her lamentations to renew,
A cold sigh from her grieving heart she drew,
And cried, 'Young hero of an athlete's birth,
Than thou none braver ever bore the earth.'
She cried, 'O hero of the lofty crest,
Lift up thy head once from thy narrow chest.
The secret wilt not to thy mother tell,
What in thy hour of gladness thee befell?
Of what thy father did wilt not say more,
And why thy heart he from thy body tore?'
The cry up from the hall to Saturn leapt;
At every word she heard she wailed and wept.
Mourning, within the screen she took her place,
Her heart was full of pain, of dust her face.
By night and day she mourned and shed the tear,
And after Suhráb's death lived but a year.
Thus in her grief for him she died at last,
To go to Suhráb as her spirit passed."

This episode is followed by one very similar to that of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, in which Sudábáh, Káüs's wife, falls violently in love with Siávash, a son of the king, and, when he rejects her advances, accuses him of trying to violate her, but he, like Joseph, is proved innocent by going through the ordeal of passing unscathed through fire.

Siávash marries Farangís, the daughter of Afrásiáb, and in due time Kai-Khusru, one of the most famous kings of Persia, identified by some historians with Cyrus, is born to him. When he is taken to Káüs the latter abdicates in his favour, and Kai-Khusru, like his predecessors, is involved in war with Afrásiáb, in the course of which Kai-

Khusru, in a duel which he agrees to with Afrásiáb's son Shídah in order to save the blood of the two armies, kills the latter, Afrásiáb himself again escaping to a fort of the name of Gangdíz. This fort is finally taken by Kai-Khusru and the Persians, and Afrásiáb, being captured, is put to death. In the course of this last expedition Kai-Khusru is said to have passed, in pursuit of him, into the country of Makrán, where, in crossing and re-crossing a sea of the name of Zarah, he meets with the most fabulous adventures, which it is needless to relate. Shortly after this Kai-Khusru retires to a hill and disappears from the sight of his people.

Luhrásp succeeds to the throne, and Gushtásp, one of his sons, proceeds to Constantinople (Rúm), where he marries Kitáyún, the emperor's daughter, being chosen by her at a meeting, at which she is allowed to select a husband out of a number of candidates for her hand, whilst she was in ignorance of his being a Persian prince. On his return to Persia, Luhrásp abdicates in his favour, and Kitáyún gives birth to two sons, Asfandyár and Bashotán, the former of whom became one of the best known kings. In this reign is given an account of the birth of Zartúsht, commonly called Zoroaster, the founder of the religion of the fire worshippers.

No particular description of his tenets is given, but direction is given that the *kúshtí*, the sacred thread of the Parsís, is to be worn by all, and they are to worship in the fire temples throughout the land. Zoroaster also forbids the payment of tribute to China. Luhrásp and his people all become converted to his faith, and, in consequence of this, war

again ensues with Aryásp, ruler of Turán, in which his army is defeated and he takes to flight. The emperor of Rúm and various kings agree to pay tribute to Persia, and the whole world become followers of the new faith.

Luhrásp, having abdicated the throne in favour of Gushtásp, the latter ascends the throne, and shortly afterwards, in consequence of calumnies spread about with regard to Asfandyar, becomes suspicious of and imprisons him, an unjust action, for which his tributary kings revolt against him. In the course of this revolt Arjásp, of Turán, attacks and kills Luhrásp, and the priests of the fire temples are destroyed with their temples, Zoroaster probably perishing among the rest. Hearing of this, Gúshtásp proceeds towards Balkh with an army, but is defeated by the Turkománs and flees to a hill, where they surround him. Thereupon he releases Asfandyar, who engages Arjásp's army, and in turn defeats it. Refusing to accept the throne offered him by his father, he follows up the Turkománs, whom he pursues by seven stages, meeting various adventures by the way, amongst them being the slaughter of the Símúrgh. After this he defeats the combined Turanien and Chinese armies, and after being welcomed home by Gushtásp, is sent by him to fetch Rústam. In a battle that ensues Rústam is wounded, but is healed by the Símurgh (a new Phœnix probably) and instructed how he is to kill Asfandyar, which he does. Bahman, Asfandyar's brother, who has been left in Zábulistán to be educated, is sent for, and given the name of Ardashír by Gushtásp. The only other notable

event in this reign is the death of Rústam and his horse Raksh by being made to fall into a pit lined with swords. After the death of Gushtáshp Bahman or Ardashír succeeds him, and is followed by his daughter Humaí, who reigns thirty-two years. She has a son of the name of Dáráb, whom, for some unexplained reason, she puts into a box and sets the box afloat on the Euphrates, but he is saved by a washerman and his wife. In the end his origin is recognised, and he is placed on the throne.

At this point we come to a period whence the chronology of the 'Sháh Námah' can be traced from European history, for Fílkús, or Philip of Macedon, who is defeated by Dáráb, dates from B.C. 331. Philip's daughter Náhíd is given in marriage to Dáráb, and to her is born Sikandar, or Alexander the Great. Needless to say, this does not correspond with what is related by Greek historians, but the two tales are patched together by its being said that Alexander was born at Constantinople, and was treated by the emperor as his own child. On Alexander succeeding his father Philip, Aristotle is said to have given the following counsel:

"Many have seen the royal throne but thee,
But permanent with one 'twill never be.
I have been everywhere that thou may'st say
And need none on the earth to show the way.
Know this, that thou most foolish wilt appear,
If counsel of the wise thou dost not hear.
Earthy we are, and to the earth were born,
And to the earth yield ourselves at last forlorn.
If thou art good, thy name will e'er endure;
Happy, of royal throne thou shalt be sure.

If ill thou sowest, evil shalt thou reap,
And no night on the earth shalt tranquil sleep.
Through goodness to a king is succour brought,
In bad days goodness may by none be sought."

An envoy from Darius coming to Constantinople to demand the Persian tribute, which had hitherto been paid in the shape of golden eggs, Alexander answers him:

"'Go now,' he told him, 'and to Darius say
The tribute's scent and hue have passed away.
The hen that laid the golden eggs has died,
And left no means the tribute to provide.'"

Proceeding to war, he makes ready an army, and goes as his own envoy, and, being betrayed by the envoy whom he had sent to Constantinople, escapes on horseback. Advancing with his army, he defeats that of Darius (Dárá in the Persian), and the latter, fleeing towards Kirmán, writes to offer submission, but at the same time seeks the aid of Fúr, a king in India, known to us by the name of Porus. Hearing of this, Alexander pursues him, only to find that he has been mortally wounded by two of his own priests. He visits him on his deathbed, and obtains from him the promise of the hand of his daughter Raoshanak, called Roxalana by Dryden in his poem. The two priests are hanged up on gallows and stoned to death. Alexander mounts the throne at Istakhar. The whole story of Alexander's conquests and adventures in India is a tissue of the most fantastic and absurd legends, and amongst them one of his marriage to a daughter of the King of Kanoṇj

according to Christian rites, a mistake in chronology of several hundred years.

Fúr being defeated and killed, he is said to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, a still more glaring error in chronology, which is rendered still more absurd by the appearance on the scene of Ishmael, the son of Abraham. Equally unaccountable is a narrative of Alexander's visit to Kaidáfah, the Queen of Andalusia in Spain, of others to the city of the Brahmans, and of a nation of Amazons, and of the *Narmpai*, or soft-footed ones. Space will not allow of the mention of further adventures, or, finally, of his attempt to reach the fountain of the Water of Life, which fails for him, but not for the prophet Klizr, or Elias, who accompanies him. He is said to have died at Yeman in Arabia, whence his body was carried for interment to Alexandria. To him are said to have succeeded various kings (Tawáif ul malúk) for two hundred years, and it is acknowledged that nothing is known of them but their names. The last of them was named Bábak, to whom was born Ardashír Bábagán. When Darius died his son Sásán fled to Hindustán and died there, leaving a son of the same name. Being discovered by Bábak, Sásán marries his daughter. An extraordinary legend is now related of a silkworm from the produce of which great profits are derived until it, as well as its owner Haftvád, is finally killed by Árdashír.

Árdashír occupies the throne at Baghdád, and has a son born to him of the name of Shápúr, who, again, was the father of Ormuzd. Then follow in regular succession from father to son Behrám, a second Behrám, his son, Narsi, Ormuzd, and Shápúr

zúl Aktáf. In this reign one, Tair, invades Persia from Yaman and carries off and marries a daughter of Narsi, to whom a daughter called Málíkah is born. Málíkah betrays her father to Shápúr on condition that the latter will marry her. Shápúr visits Constantinople, and is sewn up in an ass's skin by the emperor, by whom Persia is invaded and devastated, after he has given Shápúr into the charge of a woman with instructions to starve him slowly to death. She, however, releases him, and flees with him to Persia, where he is recognised by the people and assembles an army, with the aid of which the emperor is defeated and placed in confinement, with a piece of wood through his nostrils, finally dying. Shápúr, in his turn, invades the Greek dominions, and a new emperor agrees to pay him tribute. The Persian succession passes through three other kings to Behrám Gúr, so named because he was a great slayer of wild asses. Behrám Gúr was also famous for running away with the daughter of Shangal, king of Kanúg, in India. After several reigns the throne devolves on Kasrá, who is known by the name of Náoshirván, and is celebrated in the East for his justice and his having had for his vazír, or minister, Buzurjmihr, reputed for his great wisdom. The reign is thus described:

"When Kasrá mounted proudly on the throne,
And one with fortune found himself alone,
A very Paradise the world to view
Was decked with justice, wealth and beauty, too.
The whole earth was at rest from ev'ry strife,
From all injustice and from taking life.

The world renewed with God's light spread around,
Both hands of evil, thou hadst said, were bound.
None knew to plunder or invade the land,
And none tow'rds evil to stretch out his hand.
The world subservient to the king became,
And back from crookedness and darkness came.
If any one strewed money on the way,
Thieves from such riches all would run away.
On land and water money and brocade
In shining day and hour of sleep were laid;
And yet, from fear and justice of the king,
No robber cast his eye on anything.
The earth like Eden was adorned again,
And full of riches were the vale and plain.
Irán as Paradise grew to behold,
Its dust was amber and its bricks were gold."

Such were the results of Náoshírván's justice and beneficent rule.

In this reign the game of chess, invented in India, was also sent to the king, and its moves made out by the learned vazír, and his own game of *nard*, a kind of backgammon, sent in return.

Being seventy-four years of age, Náoshírván, after his son Hormúzd's abilities have been tested by Búzúrjmihr, nominates his own son Hormúzd to succeed him. Hormúzd at first rules righteously, but afterwards turns to evil ways, of which he repents in consequence of a dream predicting evil being interpreted to him. When he has reigned ten years his enemies advance against him, both from Herát and Rúm. The latter are defeated by Behrám Chúbínah, a general placed in command of his army, and the former are conciliated by giving back the towns Náoshírván had taken. For some

reason Hormúzd insults Chúbínah by sending him a woman's dress, and the latter associates himself with Khúsrú Parvíz, son of Hormúzd, for a time. He becomes too powerful, and Hormúzd advises Khúsrú to go to Constantinople to solicit the assistance of the emperor against him. Aid is given him, and he also marries Mariam, or, as she is sometimes called, Eirene, the emperor's daughter. This Princess is, by some historians, confused with Shírín, a nomad girl, with regard to whose love matters with Khúsrú a romantic poem, a great favourite with Persians, has been written by the poet Nizámí.

In the sixth year of his reign a son is born to Khúsrú Parvíz by Mariam, and called Shírúi or Shirúyah, who finally murders his father and causes Shírín to commit suicide by insulting her with a proposal to become his own wife. This is not in accord with the tale as told in the 'Sháh Námah,' in which Shírín herself murders Mariam out of jealousy, and Khúsrú is put to death at the instigation of one Farukhzád.

Shirúyah is himself poisoned after a short reign of eight months, and after being succeeded by two women Farukhzád himself is poisoned. Yazdagírd, said to be a son of Naoshirván, follows him on the throne and reigns for twenty years. In this reign the Amír ul Mominíu (Chief of the Faithful) sends an expedition into Persia, and defeats a force sent against him by Yazdagírd. Finally, Zazdagírd is murdered by the miller of a mill, to which he has fled from the Turkománs, with whom he is involved in war.

With the account of this murder the 'Sháh

Námah' ends, a concluding section stating that the book was finished in the year of the Hejíra 400, corresponding with A.D. 1020, not quite fifty years before the Norman conquest of England by William the Conqueror. The period embraced from Kajumúrs to Yazdagírd is about 3624 years.

I have in this paper given a sketch of the contents of the poem. It will be understood that it is a mere outline when it is mentioned that the contents of a MS. of nearly 1000 pages have been condensed into a little over thirty. The historical order, however, has been preserved and the chief events noted, and an endeavour has been made to give the style of the original in the quotations given from the versified portions of the history.

Abounding, as it does, in mythical and legendary lore, which took the author some thirty-four years to elaborate in rhymed couplets, smoothly written, with hardly a harsh sounding phrase or a flaw in the metre, the book must go down to all posterity as one of the most wonderful literary achievements in the world's history, unsurpassed even in ancient Roman and Greek literature.

THE LETTERS AND AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read February 22nd, 1905.]

GOLDSMITH is not generally classed among the epistolary writers of his time, yet his letters, for their sly, insinuating humour and good-natured satire, possess the same unique charm which characterises the best of his writings. It is a pity that so few, especially those relating to his wanderings on the Continent, have been preserved. These letters, like many of his best essays, are chiefly autobiographical; or perhaps they may be more properly described as idealised reminiscences; and without them the 'Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith' would lose much of its interest. Perhaps of all our authors Goldsmith is one of the most loved. We know his failings and infirmities, and even his vices, many of which Charles Lamb, or Shakespeare before him, would have called "virtuous vices"; for what says our great poet?

> "Virtue itself turns Vice, being misapplied,
> And Vice sometimes by action dignified."

Have not some of the wisest of men, from the time of Solomon, and even before, been among the

weakest and frailest of mankind? How truly Goldsmith wrote in one of his "Chinese Letters" that "our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." A lady, who knew him well, said that "he had two natures—one of the head and another of the heart; in the one he was a wise man, and in the other, as he had more heart than was good for him, he was called a fool."

Let us endeavour to soften the shadows occasioned by his too-generous impulses, and to forgive him, as we should an erring prodigal, or a harmless young scapegrace, whose greatest enemy is himself. Yet, with all his simplicity, and seeming child-like innocence of insight, his writings show that from experience he had gathered great knowledge of the world. There is in them more common sense and wisdom than in the works of most of the *literati* of his time. He was the author of that celebrated worldly-wise maxim, so often attributed to Tallyrand, that "The use of speech is not so much to express our wants, as to conceal them." At one period of his life he had to mingle with low company and even to herd with the semi-human thieves and beggars at Axe Lane, but when he took a pen in his hand, he was always a scholar and a gentleman "who uttered nothing base." He knew mankind better than most of his contemporaries, because he had made himself at home with all sorts and conditions of men. His essays, like his letters, have intrinsic captivations of their own. His contributions to the short-lived periodical called 'The Bee,' and his "Chinese Letters," are not in any way inferior to those of Addison and Steele in 'The Spectator'; and for humour they may be compared to the

best in 'The Tatler.' His criticisms upon the drama of his day may be favourably compared to the essays and writings of Hazlitt and Lamb, which they in a measure anticipated.

It is somewhat curious that the English people, who believe that prudence is providence, and in the maxim of Juvenal, *Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia* —"No God is absent where calm prudence dwells," should have such an affection for one who sets at naught many of the ordinary maxims of life. It may be that our love covers a multitude of sins, and that, after reading the history of his terrible struggles, trials, and temptations, we are ready to say, in the words of an eminent French writer, "*On pardonne tant que l'on aime*"—"As long as we love we can forgive."

That Goldsmith understood his own character and was conscious of his infirmities is shown in his letters and miscellaneous writings, in which he has not spared himself. Like Montaigne, he does not attempt to hide either his physical or moral defects, for in this self-portraiture he has reflected, as in the fabulous looking-glass of Lao, the mind as well as the body. And before we cast a stone at him let us consider how few of us could have gone through the same strains of poverty, with their trials and temptations, and come out with so pure a heart. Like Burns, he would, "as far as he could, have wiped away all tears from all eyes." Before we notice Goldsmith's correspondence we must notice a few incidents in his early life.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on November 10th, 1728, in the village of Pallas in the county of Long-

ford. His father was the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, whom Oliver described as "passing rich with £40 a year." About two years after Oliver's birth his father succeeded, through the death of a relative, to a better living in the village of Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath, the original of

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain."

Oliver, as a youth, like many other men of genius, showed no aptitude for learning. "This I know," said Roger Ascham, "not only by reading books in my study, but also by experience of life abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, best learned, and best men also, when they were old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young." The old woman who taught him his letters described him as no better than a fool. So thought also some of his associates in after-life, such as Boswell, Garrick, Langton, etc., who could not understand him. At the age of six years he was sent to the village school kept by one who was called Paddy Burne, an old soldier, who had served under the Duke of Marlborough. He seems to have been a remarkable character, not much unlike the schoolmaster mentioned by De Quincey, who settled the spelling of a word and other scholastic difficulties by a stand-up fight. However, there is no doubt that this village master had more to do with the education of the poet than any other of his teachers. He instructed his willing pupil in the traditions and legends of his native country, and fed his excited imagination with stories of ghosts, witches, banshees, fairies, and the old Irish ballads. And the master was fond of

rhyming himself. After attending various schools, he was ultimately placed under the tutorship of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, of Edgeworth town, about twenty miles from his home. We all know the story of his "mistake of a night," which adventure he included in one of his comedies—how, when he was returning to school on a borrowed nag and with a guinea in his pocket, he halted half way on his journey, and inquired for the "best house in the place," and was directed by a wag to the mansion of Squire Featherstone, and mistaking it for an inn, boldly entered, and calling for the supposed landlord, invited his host after supper to join him in a bottle of wine, and ordered a hot cake for his breakfast in the morning. The squire, who had known his father, and being a humorist and enjoying the mistake, did not undeceive him until the morning when he called for his bill. Much to his chagrin he discovered that the "best house" was the squire's mansion, which he had mistaken for an inn. In 1745 Oliver was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. A year and a half after he had entered college his father died. The son, in one of his "Chinese Letters," has no doubt drawn a faithful portrait of the good minister.

"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the Church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers, still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them they returned an equivalent in praise, and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army influenced my father at the head of

his table; he told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar; thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him. As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it; he had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should have learning; for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose, he undertook to instruct us himself; and took as much pains to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society. We were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress; in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing."

It has been said that the fate of a child depends upon the house in which it is born. And was this not true of Goldsmith? He had, like his father, two natures. In the one there was an almost morbid sensibility for the sufferings of others, and in the other an exquisite sense of humour, which sported with the lighter follies and infirmities of human nature. And that happy adjustment of temperament was like the spear that pierced Telephus—it gave the wound and supplied the cure.

After his father's death Oliver led a shiftless life, for his supplies were small and uncertain. His uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, who was a friend

of Bishop Berkeley, was his chief benefactor, and helped him as far as his means would allow. At one time, to keep himself from starving, he wrote street ballads, which he sold at five shillings apiece, and he would steal out of college at night to hear them sung. There is a characteristic anecdote told of him by one of his fellow-students, who invited him to breakfast, and as Oliver did not appear, he burst open his bedroom door, which was locked, and, much to his surprise, he found him in bed up to his chin in feathers. Goldsmith gave him this explanation, that in the preceding evening's stroll he had met a poor starving woman with five children who implored his charity, and he had given her the blankets from off his bed, and finding himself cold during the night, had cut open his bed and buried himself among the feathers.

After leaving Dublin University, Goldsmith returned home, and apparently lived for three years a life of idleness. It is during this time that his correspondence begins. These letters may be more picturesque and coloured by his imagination than strictly veracious. The best of his letters which have been preserved are those addressed to his relations and friends in Ireland. We will take one of his earliest, which may be regarded as typical of the rest.

It is quite a little romance in itself, and shows us potentially the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' When Goldsmith was twenty-three years of age he left his mother's house for Cork, ostensibly with the intention of sailing for America. He was furnished with £30 in his pocket, which he had earned as a

tutor in the family, and nothing was heard of him for six weeks, when our poet-errant returned home with empty pockets, and on a lean beast, to which he had given the name of Fiddleback. From his brother's house he addressed the following letter to his indignant mother, hoping, no doubt, to mollify that injured lady's ire by putting his follies and indiscretions in an adventurous and whimsical form. As this letter appears only in brief extracts in Forster's 'Life of Goldsmith,' and as it has been referred to by Thackeray and others, we feel justified in giving it entire. In reading this, as also his other letters, we must make some allowance for the author's poetic invention, and for a tricksy spirit of fantastic exaggeration:

"My Dear Mother,—If you will sit down, and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork, and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks—and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that, when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious; and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket. Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddleback, and bade

adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse, towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road. I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at College, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. 'We shall,' says he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse.' However, upon the way I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store. And pray, mother, ought I not have given her the other half-crown? for what she got would be of little use to her. However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces, but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she, with great humanity, relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed upon to carry up my name to her master. Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his nightcap, nightgown and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to his perfect recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually

answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour. He made no answer, but walked about the room rubbing his hands, as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and, as that increased, I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

"It now approached six o'clock in the evening; and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale bread, and the heel of an old cheese, all over crawling with mites. My friend apologised that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that, for his part, he would *lie down with the lamb, and rise with the lark.* My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp, that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

"This Lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible. Accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution—he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. 'To be sure,' said he, 'the longer you stay away from your mother, the more

you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made.' Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and, asking 'how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half-crown?' I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. 'And you know, Sir,' said I, 'it is no more than I have done for you.' To which he firmly answered, 'Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there. I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you. Sell your horse, and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on.' I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bed-chamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. 'Here he is,' said he. 'Take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride.' I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it; and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself, and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor-at-law in the neighbourhood, and a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

"After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my hospitable friend: but, at the solicitation of both, I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives—one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the

counsellor; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found everything that I could wish—abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for returning, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home, and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the Counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

"And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies, for here I spent three whole days. The Counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them; for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed, and obliged to stay. On my going, the Counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea, to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"To Mrs. Anne Goldsmith, Ballymahon."

No doubt this letter, with its humorous exaggerations and inventions, had the effect which the author wished, and in some measure mollified the anger of his mother and friends. Through the kindness of his uncle Contarine he was sent in 1752 to Edinburgh to study medicine. The letter of 1753, from which we give extracts, was sent to Robert Bryanton,

his cousin and Trinity College friend, conveys some of his impressions concerning Scotland and its inhabitants. After an apology for his long silence, he says:

"An hereditary indolence (I have it from my mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more due to my friends in Ireland. No turn-spit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address."

His description of Scotland shows that he had little love for mountain scenery, which few had at that time. He describes the Scotch as "fond of action and of dancing in particular," and he gives a very humorous description of their balls, which are very frequent:

"When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up by the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves; in the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be; but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war. The ladies ogle, and the gentlemen sigh; but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches upon a lady and gentleman to walk a minuet, which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couples have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country-dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress; so they dance much, and thus concludes our assembly."

This description does not exactly accord with Sydney Smith's humorous account of his presence

at one of these balls about fifty years afterwards. He says:

"The Scotch are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically. I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance at a dance in Edinburgh exclaim in a sudden pause of the music: 'What you say, my lord, is very true of love in the *abstract*'—— Here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost."

Following on our extracts from Goldsmith's letter to his friend Bob Bryanton, there is an interesting notice of the celebrated Duchess of Hamilton, *née* Elizabeth Gunning, one of the greatest beauties and most romantic characters of her time, who became the mother of two Dukes of Hamilton and also two Dukes of Argyle. He says:

"We have no such character here as a coquet, but, alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilcoubry's (Kirkcudbright's) (don't be surprised, my lord is but a Glover*), when the Duchess of Hamilton (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to her ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot; her battered husband, or, more properly, the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began in the shape of no less than three ladies, who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form. 'For my part,' says the first, 'I think, what I always thought, that the duchess has too much of the red in her complexion.' 'Madam, I am of your opinion,' says the second; 'I think her face has a palish cast, too much on the delicate order.' 'And, let me tell you,' added the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, 'that the Duchess has fine lips; but she wants a mouth.' At this, every

* "William Maclellan," says Prior, "who claimed the title, and whose son succeeded in establishing the claim in 1773."

lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter 'p.'"

Had Dickens this passage in his mind, when he depicted Mrs. General as using internally for the setting of her face "prunes and prism"? Goldsmith was not like Wilkes, who, though monstrously ugly, said that "he could talk away his face in half an hour"; for, continuing his cousin's letter, he says:

"How ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarcely any correspondence! There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and 'tis certain they have handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and poor man is society only for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and Nature a person to look charming in the eyes of the fair. Nor do I envy, my dear Bob, such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world and at myself—the most ridiculous object in it. . . . . Direct to me '—, Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.'"

In a letter to his uncle Contarine there is another reference to the Duke of Hamilton:

"I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's; but it seems they like me more as a jester than as a companion, so I disdained so servile an employment as unworthy my calling as a physician."

In another letter to his uncle in 1753 he gives an account of a month's excursion to the Highlands:

"I set out the first day on foot, but an ill-natured corn I have on my toe has, for the future, prevented that cheap mode of travelling; so the second day I hired a horse

about the size of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master."

In the same letter he says that he had drawn for £6, and that his next draft will be for £4. After spending two winters in Edinburgh, Goldsmith wrote to his uncle Contarine that—

"he intended to visit Paris, where the great Farheim Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with that language, and few who leave Ireland are so. I shall spend the spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous a university."

In another letter, written to his uncle a few months later (1753), he says:

"As I shall not have another opportunity of receiving money from your bounty till my return to Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I hope I shall ever trouble you for; 'tis £20. And now, dear sir, let me acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me her own, when you—but I stop here, to inquire how your health goes on?"

"I wish, my dear sir, that you would make me happy by another letter before I go abroad, for there I shall hardly hear from you. I shall carry just £33 to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, &c., and that with economy will serve."

His good uncle Contarine sent the money he

asked for, and it was the last sum, of which we have any record, he received from that source, for his uncle shortly afterwards became imbecile.

In another letter to his uncle Contarine, written a few weeks later from Leyden, he gives a description of his misadventures in starting to reach Paris, and finding himself at Leyden instead:

"Some time after the receipt of your last I embarked for Bordeaux, on board a Scotch ship called St. Andrew's, Captain John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance, and as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drove us into a city of England, called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went ashore to refresh us after the fatigues of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore; and on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open; enters a sergeant and twelve grenadiers, with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the King's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear sir, keep this all a secret, or at least say it was for debt; for if it were once known at the University I should hardly get a degree. But see how Providence interfered in my favour; the ship was gone on to Bordeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland, I embarked, and in nine days I arrived safe at Rotterdam, whence I travelled by land to Leyden, and whence I now write."

"The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times; he in everything imitates a

Frenchman, but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company, such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature; upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat, laced with black ribbon; no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches; so that his hips reach almost up to his arm-pits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or to make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite! Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace; and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats. A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she swings under her petticoats; and at this chimney, dozing Strephon lights his pipe.

"A Dutch woman and a Scotch will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy. The one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty; but must say, that of all objects on this earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming."

In the same letter he writes in admiration of the country:

"Nothing can equal its beauty; wherever I turn my eyes, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottoes, vistas present themselves; but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; everyone is usefully employed."

During Goldsmith's stay in Holland he very much modified his opinions with respect to the character of the people. Yet he could not but admire some of their institutions. In one of his essays he wrote that—

"The best and most useful laws I have ever seen are generally practised in Holland. 'When two men are determined to go to law with each other, they are first obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the *peace-makers*. If the parties come attended by an advocate or solicitor they are obliged to retire, as we take fuel from the fire we are desirous of extinguishing.'

"'This we think an improvement upon the administration of justice in England. It is said that the natives of Java have a summary way of settling disputes without any wrangling, by having two tubs filled with consecrated water, and the suitor who can hold his head under water the longest gains the law-suit. In England, it is said, the case is just the opposite, for he who can keep his head above water the longest in a protracted trial generally wins his case."

Goldsmith remained about a year in Leyden, and he seems to have made various shifts to support himself. He tried teaching, but, like his philosophical vagabond, who went to Holland to teach the natives English without knowing a word of their language, he met with small success. At length he determined to leave Leyden, and, in imitation of Baron de Holberg, make the tour of Europe on foot. He borrowed some money of a friend, in order to start on his journey:

"Unluckily, he rambled into the garden of a florist. The tulip mania was still prevalent in Holland, and some species of that splendid flower brought immense prices. Goldsmith recollected that his uncle Contarine was a tulip-fancier. The thought suddenly struck him that here was an opportunity of testifying, in a delicate manner, his sense of that generous uncle's past kindnesses. In an instant his hand was in his pocket, a number of choice and costly tulip-roots were purchased and packed up for his uncle

Contarine, and it was not until he had paid for them that he bethought himself that he had spent all the money borrowed for his travelling expenses. Too proud, however, to give up his journey and too shame-faced to make another appeal to his friend's liberality, he determined to continue his journey on foot, and depend upon chance and good luck for the means of getting forward, and it is said that he actually set off on a tour of the Continent in February, 1775, with but one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea."

His various wanderings and adventures in the Highlands and on the Continent he, no doubt, described in his picturesque letters to his friends in Ireland. These are, unfortunately, nearly all lost, so that we have no exact itinerary of his route.

He seems to have written an account of his travels in a long letter, which he sent to Dr. Ratcliff, Fellow of Trinity College, and, according to that gentleman, it was one of the most able and interesting of all his productions. But, unfortunately, this letter was consumed by fire, which destroyed the Doctor's house. Goldsmith kept no journal, and though he gave Dr. Percy verbally an outline of his route, it is only through his miscellaneous writings and his conversations that we can glean any further information.

"He frequently used to talk with great pleasantry," said one of his friends who knew him in later life, "of his distresses on the Continent, such as living on the hospitalities of the friars in convents, sleeping in barns, and picking up a kind of mendicant livelihood by the German flute." In travelling through Flanders and the poorer provinces of France he made good use of his flute.

"I had some knowledge of music," said George Primrose (for which we may read Oliver Goldsmith), "with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. When I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play to people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle." In Italy, "my skill in music could avail me nothing, where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, then, I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture."

Although Goldsmith was relieved at various times from poverty and almost starvation in his travels, through his taking part in the public disputations at the different universities he visited, yet he did not believe in the "syllogistic theologico-metaphysico dilemmas" of the old schoolmen, which endeavoured by the jargon of words and hypostatic assumption to prove the unknowable. It is said that when Casaubon visited Sorbonne they showed him the hall in which, as they proudly told him,

disputations had been held for four hundred years. "And what," said he, "have they decided?" Goldsmith thought that what was taught at many of these institutions was useless knowledge and "was the proper education to make a man a fool." After wandering on the Continent for about a year, Goldsmith landed at Dover February 1st, 1756, "his whole stock of cash," says Glover, "amounting to a few halfpence."

Goldsmith wrote a series of charming letters to his Irish relatives and friends, soliciting their interest in obtaining subscriptions for publishing his first literary venture, 'An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe,' and from these epistles we obtain some glimpses into the mystery which shrouds his early life in London—of his hopes, fears, temptations, struggles, adventures, and amusements, all told with exquisite gusto.

Very few of the letters which he addressed to his relatives and friends in Ireland were answered. Yet in spite of this neglect, in one of his epistles to his brother-in-law, Hodson, in December 27th, 1757, he humorously alludes to his affection for his native land.

"Unaccountable fondness for country," he says, "this *maladie du pais*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place who never brought anything out of it except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's who refused to be cured of the itch because it made him unco' thoughtful of his wife and bonny Inverary. . . . . If I go to the opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh

for Lissoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's 'Last Good-night,' from Peggy Golden [his father's milkmaid]. If I climb Hampstead Hill, than where Nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then, I would rather be placed on the little mount before Lissoy Gate, and there take in to me the most pleasing horizon in Nature."

It is in these letters we learn how those beautiful visions of his childhood which he has so well represented in his poems were not the mere passing ebullitions of the poet's fancy, but were part of his own life. How he was constantly looking back to the time when he should again visit the scenes of his youth!

"But, alas!" he writes to his cousin, Mrs. Jane Lawder, August 15th, 1758, "I have many a fatigue to encounter before that happy time comes, when your poor old simple friend may again give a loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fireside, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him."

The following exquisite lines from "The Deserted Village," published many years afterwards, are but an elaboration of the same sentiment which he had kept fresh in his heart for so long a time:

"In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid the humble bowers to lay me down
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learn'd skill.
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from which at first she flew;
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

In another letter addressed to one of his Irish friends, Bob Byranton, about the same time, after indulging in a whimsical strain of gasconade upon his future prospects, of the mark he was going to make in literature, and of the reputation his works would be held two hundred years hence (little thinking that this humorous tirade would one day be more than realised), he concludes in this whimsical fashion:

"Let me, then, stop my fancy to take a view of my future self—and, as the boys say, light down to see myself on horseback. Well, now that I am down, where the d—l *is* I? Oh gods! gods! here in a garret writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score."

In a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Jane Lawden, he gives a humorous account of his efforts at economy.

"I have given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my finances; I declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea, and check my grate with brick-bats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality; these will make pretty furniture enough, and won't be too expensive. . . . . Each maxim is to be inscrib'd on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen, of which the following will serve as a specimen: 'Look sharp.' 'Mind the main

chance.' 'Money is money now.' 'If you have a thousand pounds you can put your hands by your sides, and say you are worth a thousand pounds every day of the year.' 'Take a farthing from an hundred pounds and it will be an hundred pounds no longer.' Thus, which way so ever I turn my eyes, they are sure to meet one of these friendly monitors, and, as we are told of an actor who hung his room round with looking-glasses to correct the defects of his person, my apartment shall be furnished in a peculiar manner to correct the errors of my mind."

But these letters to his friends in Ireland give us but little insight into the terrible privations which Goldsmith went through during his early residence in London, and of his various expedients to improve his position.

If Goldsmith had been successful in his early career, that which constitutes the charm of his writings would probably have been lost to the world. His own words applied to himself are unfortunately true, "that an habitual acquaintance with misery is the truest school of fortitude and philosophy." A man's happiness is more dependent upon what he *is* than what he *has*. Goldsmith was ever ready to shake hands with circumstances, and in the depths of his poverty, when herding with "the beggars in Axe Lane," his mind rose above the meanness of poverty, and he could even see the humorous side of it, and he has shown that those who go through the greatest privations are often the most cheerful.

We can understand how he carried out the philosophy which he put into the mouth of the poor wooden-legged beggar:

"As for misfortunes, sir, I cannot pretend to have gone

through more than others. Except the loss of my limb, *and my being obliged to beg,* I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there are some who have lost both legs and an eye; but thank Heaven it is not quite so bad with me."

Long afterwards when in company of the best wits of the day at clubs or social dinners, it is said that he would break away from them and join some jolly fellows at a tavern where he would sing with freedom, among others, his favourite song about "an old woman tossed in a blanket seven times as high as the moon."

In one of his letters he quotes from Montaigne, that the wisest men have friends with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Such of these friends were no doubt typified in "Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse doctor, little Aminadab that grinds the music box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter."

At a later time when he was mixing with some of the best professional men of the day, we find him writing to his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds from Paris, and contrasting his present enjoyments with the time when he was there, a poor solitary wanderer who had "taken the world for his pillow." He says, "I find that travelling at twenty and forty are different things. I set out with all my confirmed habits about me, and can find nothing on the Continent so good as when I formerly left it. One of our chief amusements here is scolding at everything we meet with, and praising everything and every person we left at home." The letter proceeds in the same grumbling tone, although written when he was travelling with his

best friends and basking in the sunny smiles of the Jessamy Bride.

In the early years of Goldsmith's life in London his "sole ambition was a livelihood." He tried various devices before he began to write as an author. It is very difficult to think nobly when one has to write for a livelihood. He lived, unfortunately, also in a time of literary degradation, when contempt was poured upon learning and literature, when the very name of author suggested a garret and miserable wretches guilty of daily hunger, when Chatterton starved, and according to Geo. Darley, "murder was done every night upon genius by neglect and scorn."

Fielding has given us an illustration in 'Joseph Andrews' of these degenerate times, when the huntsman calls off his hounds from chasing poor parson Adams because they would be injured by following *vermin*, while the Squire and the bystanders looked upon parson-hunting as good sport.

Even when an author was successful, and had made a name in the world, he was pestered with all the little anonymous liars and literary assassins of Grub Street, who used the names of liar, fool, knave, only as common expletives, when expressing a different opinion on any subject, whether political, poetical, or critical, and who admired or condemned *rabido ore*.

These meagre scribblers were the descendants of "Jacob Tonson's ragamuffins" as Byron called them, and they were ever ready to be let out on hire, to torture, mangle, and scalp their victims, and their reputation, like the insects worshipped in ancient

Egypt, was in proportion to the venom of their stings. It was from among such society as this that Goldsmith emerged as a successful author, and we know how these "Cerberean whelps of fury and slander" used that gentle spirit; yet out of all this terrible ordeal of want, misery, and degradation Goldsmith's muse came out pure and undefiled.

Unfortunately, Goldsmith would do but little work, unless under pressing necessity. So that he was always in arrears. It was under these adverse circumstances that some of his best works were written. We cannot but lament that so much intelligence was paralysed by such conscious infirmity of will and purpose. The consequence was that Goldsmith wasted himself on work which was unworthy of his genius, and to the end of his life he was scarcely better than a bookseller's hack.

It was in his early time in London (1758), when Goldsmith was a poor literary drudge, that he was threatened with imprisonment by his hard taskmaster Griffiths. The publisher had advanced him some money for a suit of clothes, that he might make a decent appearance in order to pass an examination at Surgeons' Hall for a naval hospital appointment. Fortunately for the world's literature, he failed. At this time, in 1758, he was living in mean lodgings in Green Arbour Court, Holborn, between what was then Fleet Market and the Old Bailey. One day his landlady, to whom he owed a trifle for rent, came to him in great distress, saying that her husband had been arrested for debt and imploring him to help her. To save his landlord from imprisonment, Goldsmith sent his new clothes

to a pawnbroker and advanced the sum needed, and then, finding himself without a penny for his own present needs, he sent the volumes he had to review to a friend as security for a trifling loan. Griffiths, hearing this, wrote to him an angry letter demanding his books and in a second letter called Goldsmith a "sharper" and a "villain," with threats of prosecution and a prison. There is preserved only the poor debtor's second letter in reply, and a more heart-breaking epistle was never penned.

"I know," he said, "of no misery but a jail, to which my own imprudence and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens, request it as a favour,—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it, with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. . . . . I am guilty, I own, of meanness, which poverty unavoidably brings with it, my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence but not with any remorse for being a villain, that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend, from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money: whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month," &c.

We regret that not long after Goldsmith's residence in London his interesting correspondence with his relations and friends in Ireland became very intermittent and after a time nearly ceased, not apparently from any fault of Goldsmith, for in a letter to his brother Maurice, as late as 1770, he writes:

"I believe I have written an hundred letters to different

friends in your country and never received an answer from any of them. I do not know how to account for this, or why they are unwilling to keep up for me those regards which I must ever retain for them."

In this letter he says:

"The King has lately been pleased to make me Professor of Ancient History in a Royal Academy of Painting, which he has just established, but there is no salary annexed; and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man that wants a shirt. You tell me that there are fourteen or fifteen pounds left me in the hands of my cousin Lawder, and you ask me what I will have done with them. . . . . All that I can say is, that I entirely, and this letter will serve to witness, give up any right and title to it. And I am sure they will dispose of it to the best advantage" (that is, to his poor relations).

At another time he had an interview with the Duke of Northumberland, who told him that he admired his poem "The Traveller," and that he was going to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and hearing he was a native of Ireland, he said he would be glad to do him a kindness. Goldsmith answered, that he had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help, and quite forgot himself. Goldsmith was called an idiot by some of his friends and acquaintances, but he was such an idiot as many philosophers might wish to imitate and rich men might envy.

During Goldsmith's great poverty, although he had many tempting offers, he refused to write for any party, for he was aware of the hopeless antagonism between parties in politics and religion, where party spirit is mistaken for the love of truth. "A

man," says Pascal, "never does evil so heartily and cheerfully as when he does it with his conscience." In 1767, during Lord North's administration, a certain well-known political partisan, a Rev. Dr. Scott, whose conscience was on the side of the Ministry, was sent to Goldsmith, in order to induce him to write in favour of the Government, and he has given a description of his interview: "I found him," he said, "in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority. I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions, and would you believe it, he was so absurd to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is, therefore, unnecessary to me.' And so I left him," added the reverend Dr. Scott indignantly, "in his garret." Of course men of the world called him an idiot.

Many men can bear adversity who break down under prosperity. Goldsmith's later letters show that he was happier in his indigent circumstances, before he had learned from bitter experience that debt was the worst kind of poverty, than he was in his shackled prosperity, when his income must have been, according to Macaulay, at least £800 per annum, a large sum in those days. But, unfortunately, the more money Goldsmith earned the deeper he got into debt and the poorer he became. It is no wonder that at this time of his seeming prosperity, when he was hunted down and pressed by duns, bailiffs, and harpies of every description, he would look back with fondness to the days of his poverty and vagabondage, when he was free as the healthful air he breathed.

Literary detectives, who, as a rule, invent more than they discover, followed him as they do every noticeable man, and took notes of his errors and failings, for he lived in a harassing state of publicity. But, however, these inquisitors could not discover that he was a drunkard or immoral, and according to the evidence of those who knew him, he did not, even in a gambling age, especially in the latter part of his life, waste much money in play. The great charge against him was, that he did not pay his debts. He was not like another Irishman, Sheridan, who said "that he did not care to fritter away his money in paying his debts," for Goldsmith paid other people's debts, and too often forgot his own. When Goldsmith died, half the unpaid bill he owed to Filby, his tailor, amounting in all to £79, was for clothes supplied to his scapegrace nephew Hodgson. In one of his last letters there is a record of his having at various times, not long before his death, advanced to this same nephew considerable sums of money. A great many of his debts were supposed to be due to the booksellers, who no doubt had made large profits out of him. During his last illness the staircase of his chambers in Brick Court was filled, not by clamorous creditors, but by sobbing women, and the lamentations of the old and infirm, who were the recipients of his charity, to whom he never turned a deaf ear, even when struggling himself with poverty. Worn out with fatigue and worry, Goldsmith passed away at the early age of forty-five. The news of his death came as a great shock to his friends. A great gloom came over Johnson.

Reynolds left off painting for the day, and Burke burst into tears. Can we have any better testimonials to his lovable character than these?

In concluding this imperfect notice of Goldsmith's correspondence we might remark that one of his last most humorous epistles is an answer to an invitation to spend Christmas with Mrs. Bunbury at Barton among his choicest friends. It is written in prose and verse, with a quaint texture of humour and fancy, and it is as good a specimen as can be found in our language of off-hand impromptu writing. Goldsmith's poetical epistle, "The Haunch of Venison," addressed to Lord Clare, is a perfect specimen of a letter written in rhyme.

We do not know why our author so often receives the appellation of Poor Goldsmith, for he had more resources of enjoyment in him than perhaps any of his literary contemporaries. We think that he spent a far happier life on the whole than his large-hearted, noble friend Dr. Johnson, who constantly lived in the shadow of the black fear of death, while Goldsmith was of a light, buoyant spirit, which outward circumstances could hardly depress, and he never was so poor as to be unable to assist some one poorer than himself. He had faith in human nature; and although he had a hoard of cynical maxims always at hand, yet he heartily believed and taught that there is a great deal of goodness in this wicked world. Like the good Vicar, "he was by nature an admirer of happy faces," and we do not know of a better antidote against the unhealthy pessimism of the present day than the teachings of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' It has been said that

this story read once a year in any household would make that home a better one.

In 1830 Goethe wrote to Zelter:

"It is not to be described the effect which Goldsmith's 'Vicar' had upon me just at the critical moment of mental development. The lofty and benevolent irony, that fair and indulgent view of all infirmities and faults, that meekness under all calamities, that equanimity under all changes and chances, and the whole train of kindred virtues, whatever names they bear, proved my best education; and in the end, these are the thoughts and feelings which have reclaimed us from all the errors of life."

Sir Walter Scott wrote:

"We read the 'Vicar of Wakefield' in youth and in age we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature."

We think that Dr. Johnson, who knew Goldsmith better than any of his contemporaries, was just in the estimate of his character when he said "Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a great man." And we might say, in the noble words of Martial, *Si non errasset fecerat ille minus*—"Had he not erred, his merits had been less."

ROMEO AND JULIET BEFORE AND IN SHAKSPERE'S TIME.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read March 22nd, 1905.]

THE plot of "Romeo and Juliet" was not invented by Shakspere, who, in this play, as in others, took the material ready to his hand, but gave it the lasting impression of his own genius, so that his predecessors are now chiefly valued for the sake of that which they may have suggested to him. In the case of "Romeo and Juliet" it is not desirable to be dogmatic as to the sources, for there is at least one incident of the play anticipated in a work that Shakspere can never have seen, and the exact extent of his indebtedness in other cases may be a matter of controversy. This much is certain, the story of "Romeo and Juliet" exists in Italian literature in several forms, it is to be found in the dramatic literature of Spain and France, and there was both a poem and a play on the subject in English before the theme was adopted by Shakspere. And, most curious of all, the incident of the supposed death and entombment of the heroine is found in a Greek romance of the second century—a romance which remained in MS. until Shakspere had been dead more than a hundred years. This may serve

as a general warning not to regard coincidence as an absolute proof of imitation.

The fatal love of Romeo and Juliet is probably historical. Dante mentions the feud between the Montagues and Capulets, and Girolamo Corte, in his history of Verona, assigns the incident to the year 1303. When Breval visited Verona the guide called his attention to an old building, a nunnery, which had been converted into an orphanage in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. When the alteration was being made "the workmen happened to break down an old tomb, in which there were found two coffins, which, by the inscription yet legible upon the stone, appeared to contain the bodies of a young couple that had come by their death in a very tragical manner about three centuries before." He then gives an outline of the story of Romeo and Juliet as told him by the guide, and mentions that he had looked the matter up in Girolamo Corte's 'History.' Breval very judiciously contrasts Shakspere's treatment of the theme with the odd travesty perpetrated by no less a person than Thomas Otway in his "Caius Marius."*

The first hint of the story in literature is due to an Italian novelist of the fifteenth century. The "Novellino de Masuccio Salernitano" is a folio of seventy-two leaves, which was printed at Venice in July, 1492. It is illustrated with numerous woodcuts, often interesting, but not always so explanatory of the text as might be desired. The early Italian novelists had an obliging habit of placing before their stories an "argument," or brief epitome. The

* 'Breval's Travels.' London, 1726, vol. ii, p. 103.

argument of Masuccio's thirty-second novel states that Mariotto, who is in love with Ganozza, having killed a man, escapes to Alexandria. Ganozza pretends to be dead, is taken from the tomb, and goes in quest of her lover. He, however, hearing of her death, in order to die also, returns to Siena, where he is recognised, arrested, and beheaded. The lady, not finding him in Alexandria, returns to Siena, where she finds the dead body of her lover, and dies of grief upon his corpse. With the exception of the names, this looks like a brief abstract and chronicle of Shakspere's "Romeo and Juliet." The argument omits to say that Mariotto and Ganozza were secretly married by an Augustinian friar, who afterwards prepares the sleeping draught which helps the heroine to feign death. And the text varies from the argument, for Ganozza, instead of dying on the corpse of her lover, ends her days in a convent, lamenting the evil fate that has blighted her young life.

We come close to Shakspere in the "Hystoria nouellamente Ritrouata di due nobili Amanti: Con la loro Pietosa Morte. Interuenuta gia nella Citta di Uerona. Nel tempo del Signor Bartholomeo dalla Scalla." This is a small octavo of thirty-two leaves. The colophon reads:—

Qui Finisse lo infelice Innamoramento di Romeo Montecchi et de Giulietta Capelletti. Stampato in la inclita citta di Venetia per Benedetto de Bendoni.

There is no date, but the bibliographers assign the book to the year 1530, and that year may be fairly accepted as the birth-year of the story of

"Romeo and Juliet." Luigi da Porto's novel has often been reprinted. The John Rylands Library not only possesses the very rare original edition, but also the one printed at Milan in 1819. This is a bibliographical rarity of the first order. Only six copies were printed, and these were all on vellum. The edition was prepared to give scope to the talents of Gianbatista Gigola as an illuminator and miniaturist. There are seven drawings by this artist, who has surrounded each of his paintings with an emblematical border. The subjects include the marriage, the duel, the trance, and the death of Romeo. The last shows the dead lovers lying side by side on a bier. This remarkable volume is in one of C. Lewis's bindings.

Luigi da Porto professes to tell the story as he heard it from the lips of an archer named Peregrino. This man came from Verona, and his tale was intended to wile away the weariness of a journey, as well as to dissuade Luigi from "staying long in the prison of Love." Whether that would be a probable effect may be doubted.

Amongst the Italian novelists a place of honour is due to Bandello for variety of invention and narrative skill. When his stories were republished he added to each a preface addressed to some friend or patron in which he gives an account of the circumstances under which he became acquainted with the tale. The first edition appeared in 1554. The ninth novel of the second part is thus dedicated to Fracastorius, celebrated in his day both as poet and physician. Bandello says that he heard this account of "the unfortunate death of two unhappy

lovers, of whom one perished by poison and the other died of sorrow," from the lips of Captain Alessandro Peregrino. It is curious to note that the archer to whom da Porto alleges he owed the story was also named Peregrino. Then follows the story of Romeo and Juliet in all its main incidents as it is found in da Porto and in Shakspere.

In 1553 there appeared "L'infelice amore di due fedelissimi amanti Giulia e Romeo, scritto in ottava rima da Clitia nobile Veronese ad Ardeo suo. In Vinegia, appresso Gabriel Giolito de' Ferrari et Fratelli." This is reproduced in Alessandro Torri's "Giulietta e Romeo" (Pisa, 1831). This is the only instance in which a lady has undertaken the task of narrating the misfortunes of the Veronese lovers.

The Italian dramatist, Luigi Groto, "Cieco d'Adria," as he called himself in allusion to his blindness, has, in "La Adriana," placed the scene of the tragedy in ancient Adria. Latinus is Romeo and Adriana is Juliet. The heroine is a princess, and her father and the father of Latinus are at war. The boy and girl first see each other when she is watching the advance of the hostile army to besiege her father's city. Love at first sight follows, and the death of her brother in single combat with Latinus does not quench her flame. Adriana is intended by her father to become the wife of the King of the Sabines, but she persuades a magician to give her a sleeping draught, and her body is entombed in the royal sepulchre. Latinus hears of her supposed death before there has been time to make him acquainted with the truth. He takes poison and comes to die at Adriana's tomb. She awakens, and,

after a pathetic conversation between the lovers, Latinus dies in the arms of Adriana, who then stabs herself. There are some remarkable passages in this play that remind one of Shakspere. The character of the nurse is an Italian counterpart of the garrulous, weak, and kindhearted old woman of the English dramatist. The play may be assigned to the year 1578, as the dedication is dated on the 29th of November of that year. The "blind man of Adria" draws from his tragedy the moral that fathers should not keep their daughters long unmarried, but as soon as possible settle them in the best way they can. This may be good advice, but as Adriana and Juliet were but fourteen there does not appear to the modern mind to have been any undue delay in the matrimonial arrangements attempted for them. Some of the parallels between Shakspere and Groto are very striking.*

The perturbed life of Lope de Vega Carpio stretched from 1562 to 1635. His career and character present the most violent contrasts. Soldier, sailor,—he was in the "Invincible Armada"—poet, dramatist, and priest; he was a man of violent passions, sinning and repenting and sinning again, his stormy life had many unedifying episodes, and his illicit love affairs were a scandal to the priestly garb that he adopted in later life. He ended in great austerity, seeking to atone for past sins of the flesh by severe self-flagellation. He died at seventy-three in a melancholy that has been called hypochondria, and left behind him a reputation for

* See Walker's 'Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy,' and Pace-Sanfelice's English Translation of da Porto.

unparalleled dramatic fertility.* His plays are said to have numbered 1500. Most of these are lost, but there remain 430 plays and some fifty autos. He is the greatest of all the mere playwrights. Incident succeeds incident in quick succession, the dialogue is vivacious, the plot intricate, and the secret of the ending is reserved from the spectator as long as possible. He lacks, however, the creative power that belongs to the great dramatists. The same characters reappear although their names may be changed, and we look in vain for the haunting individuality with which Shakspere invests so many even of the minor personages whom he places on the stage.

Amongst the plays of Lope that have happily survived is one about the two lovers of Verona. "Castelvines y Monteses" is a tragi-comedy which follows closely the story as we know it, but, in obedience to the popular desire for a happy ending, substitutes, at the last moment, comedy for tragedy. Romeo becomes Roselo, and most of the other names are changed, but Julia and Count Paris are in the list of characters. The "scene is in Verona, Ferrara, and other parts." A good English translation of the play was made by the late Mr. F. W. Cosens, and it would be an interesting experiment to have it placed on the stage. The Elizabethan Society would do a service by producing it.

Lope's departure from the traditional form of the story of Romeo and Juliet is remarkable. Antonio,

* The latest and fullest account of the famous Spaniard is 'The life of Lope de Vega,' by Hugo Albert Rennert (Philadelphia, 1904). See also 'Lope de Vega and the Spanish Drama,' by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly (Glasgow, 1902).

Julia's father, supposing her to be dead, decides to obtain a papal dispensation in order to marry his niece Dorotea, for he has "great possessions," and desires a child to inherit and retain them in the family. Roselo, having recovered Julia from the tomb, they go, disguised as villagers, to a farm where Antonio awaits his intended bride. The voice, as he supposes, of his dead daughter speaks to him, and, after telling him of her marriage with Roselo, bids him "farewell." Immediately after Roselo is brought in a prisoner by Antonio's brother Teobaldo, who proposes to consider to what death he shall be put. Antonio, under the influence, as he thinks, of the recent communication from the spirit world, suggests that his son Roselo shall be united to the niece whom he had himself intended to marry. As Teobaldo agrees to this Julia enters, and, after further explanations Dorotea, whose consent to these various marriages is assumed without discussion, is provided with a congenial husband in the lover whom she has selected for herself.

There are many good passages in the play, and even phrases that have a Shaksperean flavour. A comic situation occurs in the second scene, where Julia is seated between her two lovers. She gives her hand to Roselo, but turns her face to Otavio, and each of the young men naturally supposes that her words are meant for him alone. As a specimen of Lope's play the latter part of the episode of the tomb may be cited. Roselo and his servant Marin go to rescue the heroine. She has awakened, and hardly knows whether she is dead or alive.

ACT III.—Scene IV.

Sepulchral Vault beneath the Church of Verona.

Julia. Oh! where hath frowning Fortune led me?
If I be dead, how sense of thought remain?
So chill, so black, all murky night around;
No door, no air. Heaven denies me sight
Of his bright, pure, and glorious light.
Can I be sleeping 'mid the mighty dead,
And feel the chill of fading life upon my brain,
While yet stern will remains? I know no pain.
Have I not flesh to feel, tongue, lips, and voice?
What place is this, so dark, so foul,
So chill, so dank? My very flesh doth creep.
Who, then, inhabit its dread silence? Sin-
Sickening corpses seem to hem me in.
O heaven! how I love sweet life! Who, then,
Hath placed me living 'mid the dead, and when?
Why gape these murky caves to gulf my soul?
Stay; mem'ry dawns! the deadly draught
Aurelio sent hath work'd this chill, how then
Hold I still mysterious mortal ken,
How move, and feel, and think, and touch?
Why shudder thus at chill of death?
Yonder's the flicker of a flame, there yawns
The dark abyss, where mortal souls do mourn
Life's chances lost, that sad unfathomed bourn.
Hath Lethe's stream been bridged, and do I know
The pinching penalty of love and woe?
The light approaches: if I be not lifeless now
I die of fear.

Enter Roselo *with a lantern,* Marin *following.*
Julia *retires.*

Marin. Pray leave me here, 'tis more discreet,
I'll guard the door that's nearest to the street.

Roselo. Anselmo's there; he will do all need.
Come thou with me. Why stand aghast, and look
So pale and tremble?
Marin. 'Twere better that the Bishop and his train
Should come with holy water first.
Roselo. Ascend this step with care.
Marin. This step! oh, dear!——
Roselo. Dost fear the silent air will eat thee?
Marin. Ah! I feel a touch upon mine arm!
(*Overturns the lantern, and extinguishes the light.*)
Roselo. Accursed be thy clumsy hand and foot!
Marin. Assist me, Holy Mother, all the saints give a
I feel I'm dead and buried, with mouldy corpses laid.
Roselo. Silence! some one speaks.
Marin. Oh! did you hear a corpse's voice?
Julia (*aside*). No doubt Aurelio's potion did contain
Some sweet confection wooing without pain,
Death's counterfeit, soft slumber.
And in this house of death they've laid me.
Roselo. Again the whisper of a human voice.
Marin. Oh, good San Pablo and San Lucas,
Et ne nos inducas.
Roselo. Here, trembling fool, this lantern take,
And in the chapel of the church above
Thou'lt find a light.
Marin. What say you, noble sir?
Roselo. That thou hast heard me say.
Marin. How can I venture there alone, for note you not
How unnerved I am. I feel both cold and hot.
Roselo. Cease thy coward words, and go at once.
Marin. Good gracious! who again hath touch'd mine arm?
Roselo. Stay thou here; I'll go alone.
Marin. What! I stay here alone. Oh, no!
Roselo. What folly's this? alone I go.

(*Here some lines are wanting.*)

Julia (*aside*). Methought that where I saw the dancing light,
I hear the sound of voices murmur near.
What! do the dead speak, and do I living hear?
Roselo. Hush! hear you not a voice again?
Marin. They say the blood doth course toward the heart;
Mine through the girdle, seems ready to depart.
Roselo. The voice doth issue from that corner vault.
Marin. Think you that chattering bony jaws can speak
Fair words? No mouldy corpse would suffer such, I trow.
Roselo. What can be done?
Marin. How should I know?
Roselo. Canst touch the wall?
Marin. Ugh! In the nape of the neck I've touch'd
A cold and clammy corpse, oh dear!
San Blas, Antonio, all the saints, oh, hear!
Roselo. How now?
Marin. Ugh! I touched it now; so fat and soft,
A friar's paunch, I'll swear. Ah, here's a skull!
It seems an ass's, 'tis so big: I feel
As if his teeth were fix'd upon my heel.
Roselo. What!—teeth?
Marin. I tremble, know not what I say or fear;
I put my finger 'tween the stones all broken here,
And thought 'twas something gnawing at my flesh—
Who touches me again—oh, dear!
Roselo. Where have they laid Otavio's lifeless corpse?
Marin. Why speak of that now, good sir? Oh, help!
Roselo. What now?
Marin. Oh, mercy, why did I omit to bring
The indulgence snugly in my pouch?
Roselo. For what?
Marin. Did I not eat the missing trout, and all
The pears that lay in sugar, and swear I did not?
Roselo. Have done thy senseless chatter.
Julia (*aside*). Alas! alas! no hiding-place I see;

They come, alas! and whither shall I go?
Gentlemen, pray, say are ye alive or no?

[ROSELO *and* MARIN *fall down.*

Marin. I'm not alive; in fact, I'm sure I'm dead.
Roselo. Who speaks of death with such melodious voice?
Marin. Indeed I'm dead. Let me 'scape this once,
And ne'er again will I come groping in
Cold, dank, and deathly vaults, on such fool's errand
As this same.
Roselo. Sweet Love, illumine with thy magic fire!
Marin. I wish Love would; these dead men here
Like droning bees go buzzing by your ear,
First right, then left, but give no light to cheer.
Roselo. Courage, we'll shout. Sweet Julia, love.
Marin. We'll suppose Otavio hears you call
He'll wake the drowsy dead both great and small.
Roselo. My Julia, sweetest love and wife?
Julia (*aside*). That voice!—it brings assurance to m
heart;
But if it be Otavio's voice, I'll call,
And solve all doubt. Otavio, speak.
Marin. They call Otavio, and we're dead men now.
Roselo. I'm not Otavio, nor his shadow'd self.
Julia. Who then art thou?
Roselo. Roselo Montes.
Julia. Roselo.
Roselo. Dost doubt?
Julia. Some token give in proof.
Roselo. Anselmo did advise me that, with cunning skill,
Aurelio had prepared some drink,
Which being drunken simulates still death.
He sends me thus to rescue thee,
That all being blinded by thy seeming death,
I may in silence bear thee from this vault.
Julia. What gave I on the night we parted?
Roselo. A precious relic, love and wife!
Julia. And thou to me?

Roselo. Two stones, in shape like hearts, and clasp'd
Tightly 'tween golden links.
Julia. And on the morrow ?
Roselo. The diamond jewel which doth clasp my plume.
Julia. These tokens are most certain ; still
In my first letter what wrote I ?
Marin. More questions in this murky, musty place !
Roselo. To the husband of my soul !
Marin. Oh, handsome Doña Nuña, say
Whether she be dead or nay ;
For 'mid the dead I'm often told,
Dwell neutrals, neither young nor old,
Who neither flesh nor bone doth hold.
Roselo. Leave us, Marin.
Marin. What presses now, my noble lord ?
Julia. Approach, dear husband of my soul !
Roselo. Thy voice within my heart doth fading hope revive.
Marin. All is accomplish'd ; now let grief
Again resume her sway, for as I'm dead as thief,
'Tis somewhat late to speak.
Roselo. Out, blockhead ! Thinkest thou that I
Am quite as brainless as thyself ?
Marin. Come, let us away, lest morning's dawn
Doth change to murky night.
Roselo. Go whither ? Say, sweet wife.
Julia. It will be wise we still go well disguised ;
So long as these sad ills pursue,
At the farm which my dear father owns,
Two labourers' dresses will be good masquerade.
Roselo. Thy beauty will peep out, and give the lie
To that coarse dress which may enshroud thy charms.
Julia. What, when all do think me dead ?
Roselo. Let us forth, sweet Julia.
Marin. Wait !
Roselo. For what ?

Marin. I care not to go last—I'll lead the file.
Roselo. O fortune fair, upon our true love smile.
[*Exeunt.*

Lope de Vega, although the greatest, was not the only author who made the Spanish public familiar with the story. A translation from Bandello appeared in 1589. "Aurelio y Alexandra," in the 'Novelas Morales,' printed at Madrid in 1620, is also a version of the Romeo and Juliet tradition. There is also a drama by Francisco de Roxas, whose plays were published in 1640 and 1645.

Doubtless Shakspere's main source was "The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Julieit, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in English by Ar. Br." This was printed by Tottell in 1562. It is much more than a mere translation. Arthur Broke was drowned at sea in 1563, whilst on his way to service in the English army abroad. His version is not made direct from Bandello, but from the French translation of Pierre Boaistuau Launay and François de Belle-Forest, whose "Histoires Tragiques" appeared in 1559. Broke, in his poem, has heightened the picture of the nurse, and in the changes he has made is followed by Shakspere. From an important passage of his we learn that Romeo and Juliet had already been acted on the stage with great applause. From this it may be concluded that a generation before Shakspere some now unknown English dramatist had occupied himself with the sorrows of the two lovers of Verona.

Bandello's story was again offered to the English public in William Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," of which the first part appeared in 1566. This book,

whose not altogether exemplary author died in 1593, became a mine from which dramatists of the time dug some of their gold. Shakspere, Peele, Webster, Jursar, Beaumont, Fletcher, Marston, and Massinger are all indebted to Painter. He has no claim to originality, but takes his material from Herodotus, Plutarch, Cinthio, Straporola, and many others. No less than twenty-six of his stories are taken from Bandello, but, like Broke, he is thought to have used the French translation.

The story was known in France before the appearance of the "Histories Tragiques," as it is told by Adrien Sevin in the introduction to a translation of Boccaccio's "Filocopo," which appeared in 1542.*

Shakspere's "Romeo and Juliet" appeared in quarto in 1597, and was reprinted in 1599, and a third in 1609. These are without the author's name. The play is one of those named by Francis Meres in "Palladis Tamia," issued in 1598. The nurse's remark, "'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years," has been interpreted as a reference to the earthquake of 1580, and would place the writing or first appearance of the play in 1591.

"Romeo and Juliet" is the tragedy of youth and passion. In less than a week there is the birth of love, the fluctuations of hope and despair, the fierce burning of the mutual affection of youth and maiden, and the final destruction of the young lives that should have been saved to brighter ends.

The fragment of a Latin play in the British Museum has not, it is thought, been printed before. The transcript has been a matter of some difficulty,

* See Dunlop's 'History of Fiction.' New Edition, ii, 180.

owing to the crabbed handwriting, and the numerous alterations made by the author in his text. It is an interesting fragment, and is given in the appendix. Mr. Augustus Hughes-Hughes, who has examined it for me, states that between ff. 248*b* and 251 there are inserted, in the same handwriting, portions of three poems, all of which occur in a complete form in MS. Add. 23723 (ff. 8*b*—14 passim). The first of these is: "A grave Poeme as it was presented by certaine Divines in way of an Enterlude before his Majestie in Cambridge . . . . done into English with some liberall aduantage . . . . to be sung . . . . to the tune of 'Bonney Nell.'" A contemporary note in MS. Add. 23723 gives the date 1614, which, as it refers to March, means 1615 in our modern reckoning. This "Grave Poem" was written by Richard Corbet, who, in 1614, became Bishop of Oxford. It is printed in Nichol's 'Progresses.' As the Sloane MS. does not appear to be in Corbet's handwriting and has no corrections, it is probably a transcript.

Thomas Milles, one of our early writers on economics, finds a place for the story of Romeo and Juliet in the second part of his "Treasurie of Auncient and Modern Times" (London, 1613—1619).

We have thus seen how Shakspere and his contemporaries knew, or may have known, the story of "Romeo and Juliet." There remains for examination an ancient romance unknown in Shakspere's days, but which has a bearing upon the history of the play, and anticipates the tomb scene. The Greek Juliet is Anthia, the heroine of the "Ephesiaca" of Xenophon of Ephesus, an author of whom

we know little. He had no high esteem among the ancients, and he has not attracted the attention of the moderns to any great extent. Photius does not name him, and Suidas says that his romance is in ten books whereas it has only five. According to this authority Xenophon wrote, in addition to his "Ephesiaca," a treatise on the city of Ephesus, and some other works. There is said to have been a Xenophon of Cyprus, who wrote the "Cypriaca," and a Xenophon of Antioch, who wrote the "Babylonica." Paciaudi has suggested that Xenophon is a mere pseudonym of each of the three romancers, adopted as a means of profiting by the fame of the historian. Even the age in which the "Ephesiaca" was written appears to be doubtful. As the author speaks of the Prefect of Egypt it is thought that the date cannot be earlier than B.C. 31. The mention of a Prefect of the Peace in Cilicia is supposed to mean the Irenarch, an office instituted between A.D. 117 and 138.

On the other hand the romancer uses geographical names, such as Perinthe for Heraclea, and Mazaca for Caesarea, in Cappodocia, whilst Byzantium is never styled Constantinople. Again, the hero is in danger of crucifixion—a punishment abolished by Constantine. The oracle of Apollo, at Claros, is not mentioned after the third century. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, which was burned and pillaged in A.D. 262 is described by Xenophon as still in its glory. These indications are mainly those of Casperius, and Parisot adds that if we add fifty years to the institution of the Irenarch which Xenophon treats as an established institution we reach the year A.D. 167. Xenophon would thus be a contemporary of Marcus Aurelius,

and Commodius. The last-named was slain A.D. 192, and a period of anarchy followed. It seems probable that if Xenophon was later than this period his hero and heroine would, in their many troubles, have had a share in this time of disaster. Byzantium is represented as free, rich, flourishing, and governed by its own magistrates. From all these circumstances it is thought that the composition of the "Ephesiaca" may be placed between the years 167 to 192. Although a MS. of the "Ephesiaca" was seen in the fifteenth century by Politian, who made an extract from it, the text of the romance was not printed until 1726, when it was issued by Cocchi, three years after the appearance of an Italian translation by Salvini.

The Greek Juliet is the heroine of a story entirely Pagan in its sentiments and incidents. In the city of Ephesus there is a boy of remarkable beauty who, in his youthful arrogance, is very disdainful and especially of love. Therefore the God of Love resolves to punish him. At the great festival of Diana—and "great is Diana of the Ephesians"—all the youths and maidens of the city are assembled to take part in the sacrifices to the goddess. Amongst these is Anthia, the most beautiful damsel of the city. The handsome boy and the fair girl, who, like Juliet, is fourteen years old, fall in love with each other. When their parents discover this, recourse is had to the oracle of Apollo at Colophon, the response indicates that they are to be married, and then, wandering by land and sea, they are to seek to appease the offended gods. Shortly after the marriage the young couple set out upon their voyage of

exile; they stop at Rhodes, where their beauty causes a sensation, but when they set sail the ship is captured by Phoenician pirates, who take them to the neighbourhood of Tyre, where Apsirte, the chief of the corsairs, lives. There Apsirte's daughter falls in love with Abrocomos, who, remaining faithful to Anthia, is thrown into prison on a charge brought forward by the revengeful beauty whose offers he has refused. She is soon after married to a Syrian merchant who takes his bride home, and with her Anthia as a slave. Her mistress, Manto, hates her, and gives her in marriage to a goatherd, who, however, on hearing her story, takes pity upon her, and respects her love for Abrocomos. A new danger threatens, for Manto's husband conceives a passion for Anthia, and his wife bribes the goatherd to murder her innocent rival, but, instead of doing so, he sells her to some merchants who are voyaging to Cilicia. The vessel is wrecked, and they are cast ashore, where they fall into the hands of brigands, who decide to offer Anthia as a sacrifice to Mars. For this purpose she is about to be fastened to a tree when the troops of Perilas, the Prefect of the Peace in Cilicia, comes to the rescue, and the brigands are defeated with great slaughter. But Perilas now seeks Anthia in marriage, and, after some refusals, she sees no better way of delaying matters than feigning consent, and putting off the marriage as long as possible. Perilas at last fixes the day and, whilst the preparations are going forward, a physician from Ephesus is brought to see Anthia with the idea that a person from her native city might cure her sadness. To this physician Anthia offers a costly bribe for a

dose of poison, by which she may escape from her sorrows and rejoin Abrocomos, whom she regards as certainly dead, in Elysium. He takes the bribe, but, instead of poison, gives her a powerful opiate and escapes. When Perilas enters the nuptial chamber he finds his bride lying, to all appearance, dead upon the floor. She is placed in a tomb, in her rich garments, and with her costly adornments. The fame of the fatal marriage of the Irenarch is noised abroad and the tomb is broken open by robbers, who take Anthia, now restored to consciousness, and she is again sold into slavery.*

Her further adventures are many and marvellous, and not less so are those of Abrocomos, who, released from durance, seeks for his wife with a persistence that is at last rewarded. The wedded lovers meet before the Temple of Isis at Rhodes, whence they return to Ephesus, where the rest of their days are passed in the joy of reunion.

The incidents of the sleeping-draught and the entombment of Anthia are strikingly paralleled in Shakspere's drama. This fact is the more curious since no one will suppose that Shakspere had read this Greek MS., which was not printed until a century after his death. The story of Anthia and Abrocomos has other claims to consideration. It throws light—not always pleasant—upon the manners of a remote period. It is one of the few novels and begins with marriage, and it maintains throughout a lofty ideal of conjugal fidelity. But its surest

* It is worth noting that the hero and heroine of the 'Babylonica' of Jamblichus pass a night in a tomb, and that a sleeping draught also plays a part in that fantastic story. Neither incident, however, can be cited as a Shaksperean parallel.

claim to remembrance is that it furnishes a Shaksperian parallel.

Notwithstanding all the originals and analogues that have been produced "Romeo and Juliet" now belongs to Shakspere alone.

APPENDIX.

"Romeus et Julietta" Fragment.

This fragment of a Latin play on the subject of Romeo and Juliet is printed from Sloane MS. 1775, f. 242, British Museum. The same MS. contains, apparently in transcript, the "Grave Poem," written by Richard Corbet about the visit of James I to Cambridge University in 1615. The handwriting is crabbed and difficult, and the many alterations made by the author render it very difficult to ascertain the true text. Hence many passages are queried. The author's marginal additions and alternative readings are printed within thick brackets. The proof has been kindly read with the original by Mr. Augustus Hughes-Hughes, of the British Museum.

Servus: Deos deasq[ue] omnes supremos cælites
Precor auspicatos vt darent thalami toros
Juveni tenello dum petit sociam sibi
Fæliciorem et exitu[m], qui si excidat.
Dolor gravartur (*sic*) noster, et timor meus,
At si propitia numinina (*for* numina) inveniat deu[m] (? = deorum)
Sacris colemus prosperu[m] tande[m] die[m] [miser an beatus audia[m].]

CHORUS:

Quam serio solet iocari in serijs
Fortuna stulta, quemna[m] amoris exitu[m]
Sperare liceat, hostis in sævi domo.
Crudelis hostis et tamen domu[m] pe[?t]it
Florens iuuentus, festa celebrantur sacra
Palatijs, quæ Romeo insidias struant.
Graviora damna timeo, ne pereat malis
Jam iam futuris: facile dij fallant metu[m].
Videre virgines licebit nobiles.
Quæ spes amanti fuerit inimici in domo?
Medijsq[ue] in hostibus uisv . . . (? = visum) odiu[m] permanens.
Odiu[m] parentu[m] gentis et familiæ.
At du[m] choreas ducere (*sic*) licet
Dum vacat amori et lusibus, vos parcite
Parcite furori: sponsa du[m] quæritur (*sic*) sacra
Dum festa celebrant, lætus atq[ue] abeat dies.
[With two pages.]

Philophile (*sic*): Effare iuuenis nu[m] data est animo quies
An expetita forma (?) visa oculis tuis
Placentne festa temporis solamina
Vtina[m] expetita[m] diceres reperi mea[m]
Ætate forma genere mente nobile[m].
Tot inter illustrissimas formas tibi
Pudico amore quæ foret reciproca

Romeus: Vidi placetq[ue] ni pereo visu meo
Philophile vidi, cui victa cadat Venus.
Fovitq[ue] coniux et ferox armis dea.
Mori iuuabit, si excida[m] votis meis
Talemq[ue] nasci fata noluerint mihi [meet . . . (?) with her eyes].
Sperare possu[m] multa, amata[m] nescio.
Tantu[m] locutus su[m], supercillijs (*sic*) notis
Respondit invice[m] supercilijs notis
Copia videndi dabitur exeuntibus.
Sed ecce properat diva. Quæ [?] cupio loquar.
[Tentemus igitur sors dabit nobis locu[m].]
Comes: Aggredere fortes feminæ viros amant
Intredida (? *for* Intrepida) constent verba, ne timide roges.
Romeus: Regina, salve.
Comes: Tacitus est animus pavet.
Julietta: [Beatus adsis]
Quæ tam bearunt me propitia numina
Vt te viderem: O prosperu[m] tande[m] die[m].
Romeus: Felix ad aures vox venit subito meas.
Mortaliu[m] sim (? *for* sum) facile fælicissimus
Si gratus adsim, si (*sic*) prosperus foret (?) dies
Cu[m] me videres; fata si favent mihi
Habeo propitios attamen lentos deos.
Et expetitio (*sic*) littori imprimo pede[m]
Pretio potitus instar orbis si tibi
Prestare gratu[m] poterat adventus meus
Istudq[ue] superis præmiu[m] laboribus
Æquale nostris si dies tandem foret (?)
Quo me sacrare[m], tempus et sancta[m] fidem
[Propone flam[m]as vulnera et diros mali
Doloris artes, et fama[m] et sœv[am] solum (?).]
Vita[m]q[ue] honoremq[ue] omnia arbitrio tuo
Si tu iuberes omne servitiu[m] fera[m].
Tuiq[ue] titulo coniugis lætus fruar.
Julietta: Tempus mora[m]que non licet verbis dare

Vtina[m] liceret verba (?) . . . spirent tua (*sic*)
Pudicu[m] amore[m], si fidem pectus piu[m].
Tua[m] vocabis me fidele[m] coniuge[m].

[Descriptio Romei, pag. 172, Juliett private.]*

CHORUS :

Fortuna multis invida
Fortuna paucis obvia
Concessit ecce amantibus
Quod sæpius negaverit
Vterque amantis abstulit
Uterque amanti reddidit
Cor invice[m] fidissimu[m].
Gratissimo com[m]ercio
Fœlix amoris est status
Fœlix amantis vita (?) sit
Fœliciorq[ue] cæteris
Mamora (? for majora) quamvis possident
Quam regna magna Cæsaris.
Si detur hoc solatiu[m].
Respondeant vt in (*sic*) invice[m].
Fidelitate et amoribus
Amore casto æqualibus
Pro corde cor si redditur.
Quod Romeo ia[m] contigit
Suæq[ue] amicæ candidæ.
Dij prosperu[m] dent exitu[m]
Adsit Cupido et maxima (?)
Venus deorum, et omine
Vtru[m]q[ue] læto succinant

Romeus cum assecla.

Domina[m] reliqui (*sic*).

Romeus : I quære prospere virginis nomen refer, [m
Lævare cordis natæ ærumnas graves. pater]

* This reference is not to Broke or Painter.

Puer.: Jussa haud morabor, virginis nomen scies, [nomen edica[m] ocius.]
Romeus: Omen sinistru[m] prohibeant dij, horreo.
Puer.: Magnanime Romee, virgini sacræ datur
Julietta nomen cui pater clarus fuit
Capilettus heros generis exosor tui.
Romeus: Miseranda fata iniqua sæva et horrida,
Vistutis (? for virtutis) istud præmiu[m] miseros premit
Dolor perennis, vita dependet mea
Ab hoste prævo (?) cu[m] mihi fine[m] male (? = mali)
Sperare[m] adesse, mihi inimica nimia
Mors, vita nostra est hostis vnius [in ?] manu,
Crudelis hostis, si patre[m] sequitur suu[m].
Crudelis hostis ni patre[m] oderit suu[m].
At illa mitis, meq[ue] amabit invice[m].
Non illa fallax, forma p[ræ] se fert fide[m].
Si fata fine[m] tande[m] amoris denegent
Nostri miserijs servia[m] æternu[m] miser.
Amore potiar, amore fraudatus meo
Fortuna nobis Tantali sorte[m] dedit
Avido fugaces ore captantis cibos.
Medijs in undis sitio, sed peius siti
Arente in vius (?) aliquis, et peius fame
Hiante semper accidit nostris in (?) alios.
Julietta: Quid hoc amoris sentio vulnus grave
Ignara quis sit que[m] coniuge[m] cupere[m] meu[m].
Quo patre natus: sequere nutrix quæritio (*sic*)
Recede nutrix cernis incessu gravi
Heroas istos nobiles palatio
Exire, velle[m] scire prosapia[m], genus
Nomen parentes amplius si quid potes.
Nutrix: Hoc fabor ipsa, generis inimici (?) tui
Hi sunt Alumna, dura progenies nimis
Ille a sinistrà nominatur Romeus

Magnanimus heros absit invidia
Sed Montagoru[m] stirpe (?) prognatus truci
Quoru[m] furore vestra delapsa est domus.
Sævæq[ue] lites concitatæ sæpius
Utrasque (?) partes mille volveru[n]t malis.

Julietta: Hoste[m] paternu[m] quod meu[m] infortuniu[m] est
Amare, vel quæ maior infælicitas,
Excogitari poterit vt Montagus
Ex mille solus vnicus placeat mihi.
Quem sors negavit, arma negarunt mihi.
Amor iste nostru[m] pectus vt peteret, locum
Vt ratio nullu[m] inveniat infælix sibi.
Dolosa lingua forsan edocta est satis
Simulare in herbis anguis horribilis latet.
Sermone forsan perfidus blando obsidet
Pectus fidele, sic venerata latet
Hamus sub esca capitur et piscis dolo
Sub veritatis vero aperta est falsitas
Animusq[ue] simplex sæpe nocuit credulis.
Regina Dido Troicu[m] sensit dolu[m].
Deserta Phyllis queritur, at nullus juuat.
Medea doceat et merita referat sua.
Obliterantur, vulneri patet locus
Nullus medelæ, crimen ob tale improbe,
Damnare, Theseu; facere quod vi non potest
Perficere quærit fraude[m] vindicta[m] vt ferat
Mea ruina et prostituto corpore
Fiam cruentis hostibus ludibrio.
At ista fingo iniuriosa pectori
Casto fideli Romeo solu[m] meo.
Temere profabar quæ prius dixi, scelus
Forma sub ista non potest tantu[m] tegi.
Sermone mente[m] facile cognovi, meu[m]
Meu[m] futuru[m] Romeu[m] scio (*sic*)
Rubore pulso pallidas vidi genas.
Rubore easde[m] sæpe perfusas genas

Oculosq[ue] nostris obvios sensi illius
Lingua (?) hæsitavit muta, at (?) obstinat (?) dolens
Tremor per artus singulos fugit gravis
Et vix labante sustinet collo caput.
Nulla ars amoris signa p[ræ]bebat mihi
Natura docuit fraude sublata impia
Honore salvo casta coniux Romei
Semper vocabor, nec suu[m] pectus reor
Fore vt recuset, ac meos spernat toros.

Romeus et Julietta.

Romeus: Vtru[m]ne visus vota decipiunt meos,
An horto in isto grato vt amplexu fruar (?)
Dabitur, adesse video, ni fallant metus.
Julietta: Tuæ videris prodigus vitæ nimis,
Generose iuvenis, petere qui sic audeas
Domos (?) paternas, et tibi i[n]imicos lares.
[Ira[m] tuo cruare satiarent sua[m],]
Ruerent nefandas in tuas cædes pater
Fratresq[ue] nostri, sicq[ue] finire[m] gravi
Vita[m] dolore, orbata solatio.
Nec salvo honore, quod mihi est charissimu[m].
Romeus: Absit, virago & orbis vnicu[m] decus.
[Splendidu[m] mu[n]di vicere nostra ia[m] metus omnes mala.]
Parcis statutu[m] est me semel tantu[m] mori,
Si fata iubeant, semp[er] in votis mori est.
Si fata nolint, quis scelus tantu[m] aggredi
Auderet; istud forsitan penas luat.
Sed nec videtur spiritus tanti meus
Quin me sacrare[m] mille mortibus hosti[am]
Si te iuuaret, cœlites testor deos;
Protrahere vita[m] cupio non vita[m] petens,
Documenta veru[m] veri amoris exhibens.
Julietta: Solamen vnicu[m] Doloribus, cave!
Jam parce verbis, auribus parcas tuis.

Animosq[ue] minue; tempori aptari decet.
Et me doloris ipse participe[m] puta.
Orbata te * miserijs ego obruta
Errabo misera; luce non grata fruar.
Quæ, dum pudicus ambitus fiet tuus
Petita casta; pura pietas et fides
[Du[m] te reflectat (?) coniugii nomen sacrum
Pietate salva, facere q[uo]d possu[m] pie.]
Adsint petitis, et licitos toros petas;
Tua sum fidelis socia mente et sanguine;
Fratre ac parente charior tu mihi.
Tu frater ipse, tu parens superes mihi.
Quod si libido turpis instiget nefas,
Si venere tantu[m] quæris illicita toru[m],
Secede properè, dedecus nostræ domus.
Odisse crimen liceat, et sceleris duce[m].

Romeus: Quam casta vota votis succedant meis!
Dii castitatis conscij nost[r?]æ pii
Testes amoris exitu[m] dent prosperu[m].
Iræq[ue] pœnas perfidus iustas lua[m].
Sollemne animor[um?] pignus hoc fidei cape
Et cœpta nostra dirigat summus pater.

Julietta: At cœpta nostra co[n]silii experti (a ?) uigent.

Romeus: Superest amicus consilii particeps (*sic*) mei
Qui mihi maloru[m] remediu[m] sæpe extitit.
Ad solis hortu[m] crastinu[m] senis domu[m]
Adibo, vt ille tuta nobis consulet (*sic*).

Julietta: Procede felix omine, vt reru[m] statu[m]
Dubiu[m] et labante[m] iuncta consilia explicent.

CHORUS:

Jam jam sacros celebremus deos
Felici omine vt dirigant gressus.
Dum consilium senioris petit.
Si potiatur coniuge chara,

* The word "Romeo" is crossed out.

[Rom. malus genius] Nuptiis lætis Julietta pia,
Solamen dabit ille sacerdos
Non vt vulgus, rudis, at doctus
Theologus gravis, ordine sacro
Franciscanus, pandere novit
Qui naturæ arcana reclusæ.
Abdita penetrat sacra magoru[m].
Artisq[ue] potens abstrusissimæ.
Produxit res sæpe stupendas.
Nam misteria scire profunda
Artis magicæ nullu[m] est dedecus
Si pr[e]stigiæ decent improbæ.
Namque scientia (?) quævis licita est
Laudemque sua[m] vendicat (?) optima[m]
Artes illicitus tollit abusus:
Vsu firmantur licito solu[m].
Explicat isti vulnus Romeus
Huius cella[m ?] petit Romeus
Secretu[m] illi narrat amico (?)
Penitus recondit consiliu[m] animi.
Vt superabat qui scientia
Levamen (?) tuo (?) oneri ex cogth[t] (*sic*)
Et felice[m] ducat ad exitu[m].
Faveant vtina[m] superi nuptiis;
Votis iuvenis nobilis annuant.
Votis castæ virginis annuant.
Casta sacerdos perficiat pius.
Redeat felix fortuna domu[m],
Redeant vultus ad læta domi (?),
Celebrare die[m] festu[m] vt liceat.

Romeus. Sacerdos.

Romeus (*i.e. Sacerdos*): Quæ causa cogit Romeu[m] nostros lares
Videre: [*Romeus*] Sacerdos sancte, consilio tuo
In rebus arduis labante[m] me adiuues.
Secreta mentis aperia[m] soli tibi.

Sacerdos: Effare, fido pectore arcana conda[m ?].
Miserisq[ue] rebus dulce solamen fera[m].
Romeus: Julietta nota est tibi, puta Capilettia,
Hanc destinavi coniugem sola[m] mihi,
Me destinavit *. . . ngue[m] (*sic*) solu[m] sibi.
Suis vterq[ue] fieret hymeneis potens.
Si nota virtus et fides adsit tua.
Sacerdos: Hostis paterni est filia; haud speres tibi.
Romeus: Att (?) sic parentu[m] cesset invidius furor.
Sacerdos: Recedat a te, temere ne credas, amor.
Romeus: Promissa pietas vincit, et fides vetat.
Sacerdos: Tutu[m] petas; da tempus ac spatiu[m] tibi.
Romeus: Tempus dolori illi mederi non potest.
Sacerdos: Quod ratio nequit, sepe medicata est mora.
Romeus: Ratio valebit, si ratio petat moras.
Sacerdos: Obsequere amico consulenti quod convenit.
Romeus: Negare duru[m] est, ia[m] fidem adversa exigunt.
Sacerdos: Desiste tande[m]. *Romeus*: Vota moraris mea.
Sacerdos: Curas resolvit animus, et repetit metus.
Romeus: Depone curas, et vacet pectus metu.
Sacerdos: Parebo victus est amor nefas abest
Quesu destinabis (*sic*) thalamis die[m].
Romeus: Nimis morari crastinu[m] modo ocyus.
Sacerdos: Deliberandu[m] est: nempe sunt hæc seria.
Excogitanda causa virgini sacru[m]
Templu[m] petendi. *Romeus*: Optime! causa[m] doce.
Sacerdos: Delicta quæda[m] confitenda permanent.
Habeo, peractu[m] est. Ipso ego pius.

Julietta. Nutrix.

Julietta: Altrix per omne cœlitu[m] numen precor.
Per hunc timore[m], quicquid arcani apparo.
Penitus recondas, et fide tacite premas.
Nutrix: Quid istud est q[uo]d esse secretu[m] iubes.
Julietta: Q[uo]d nec parentes scire charos convenit.

* (? *for* conjugem.)

[*?Nutrix*]: Prœstare nosti posse me tacita[m] fide[m].
Nutrix (*sic*): Si scelere careat, quod tibi invisu[m] reor.
Julietta: Quæro fidele pectus et constantia[m].
Cœla (*sic*) parentes, hoc scelus est maximu[m].
Servare vita[m] sola tu potes mihi
Misera[m] haud potes facere, felice[m] potes.
Nutrix: At tui (?) parentes, chara, anima[m] leve[m]
Fessamq[ue] senio iam mihi eripient mea[m].
Nil temere statue, alumna, clam parentibus.
Julietta: Semel statutu[m] est, coniuge[m] elegi meu[m]
Decus iuuentæ Romeu[m] clarissimum.
Nutrix: Hostis paterni filiu[m]. *Julietta* (?): At amicu[m] meu[m]
Nutrix: Compesce amore[m] perfidu[m]; nosti genus domu[m]
Speras future Romeu[m] fidu[m] tibi.
Julietta: Dum terra cœlu[m] media libratu[m] feret (?),
Numerusq[ue] arenis decrit, et sole[m] dies
Nocte[m] sequentur astra, du[m], siccas polus
Versabit arctos, flumina in pontu[m] cadent.
Novi futuru[m] Romeu[m] fidu[m] mihi.
Nutrix: Decepta Dido Fæminas monet doli. [Cavere Dido credulas nimis docet.]
Julietta: Si Romeus Troianus Æneas foret.
Nutrix: Cur blandiendo dulce nutries malu[m].
Julietta: Falleris, amando dulce consequar bonu[m].
Nutrix: Per has senectæ splendidas supplex comas.
Memor parentu[m] metue Romei toros.
Julietta: Promissa cogunt sancta perpetua[m] fide[m].
Nutrix: Prohibere nulla ratio si ceptis queat,
Solamen annis vnicu[m] fessis, hera,
[Non te] Nun qua[m] senectus nostra viva[m] deseret.
Ardua iubebis, ocius iussa exequar.
Arcana tacito pectore obtega[m] tua.
[*Julietta ?*]: I, quære Romeu[m] in Sacerdotis domo
[Interserendus sermo, si opus]
Dicat statutu[m] [Et constitutu[m]] nuptiis nostris (?) die[m].

Nutrix. Romeus.

neus: Quid huc seniles fessa moliris gradus,
O fida nutrix, sospes est certe mea
Julietta vita, pellit[ur ?] ex animo metus.
trix: Generose Juuenis, sospes est, sed lætior
Si te careret. Nuptiis dicas die[m].
Non hic manendu[m] est; quid fera[m] respo[n]si heræ.
neus: Si templa supplex crastino petet die
Julietta: crimen aliquod ut purget leve
Confessione, sponsa, quæ venit virgo prius
Domu[m] redibit; nonne prætextus pius ?
trix: Caput facetu[m]. Prosperu[m] dent exitu[m]
Superi; quis unqua[m] posset inventu[m] peius (?)
Callidius ? omnis nota fraus amantibus (?).
Excogitare tale, prætextu pio [amantes callidi].
Pietatis vmbra facile nostis provida[m]
Fallere parente[m] suspicante[m] nil minus.
Si mata* placeat, reliqua com[m]ittas mihi.
Vt Venia detur, ipsa com[m]entu[m] dabo.
Quod aureas reliquit incomptas comas.
Lasciva vel quod somniavit somniu[m].
Vel temere amoribus otiu[m] sumpsit suu[m].
[Vel q^d amore tenere conceptus stetit.]
Ad templa mater facilis accessu[m] dabit.
Die statuto: chara . . . (?) semper fuit.
O qua[m] iuuaret illud ætatis meæ ævo (*sic*)
Memimisse tempus, quo mea infans vbera
Tenella suxit; murmure (?) audivvi brevi
Lallare lingua[m] sæpe ventiliquos sonos.
Quoties tenella posteras partes manu
Irata tetigi, et occisu[m] tætis dedi
Lætata potius qua[m] ore lascivi senis.
meus: Sat est, revertas, et parentur omnia
Levidense munus cape laboris p[re]miu[m].

* (*for* matri ?).

Grates reverendo refera[m], et artes, dolos
Opem, laborem, corpus, atq[ue] animu[m] meu[m]
Revocabo amori ferre suppetias tuo.
Servus: Lassata lingua iam tacet votulæ; meas
Implevit aures garrula ingrato sono
Vt surdus inde fia[m] inanis tædio
Sermonis huius. Scilicet nox et dies
Negabu[n]t Mundo vicibus aeternis sequi.
Si detur otiu[m], priusqua[m] desinant
Conterere tempus fabulis, et anilibus,
Com[m]enta veris sæpe placida interserunt.
Sed nec licebit arguere mendacij
Reas aperti, lingua ne exuperet domu[m],
Et maior ope (fiat) (*sic*) tumeat im[m]ensis sonis.

Julietta. *Nutrix.*

Julietta: Altrix, profare quid feras; quona[m] in loco est.
Nutrix: Beata vivas! Conjuge[m] tale[m] tibi
Non ipsa sospes Troia, non Priamus daret.
Virtute claru[m] genere nobile[m] suo.
Amplu[m] merentur candidi mores decus.
Julietta: Nota hæc! statutu[m] nuptiis tempus refer.
[Tam placida frons est tanta maesstas viro.]
Nutrix: Subitu[m] doloris gaudiu[m] causa est, novi.
Julietta: Omitte nugas; perage mandatu[m] cito.
Nutrix: Constituit ille crastinu[m]; placet tibi?
Julietta: Cur non placeret? in horas noctis querar
Nimis esse longas gaudio invidæ (*sic*) meo.
Jactura nulla gravior est qua[m] temporis.
Tam pænitenda nulla, cu[m] subeat mihi
Vita anteacta, visa su[m] non vivere.
Hoc, hoc dolore[m] pectoris gravat mei [cordis exagerat mei]
Cum lustra vitæ plena complesse[m] (*sic*) tria
Tœda iugali iuncta (?) coniugi meo
Læto fruebar gaudio primu[m] tori.
Matura pride[m] tempus amissu[m] fleo

Vnius an[n]i perdere ah digna e[t] bona
Quæ se coercet, et voluptate[m] fugit.
Astute fruere potius annoru[m] memor,
Effluere prohibeto optimos vitæ dies. [Cur pateris.]

CHORUS.

Quicunq[ue] amoris premitur imperio fero. [gravi]
Pecuniaru[m] prodigus;
Pauper et avarus pariter exclusi iacent
Vterq[ue] manent pariter ingratus foras (?).
Intrabit auru[m] ferreas turres; fame
Rutilantis auri sceptra tollas principu[m].
Perrupit auru[m] claustra regalis domus.
Cœlestis ictu fulminis potentius.
Jovi (?) patebat aureo in Danaes toru[m]
Inclusæ ahenea Domo ideo (?) Iter petitu[m] (*sic*).*
Non supplicare Veneri amator aureus
Curabit, ille victoriis (*or* victimis) poterit feris (*or* suis)
Animos monebit; sæpe parva mu(n?)era
Maiora veris Merita feceru[n]t data.
Auratus hamus plurimos pisces capit.
Nutrix anilis illa, quæ vt vigil canis
Ne in[t?]raret hostis cogit excubias prius
Nuperq[ue] hera[m] deterruit cœptis suis
Facunda suadet cœpta ia[m] vt peragat sua.
Julietta nostra, fida cui Nutrix comes
Delubra et aras petere constituit sacras.
Materq[ue] votis annuit specie pijs natæ
Adest petitus precibus et votis dies
Ignara quem non senserat penitus doli.
Et jam Sacerdos nuptiis celebrat die[m]
Spo[n]sæ maritio (*sic*) nobili dignæ suo.
[Intra recessus abdito (?) templi sacri]
Fœlix uterq[ue] redeat, et iuvenis ferox
Audaxq[ue] virgo et lætus Hymenæus meus (?)
Impellat aures celebret et festu[m] die[m].

* For petitumiter (?), which seems to be required by the metre.

Romei servus: *Nutrix.*

Servus: Bene est, peractu[m] est, clarior lucet dies.
Tande[m] et potitur Romeus sponsa pia sua
Fortuna cuius prospera exhilarat mea[m].
Hero propitios et mihi inveni deos.
Cubile gratu[m] per fenestra[m] ascendere
Hac nocte statuit conjugis, munus mihi
Parare scala[m] fune contexta[m] datu[m] est.
Peraga[m] imperata; ia[m], si adesset garrula
Nutrix, parata est; lenta compotrix sedet
Aliqua in popina vix memor negotij.
Sed adesse cerno querer[em ?] ac tarda[m] minis
Ferrere (*for* terrere) posse[m], sed tacere tutius
Natura telo linguæ inexpugnabili
Armavit, ira pectus instruxit truci.
Aggrediar ipse mollibus verbis anu[m].
O fida nutrix, gratus adventus tuus.
Nutrix: Ingratus at erit noster adventus tibi
Ni iussa fidus Romei peregeris.
Thalamos petitios (*sic*) sole vt occiduo petat.
Excelsa vestræ tecta conscendet domus.]
Servus: Minatur altrix turbida (*sic*) fronte[m] gerens
At exce signu[m] : sume funale[m] tibi
Scala[m] ; haud morabar Romei iussa exequi.
Violentu[m] amore[m] sensera[m], moras pati
Qu[i] nescit vllas; gaudiu[m] aut spes Romei
Non differentur; arce dominetur sua.
Nutrix: Video animu[m] fidele[m] fælici omine
Venus et Cupido nuptijs adsi[n]t pijs.
Faciant marito coniuge[m] læta[m] suo.
Pericla nulla misceantur gaudijs
Procella nulla; ia[m] placidu[m] mare
Portu qu[i]escat: antequa[m] navis diu ratis
Na[u]fraga petito, mundus impendat die[m]
Dum sponsa sponsi fruitur amplexu pio
Tardusq[ue] Eos Phœbus effulgens mari

Mersu[m] retineat iussus oceano jubar.
Noctiq[ue] rursus iungat Alcmenæ diem.
Servus: Sed quid moramur? forsan expectat tuu[m]
Reditu[m] Marita nobilis, referas heræ (?)
Ja[m] ia[m] affuturu[m]; dirigat gressus deus
Tande[m] et reversu[m] mittat incolume[m] domu[m]
Jam perge, quæso, perge; properato e[st] opus.

Philophilus. Romeus.

Romeus: Philophile, salve, pande quid portas novi.
Te nostra ab aula querimur absente[m] diu.
Philophilus: Tande[m] reviso, iam querelara[m] desine.
[You are merrie (?) what's the cause secret? I am inamoured (?).]
Quæ causa frontis hilaris, infestas tibi
Curas repellis? nosse nimiu[m] expeto.
Romeus: Fortuna vultus sæpius mutat vices
Favet, minatur, ardet (?) affligit, iuvat (?)
Quoties ruebat in meas pœnas furor,
At ia[m] propitia[m] sed tamen lenta[m] dea[m]
Experior; illa cuncta promittit mihi.
Tu fidi amoris conscius fies mei.
Julietta nostra est, non iaceo viduo toro.
Philophilus: Gratari amico liceat in tantis bonis.
O qua[m] iuuabit ruere in amplexus tuos.
O placida tande[m] numina, O festu[m] die[m]
Quo nuptiali Romeus potitur toro.
Romeus: Philophile, tacita nuptias premas fide.
Philophilus: Jubes tacere? cur mea[m] vanas (?) fidem?
Vtina[m] liceret pectoris nostri tuo
Dividere gladio mediu[m]; amore[m] cerneres
Vera[m]q[ue] tabulæ cordis insculpta[m] fide[m].
Palmam parasti? Victor et comes tuus.
Si tu doleres, gaudiu[m] exiguu[m] meu[m].
Romeus: Restabit animo; debitas Gratias ago.
Vicemq[ue] meritis

Sed ecce vastos (?) nuntius movens gradus.
Manifesta properat signa tristitiæ gerens.
Nuntius: Adest profecto rebus extremis (?) dies,
Ni tu miserijs mitior nostris venis.
Romeus: Effare quid sit. [*Nuntius*]: Bellicus muros fragor
Circumsonat, pax rupta, turbata omnia.
Tuos ruina sæva cognatos premit.
Sceler[i]bus iugens scelere geminavit nefas.
Hostes paterniq[ue] ac tui Capiletij.
Mersisse ferru[m] sanguine inocuo iuuat
Et signa cædis veste maculata gerunt
Jacet peremptus alter, alterque saucius
Furore præceps agitur in cæde[m] ferus
Tybaltus hostis sanguine[m] sitiens tuu[m].
Caputq[ue] belli, quidquid inane aut impiu[m]
Cuiqua[m] videri potuit, hoc armis facit.
Succurre fortis rebus afflictis tuis;
Iratus ensis noxia[m] affligat domu[m].
Romeus: Refers acerba, sed morari non licet;
Mutare cœpit dubia sors vices suas.

[*Romeus. Tybaltus.*]

Romeus: Quis arma concitavit inanis furor?
Tumido gerentes impetus animo feros.
Sociemus animos. Cæde cur terra[m] dira (*sic*)
Polluitis alma[m]; bella ia[m] cessent fera
Fluatq[ue] nulli flebilis matri cruor.
Tybalt: Stringantur enses nec sit irarum modus;
Effusus hostiu[m] irriget terram cruor.
Inimica ab imo tota concidat domus.
Dabit hæc cruenta[m] nigra vindicta[m] dies.
Cruore terra[m] sævus asperga[m] tuo.
Ictu[m]q[ue] gladij sensies fortis manu.
Romeus: Ingrate nimiu[m], sæve, crudelis, rapax.
Deponere arma, inire sancta fœdera
Precabar ipse, nec timor suasit levis
Sed alma pietas, ius, fides, patriæ salus.

alt: Ignave, inersq[ue]; non datur verbis locus
Hunc ense[m] in imo (?) pectore infestu[m] cape
[pate].
neus: Referre novit gratias gladius meus,
Retribuet ensis iste pœnaru[m] satis
Reijcis amore[m]; pignus iraru[m] cape.
Authore[m] in ipsu[m] scelera redeant (?) sua
[Ego adsu[m] et armis obviu[m] oppono caput.
Pati favetur: petere qui adversu[m] volet
Petat ille ferro Romeum qui sit pius
Rogante ponat arma me qui est impius
Incipiat a me teste me nullu[m] nefas.
Fiet Tybalte i[ni]uste (?) complexus prior.]
alt: Perij! per artus ensis exactus meos
Penetravit altu[m] vulnus infligens mihi.
Heu (?) morte dignus morior hostili manu
Graves furores et mei pœnas dabo
Merui cruenta morte puniri, furens
Qui concitavi[?] bella pacemq[ue] operui (?)
Cum iuvenis ille, cuius invida manu
Iaceo peremptus, obtulit pacem mihi.
Valete, amici; finis (?) extremus datur.
Nil querimur ultra; decuit hunc fine[m] dari.

Capiletij duo. Montagij duo. Princeps.

pilet. 1: Si sit querelæ iusta, Princeps optime,
Vindicta iustæ, nec cruor pereat tuo
• [We thirst not after blood]
Inultus ore iudicis sancti, tua[m]
Tristes precamur rebus afflictis ope[m].
pilet. 2: Negare tantu[m] iustitia pietas vetant
Hoc postulabit capitis amissi decus.
Et fortitudo sum[m]a virtus et fides.
Vindicta iusta petitur in tantu[m] nefas
Cruore sanguis fusus expiandus est [cruor pari].
Iustitia sceptra principu[m] firmat potens.
[Qui ille penas capite persolvat suo]

Cædes nefanda Romei abscissu[m] caput,
Lex si valebit vlla, vindicat sibi.
Pater Tybalti: Meis querelis tempus æternu[m] manet.
O dira fata numinu[m] (?) O sævus furor!
Sic ad parentes gratus ex voto redit
Quem (*sic*) putare[m] vota sperarent mea [occidat ille]
Solamen annis vnicu[m] nostris fore.
O triste fractis orbitas annis malu[m]!
Miserande fili! cur pius nimium (?) invoco
Super reliquias corporis chari tui.
Hæc-ne illa facies igne sydereo nitens?
Hæc ora et humeri? forma cecidit et decor.
At, chare princeps, placidus exaudi, precor.
Confugimus ad te, sævus vt læti artifex,
Manes perempti (?) capite placaret suo.
Mucrone pectus occidat iusto nocens!
Cruorq[ue] mortuo solvat inferias viro.
Montag. 1: Sanguinea corda sanguine[m] spirant feru[m]
Diudicare (?) novit princeps optimus.
Sævo peremptus ense Tybaltus iacet.
At ipse cædis author extabat suæ
Quale[m] leone[m] videris sibi (*sic*)
Quærente[m] in arvis obvias feras omnes
Vorare, talis ille in adversos gradu
Ruebat hostes sævo amicus nemini
[Furoris ore signa lymphati gere[n]s
Quem du[m] nefanda cæde mitis Romeus
Revocare tentat, fædus et patris sacru[m]]
Inire suadet voce facunda, furens
Tybaltus ense pectus innocens petit
Orare nec ia[m] tempus
Et vix tuetur alter ubi leges solent:
Salus petenda est, vita tutanda est sua
Discrimen vtru[m] occidat ipse, aut occidat.
Pereat suo qui crimine, et culpa perit.
Luatq[ue] pœnas qui sibi pœnas petit.
At innocentes lex mori quævis vetat.

Montag. 2: Si te parentis verba lamenta (?) et preces
Movere possunt, ecce supplius manus
Ad genua tendens voce miseranda rogo.

Vt ipse veri rector et æqui arbiter
Digneris esse; debitas pænas luant
Sceleris nocentes, repetat autore[m] (?)scelus.
Quod si vacabu[nt] crimine in[n]ocuæ manus
Nati coactus hostis in cædem ruis?.
[No favor, but justice]
Ne se perire sineret y[n ?]gratus sibi.
Vt confitetur quisquis astabat—mori,
Syncere princeps, pectus oppressu[m] veta.
Justitia causa[m] filij potens agat.
Venia[m] rogabit ille cui venia est opus.
Prin[*ceps*]: Concepta rabies sæpè per ingens nefas
Ruere solebat vestra, præcipites sua
Temere in furore[m] egit ira pertinax.
Sed temeritate rapta tanta audacia
Quæ capere nescit principis clementia[m]
Malis domanda est, et gravi semper iugo
Premenda, ne quid simile, tentare audeat.
Tybaltus hostis ense prostratus iacet.
Sed concitavit bella et oblata[m] sibi
Pace[m] negavit—morte suppliciu[m] luit;
Volvente fato, triste; decreto meo
Concessa vita est Romeo, at exul sua
Patria carebit post dies septem miser.
Rediturus an[n]o septimo post tertiu[m]
Judicio eodem iustus et clemens ero.
Servare cives est patris patriæ; reos
Punire sceleris; in meo vultu sedent
Favor furor q[ue]; gratus in[n]ocuo favor,
Furor in nocentes; tutus in solio suo
Princeps residat semper, et vacuus metu.

CHORUS.

Occidit Phœbus tenebræq[ue] noctis
Lumen ingratis pepulere terris
Ventris adversis agitat procellis
Gaudia iniquus.
Crastinu[m] nemo sibi polliceri
Posset, incertis vicibus rotatur
Quicquid humanu[m] est, nihil remanetq[ue]
Ordine certo
Iliu[m] fœlix Priamusq[ue] felix.
Proximo Phœbo cecidere vtriq[ue] (?)
Iliu[m] infelix Priamusq[ue], vtriq[ue]
Stare negantur
Romeus fœlix satis expetitis
Nuptiis sponsæ (?) miser ecce terra
Pulsus ingrata; nova sic carebit
Nupta marito
Læta præsenti Julietta sponso
Læta [h]jlaranti Julietta amico
Læta lætanti Julietta sponso
Vivit amore
Mæsta deserto Julietta sponso
Mæsta deiecto Julietta amico
Mæsta mærenti Julietta sponso
Languet amore
Invice[m] cedunt dolor et voluptas
Said dolor longus, brevior voluptas.
Sors vices reru[m] vario maligna
Turbine versat.
Blanda quos cæli super astra (*sic*)
Nuper evexit duplici dolore
Sæpe detrudit miseros ad orcu[m]
Improba eosdem.

Julietta. Nutrix.

Levamen vnde dabitur æru[m]nis meis

Vt semper aliud surgat ex alio malu[m]
Nullusq[ue] detur finis aut vitæ aut malis
Reperire potuit cœdis authore[m] sibi
Nullu[m] Tybaltus ense qui forte[m] (?) viro
Eriperet perimeret anima[m]. Solus occurrit truci
Homicida vultu Romeus coniux meus
Quod si sitiret sanguine[m] Capilettiu[m]
Cruore nostri generis vt terræ vagæ
Rigaret ora, Cur mihi toties toro
Junctæ pepercit, visa sed nimiu[m] levis
Vindicta talis, fœmina[m] leve est nefas
Occidere cæde nobilis dira ducis (?)
Crudelis animus victima voluit pia
Placari amore[m] prodit infidus mihi
Odio meoru[m], valeat æternu[m] miser,
Ingratus abeat criminis factus reus.
Deflende nobis semper infelix iacens
Tybalte clare sanguine et virtutibus
Quæ spes salutis est post tantu[m] nefas mihi.

Scelesta lingua laudibus tanti viri
Detrahere poteras, pectoris læsi minas (?)
Depone tumidas: Romei in[n]ocuas manus
Constat; Tibaltu[m] cædis authore[m] suæ.
Vultu sub illo non latet tantus dolus.
Nec vlla dira sanguinis nostri (?) sitis.
Ego (?) parricida potius! insciam (?) mali [dira suppliis ingere . . .].
Furibunda sponte (?) lingua damnaret fide[m].
I[n]grata nimiu[m] sponsa coniugi meo.
Ingrata quonia[m] morte p[re]verta[m] nefas
Anima[m]que nostra[m] victima[m] dabo Romeo.
Nut[rix] : Volui perire, debitu[m] tande[m] exige (?).
Nunc filio pœnas, nunc tibi, infernas dabo.
Quis iste fletus, quis dolor et lachrymæ ? metus
Domina[m] perire docuit infelix mea[m].
Alumna, surge, fata ne abrumbes (*sic*) tua.
Dolore misero te mea exorant mala ;

[Vita[m] tibi ipse si negas multis negas]
Orant parentes, Romeus petit tuus.
Julietta: Crudelis altrix, fata ne extenda[m] mea.
Crudelis est quicunq[ue] dissuadet mori.
Est nulla causa vitæ, mortis plurimæ.
Perijt Tybaltus Romei infelix manu.
Quis liberabit morte Romeu[m] meu[m].
Nutrix: Meliora mente concipe atq[ue] animu[m] excita.
Revocare speras morte cognatu[m] tuu[m] ?
Charu[m] Tybaltu[m] crimine occidit suo.
Cædis temeritas causa crudelis fuit
Furorq[ue] proprius; facile nec reprimi potest
Stricti ensis ira. Romeus sibi carens
Infligit hosti vulnus infelix suo,
Sed provocatus: quid duos manus potes [videre salvu[m] redire]
Rogare viro qua[m] potiri Romeo?
Respicer[e ?] gaudet melior afflicta[m] deus?
Fortuna votis ia[m] satis favit tuis;
Forsan Tibaltu[m] illa abstulit; quid si lares,
Patria[m], parentes; una res superest tibi
Patria ac parente charior, regno ac lare.
Quod si dolore[m] sisteres questûs gravis
Et te quieti forte felici dares!
Celeriter ipsa ire[m] sacerdotis domu[m],
[Et refera[m] nuntium (?)]
Senioris ipsa limen, ubi coniux latet
Petere[m], sacerdos referat vt sanctus tibi
Felix salutis nuntiu[m]. Solatiu[m]
Dabit ille solus, misera consilia adiuvans.
Julietta: Gratu[m] est, et illud voce ia[m] supplici expeto.
Me cras revisat; rumpe ia[m] segnes moras.

Romeus. Sacerdos.

Sacerdos: Mortis timore[m] principis sententia
Expulsit omne[m]; recipe lætitia[m], precor.
Concessa vita est; exul at patria tua

Carebis; annos post dece[m] læto domu[m]
Licet redire; casus hic fortes decet.
Romeus: O spes inanes miseriis diris meis!
[Cur anima[m] in ista luce detinea[m] amplius]
Solamen istud pectori exanimi datur—
Concessa vita est, exul at viva[m] miser.
Diru[m ?] videtur, peius exiliu[m] nece.
Patria carebo; que[m] locu[m] profugus peta[m]
Vbi me reconda[m], quave tellure obrua[m] ?
Sortitus vnqua[m] est fata quis (?) ta[m] tristia ?
Sine crimine exul; causa si ferri prior (?)
Fuisse[m], inique quererer; at deponere
Ego arma suasi, ia[m]q[ue] me profugu[m] solo
Patrio penates regis externi tegent.
Viva[m] remotus hospes alieni laris,
Externa consequutus, expulsis meis.
[Ingrata tellus! nullus in miseri mei auxilia venit.]
Julietta te, te cuius aspectu[m] deos
Semper rogavi, desero æternu[m] miser,
Et istud angit: sanguis infestus mihi
Semper Tybalti est, pereat (?) exiliu[m] grave.
Vindicta talis sola debetur tibi.
Vtina[m] antequa[m] me mater in luce[m] edidit
Aluitq[ue], sævæ nostra lacerassent feræ
Viscera; sine vlla cæde periisse[m] innocens.
Fortuna toties spolia de nobis feret
Finemq[ue] nullu[m] morte vel victoria
Dabit invenire; moriar invitus licet.
[No[n] sic querelas verbaque incassu[m] seris.]
Nonnullos: Nondu[m] tumultu pectus attonitu[m] caret,
Generose surge iuvenis; advursa (*sic*) impetu
Perstringe solito; tempori (?) aptari decet.
Sic tu dolores ferre didicisti graves.
Lachrymosa verba fœminas potius decent.
Vbi fortitudo pristina apparet tua ?
Invictus animus nesciusq[ue] deijci
Levibus periclis; tunc consilii impotens,
Qui consulebas rebus afflictis bene ?

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO 'TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY.'

BY THE REV. F. ST.JOHN CORBETT, M.A.(DUB.), F.R.S.L., F.R.HIST.S.

[Read April 26th, 1905].

BETWEEN the years 1557 and 1600 A.D., a literary constellation threw its light upon the world of thought. Its components were called Poetical Miscellanies, and were for the most part issued under quaint and inviting titles. Amongst them we may mention 'Songes and Sonnettes,' now known as 'Tottel's Miscellany,' 'A Myrrour for Magistrates,' 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices,' 'A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions,' 'A Handefull of Pleasant Delites,' 'The Phoenix Nest,' 'England's Helicon,' and 'A Poetical Rhapsody.'

Of these 'Tottel's Miscellany' is certainly the most important, not merely because it inaugurated this long series of poetical anthologies, but because all the others were modelled on it, more or less directly.

The age of Elizabeth was an epoch of poetical effusion. The enormous amount of English verse that was written between the years 1530 and 1600 is probably beyond the conception of most students of our literature. That which found its way into print,

whether published as the work of a single poet in a separate volume, or in such miscellaneous collections as those we have named, constituted the major part of all the publications of the time. In our estimate of the quantity we must add all the works which attained to no higher dignity of form than that of manuscript, and which still may be read in that form in our public libraries, and in private collections not easily accessible to the general reader. And besides all these, we must take some account of the written and printed poems that have been lost beyond all chance of recovery.

A very large proportion even of the best of this poetry was anonymous, and every effort to identify the authors has in many cases been in vain. The reason of this modesty is not far to find. The poets of that period wrote less for fame than for pastime. They were for the most part content with a very small and select circle of readers. Sometimes they only wrote for the delectation of their own particular friends. Some poets had a positive aversion to their works appearing in print. In a publication which appeared in 1589, entitled 'The Arte of Englishe Poesie,' and which is supposed to have been the work of George Puttenham, we find the following reference to this fact:

"Now also of such among the Nobilitie or gentrie as be very well seene in many laudable sciences, and especially in making or Poesie, it is so come to passe that they have no courage to write and if they have, yet are they loath to be a knowen of their skill. So as I know very many notable Gentlemen in the Court that have written commendably and suppressed it agayne, or els suffred it to be

publisht without their own names to it: as if it were a discredit for a Gentleman, to seem learned, and to shew himself amorous of any good art."

Of course there was no lack of initials and pseudonyms, but in the search for authors these have afforded but little help.

Tottel himself was only the printer or publisher of the celebrated work which is now called by his name. The 'Miscellany' was his most important publication. The first edition appeared, according to the Colophon, on June 5th, 1557, under the title, 'Songes and Sonnettes, written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earl of Surrey, and others. Apud Ricardum Tottel, 1557. Cum privilegio.' According to a note from the publisher, it was issued "to the honour of the Englishe tong and for the profit of the studious of Englishe eloquence." It contained 271 poems, none of which had ever appeared before. Of these forty were by the Earl of Surrey, ninety-six by Sir Thomas Wyatt, forty by Nicholas Grimald, and ninety-five by uncertain authors. Amongst these last Thomas, Lord Vaux, John Heywood, and William Forrest have since been identified.

Tottel's was not only the earliest, but the most important of this series of anthologies. During the thirty years which followed its first appearance it went through eight editions, which is more than can be said of any of the other Miscellanies, with the exception of 'The Mirrour for Magistrates' and 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices.' Indeed, it must be confessed that the names of most of them are more poetical than their contents.

'Tottel's Miscellany' stands out from its fellows

as being in no sense an Elizabethan work, though some of its contributors survived and continued to write verse in the reign of Elizabeth. Yet it has been aptly described as "a kind of Golden Treasury on which all the Elizabethan Poets were brought up."

We are indebted to Mr. Edward Arber for a reprint of the work which appeared first in 1870. Malone's copy of the first edition, in the Bodleian Library, is the only one known to be extant. A reprint, limited to sixty copies, was edited by John Payne Collier in 1867, in his 'Seven English Poetical Miscellanies.' The second edition made its appearance on July 31st, 1557. This was minus thirty of Grimald's poems, but thirty-nine new pieces by uncertain authors made their first appearance. Thus, instead of the original 271 poems, the total was raised to 280. Two copies of this edition exist, one in the Grenville Collection in the British Museum and the other in the Capel Collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the third edition, issued by Tottel in 1558, only one copy, and that an imperfect one, is extant. It is in the British Museum. A copy of the fourth edition is in the Bodleian. It was produced in 1565. A fifth edition appeared in 1567, and a copy may be seen in the John Rylands Library, Manchester. A sixth was issued in 1574. All these were produced by Tottel. In 1588 Windet issued a seventh, and in 1589 Robinson produced the eighth and last edition, with the exception of an imperfect reprint edited by Sewell in 1717.

Of the contributors to 'Tottel's Miscellany,' only six have been identified. Sir Thomas Wyatt supplied ninety-six poems, the Earl of Surrey forty,

Nicholas Grimald forty, Lord Vaux two, John Heywood one, and Edward Somerset one.

Of these by far the most important names in the history of British poetry are Wyatt and Surrey, who must be accounted, in a far truer sense than Lydgate and Hoccleve, the immediate successors of Chaucer, owing something to the example of the Father of English Poetry, and not a little to the Italian influences to which he himself was in so large a measure indebted.

The fact that Surrey's name is on the title page is doubtless due to his superior rank. For some reasons, however, Sir Thomas Wyatt must be accounted the most important contributor. Though we shall see later that Surrey was his friend's superior in some of the niceties of composition, yet Wyatt was the elder poet. He contributed by far the largest number of poems, and exerted a greater literary influence than any of the other contributors.

Thomas Wyatt was descended from an ancient and illustrious family, being the son of Sir Henry Wyatt, who was a favourite of King Henry VII. He was born at his father's castle at Allington, in Kent, in the year 1503. At the early age of twelve he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1520, when as yet only seventeen years old, he took his Master's degree, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham. He soon obtained a place at Court, where his noble person, and his feats in arms, soon enabled him to rise to a high position, and obtained for him the favour of King Henry VIII. His poetical powers early developed themselves, his odes and sonnets being frequently

addressed to Court beauties, especially the unfortunate Anne Boleyn. He is further said to have been largely instrumental in furthering the Reformation by his private influence on the mind of the King. His Court dignities were in some instances similar to those of Chaucer. He is said to have begun as an esquire of the body to the King, a dignity to which Chaucer only attained after certain preliminary offices had been filled. In 1527 he became attached to the suite of Sir John Russell, and accompanied him in a mission to Italy, in the course of which he visited Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, and Rome. In 1529 and 1530 he was High Marshal at Calais. In 1533 he played the part of ewerer at the marriage of Anne Boleyn, with whom he was supposed to have been in love. In May, 1536, his sister waited on the Queen at her execution, and Wyatt was sent to the Tower on account of his suspected sympathy with the victim. During the next year he was engaged in fighting against the rebels in Lincolnshire, and in 1537 he received the honour of knighthood, and was sent, much against his inclination, on an embassy to the Emperor Charles V., an enterprise which engaged him until his release in April, 1539. Soon after this he was despatched on another mission to the Emperor. On his return from this expedition he was embroiled in further political troubles. In July, 1540, Thomas Cromwell, the Protestant leader, was executed, and Wyatt, being a member of the obnoxious party, was charged with misbehaviour during his Spanish embassy, and was once more sent to the Tower. He was subsequently acquitted, but

in October, 1542, he caught a chill while escorting a Spanish ambassador to London, and succumbed to fever at Sherbourne.

Perhaps the largest of Wyatt's laurels consists in the fact that he introduced the sonnet into the English language. The names of Wyatt and Surrey are inseparable in our literary annals, and possibly this fact may account for the confusion of thought which leads some historians to give the credit for its introduction to Surrey. In criticising the work of Wyatt we must not lose sight of the fact that he had very considerable difficulties to contend with. The printed editions of Chaucer were so corrupt as to obscure his melody, and Wyatt was not likely to be sufficiently versed in the Italian of Petrarch to catch the inner spirit of his method. His ten imitations of the great Italian poet are certainly not without conspicuous if not glaring faults, chiefly in the matter of pronunciation. His first sonnet in the Miscellany has frequently been singled out as an example of his worst defects. He did not follow Petrarch correctly. It has been pointed out more than once that he "did not hit on the modification of three quatrains and a couplet, invented by Surrey, and so gloriously handled by Shakespeare, and that his more formal verse is frequently slow of movement and sometimes impossible to scan."

The first sonnet, aforementioned, is entitled:

"THE LOVER FOR SHAMEFASTNESSE HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFULL HART.

"The longe love, that in my thought I harber,
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,

And there campeth, displaying his banner.
She that me learns to love, and to suffer,
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,
With his hardinesse takes displeasure.
Wherewith love to the hartes forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with paine and crye,
And there him hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do? when my maister feareth,
But in the field with him to live and dye,
For good is the life, ending faithfully."

This may be taken as a fair sample of the style and sentiment of the poems contributed by this author. The universal theme is Love and the Lover. Varying moods, whims, and fancies, rash resolves, reasonings and repentances, are made to pass in panorama before us. In the first edition of the Miscellany love was Wyatt's one subject, saved from becoming monotonous by the ever-varying light and shade, the almost endless tints of colouring into which the poet dips his pen. In the second sonnet the lover waxeth wiser than in the first, and will not die for affection. Anon he sees his folly, and intendeth to trust no more. In a while he makes a retrograde move, and describeth his being stricken with sight of his love:

"The lively sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vaileth no defence,
Have perst my hart, and done it none offence,
With quakying pleasure, more than once or twice.
Was never man could anything devise,
Sunne beames to turn with so great vehemence
To dase man's sight, as by their bright presence
Dased am I, much like unto the gise

Of one striken with dint of lightenyng,
Blind with the stroke, and erring here and there.
So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,
The payne of my fall paciently learnying.
For straight after the blase (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noise heare I the fearfull thunder."

The rhythm, if not the rhyme, has distinctly improved, and we approach nearer to the possibility of scansion.

A page or two, and the lover indulges in superstition. He is still unhappy, but he biddeth happy lovers rejoice in May, while he waileth that month to him most unlucky.

"Arise I say, do May some observance:
Let me in bed lye, dreamying of mischance.
Let me remember my mishappes unhappy
That me betide in May most commonly:
As one whom love list little to advance."

Later he becomes almost desperate, and importunate. He must know his fate at once. And so he writes peremptory and persuasive words to a ladie to answer directly with yea or nay:

"Madame, withouten many wordes:
Once I am sure, you will, or no.
And if you will: then leave your boordes,
And use your wit, and show it so:
For with a beck you shall me call.
And if of one, that burns alway,
You have pity or ruth at all:
Answer hym fayer with yea, or nay.
If it be yea: I shall be saine.
Yf it be nay: frendes, as before.
You shall another man obtain:
And I mine owne, and yours no more."

But enough of love for the present. His last wail on this perennial subject written, the poet turns to moralising on other and more mundane topics. He inveighs against hoarders of money and dissemblers of words; passes a remark or two on the courtier's life, and is gruesome as he tells in a few lines of "the mother that eat her childe at the siege of Jerusalem."

The four last selections of this author are lengthy compared with the majority of the poems in the book. They are: (1) "Of the Meane and Sure Estate," written to John Poins; (2) "Of the Courtier's Life," written to John Poins; (3) "How to Use the Court and Him Selfe Therein," written to Sir Frances Bryan, and (4) "The Song of Iopas Unfinished." Of these we may quote a few of the opening lines of the third mentioned, as not only easy-flowing verse, but very passable philosophy:

"A spending hand that alway poureth out
Had need to have a bringer in as fast.
And on the stone that styll doth turne about,
There groweth no mosse. These proverbs yet do last:
Reason hath set them in so sure a place:
That length of yeares their force can never waste.
When I remember this, and eke the case,
Wherein thou standst: I thought forthwith to write
(Brian) to thee? who know how great a grace
In writying is to counsaile man the right.
To thee therefore that trottes still up and downe:
And never restes, but runnying day and night,
From realme to realme, from citye strete, and towne.
Why dost thou weare thy body to the bones?
And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe:
And drink good ale so noppy for the nones:
Fede thy selfe fatte, and heap up pounde by pounde.

Likest thou not this? No. Why? For swine so groines
In stye, and chaw dung moulded on the ground,
And drivele on pearles with head still in the manger,
So of the harpe the ass doth heare the sound.
So sackes of dirt be filde. The neat courtier
So serves for lesse, then do these fatted swine.
Though I seme leane and drye, withouten moysture:
Yet I will serve my prince, my lord and thine.
And let them live to fede the paunch that lyst:
So I may live to fede both me and myne."

Amongst the English poets of the sixteenth century the name of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, a son of the third Duke of Norfolk, holds a high and honourable place. Besides being a poet whose works, though few, had a notable influence on the intellectual character of the age, Surrey was a soldier of conspicuous bravery, and a nobleman of many accomplishments. His early history is enveloped in obscurity, but it is known that he was educated at Cambridge, and eventually rose to be High Steward of that ancient seat of learning. He is also said to have been for a while at Oxford. He was married, at the early age of sixteen, to the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John, Earl of Oxford. In the year of his marriage he was chosen to accompany King Henry VIII. when that monarch paid a visit to the King of France at Boulogne. At the coronation of Anne Boleyn he carried the fourth sword, upright, before the King, as the representative of his father-in-law, who held the position of Lord High Chamberlain. Some of the happiest days of his life were spent at Windsor, in the company of the Duke of Richmond, Henry's natural son, who was betrothed to Lady Mary Howard, the poet's only

sister. Though the Queen was his kinswoman and friend, he was obliged to appear at her trial, as representative of the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England. At the funeral of Queen Jane he was a chief mourner, and at the marriage of Anne of Cleves he was a defendant in the jousts. When his popularity was at its height his Sovereign made him a Knight of the Garter, but a challenge to John à Leigh, with whom he had a private quarrel, brought about his downfall, and he was imprisoned. After serving his term in gaol, he went with his father to the war then raging in Scotland, and was present at the burning of Kersal. He was subsequently arraigned before the Council on two charges. One was for eating meat in Lent; the other for making night hideous in London by breaking windows with a cross-bow. In extenuation of the former he pleaded a licence, but admitted that he had exercised his privilege too publicly. He sought to excuse himself for the latter misdemeanour by pointing out that by alarming the citizens he was giving them an example of the suddenness of God's judgments, and giving them a call to repentance for their licentiousness. In this freak of fanaticism, as it has been called, Wyatt was his accomplice, and they both were sent to the Fleet as a punishment.

Surrey is next found at the siege of Landrecy. Bonner had invited Hadrian Junius to England, but when the illustrious scholar reached our shores Bonner was not in a position to help him, and Surrey appointed him physician to his household, giving him "a pension of fifty angels." He gave additional proof of his patronage of letters by re-

ceiving Churchyard, then a promising boy, into his service. As marshal of the army he conducted the siege of Montreuil in 1544, and commanded at Guisnes and Boulogne. From the last-mentioned position he was removed in 1546, through the jealousy of Lord Hertford. In no measured terms he gave expression to his feelings on this treatment, and, in consequence, was imprisoned in Windsor Castle. He was set free later in the same year, but was sent to the Tower before its close on a false charge of high treason, together with his father, who was also arrested on a like charge. On December 2nd Surrey was tried before the Privy Council. It was stated that he had used the arms of Edward the Confessor, and thereby made pretensions to the crown. In vain did he point out that his family had a right to these arms, and that he had long worn them even in the King's presence. He was condemned by a packed jury on January 13th, 1547, and, on the 19th, "his bright hair, all dabbled in blood, swept the dust of the scaffold." One of the saddest features of this mock trial lay in the fact that his only sister, who was the widow of his dearest friend, came forward as a voluntary witness, to swear away the lives of her father and brother.

As Wyatt was the first to introduce the sonnet into the English language, so Surrey was the introducer of blank verse into our literature, a fact which in itself would serve to keep his memory green and honoured in the annals of our verse.

In 1537, at Windsor, Surrey wrote one of the best of his sonnets, which will furnish us with an example of his "modification of three quatrains and

a couplet," not used by Wyatt, but imitated by Shakespeare. It is a "Description and Praise of his love Geraldine," the nine-year-old daughter of the Earl of Kildare, who had died a prisoner at the Tower in 1534. The little maid was now a pet at the English Court. The sonnet is as follows:

"From Tuskane came my ladie's worthy race:
Fair Florence was sometyme her ancient seate:
The Western Yle, whose pleasaunt shore doth face
Wilde Camber's clifs, did geve her lively heate:
Fostered she was with milk of Irish brest:
Her sire an Erle: her dame of prince's blood.
From tender yeres in Britain she doth rest,
With kinges child, where she tasteth costly food.
Housdon did first present her to mine eyne:
Bright in her hewe, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her vertues from above—
Happy is he that can obtain her love."

With Surrey, as with Wyatt, and indeed all the contributors to the Miscellany, it is quite evident that love was the greatest thing in the world. Towards the end of his forty poems he touches another note or two. We find a sonnet in "Praise of certain Psalms of David, translated by Sir T. W. the elder," and some lines on the death of the same Sir T. W. Later, he moralises as he ponders, "How no age is content with his own estate, and how the age of children is the happiest, if they had skill to understand it."

"Layd in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes
appear:

And every thought did show so lively in myne eyes,
That now I sighed, and then I smilde, as cause of thought doth ryse.
I saw the lytle boy in thought, how oft that he
Did wish of god, to scape the rod, a tall youngman to be.
The yougman eke that feles, his bones with paines opprest,
How he would be a rich olde man, to lyve, and lyve at rest.
The riche olde man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy agayn, to live so much the more.
Whereat full oft I smilde, to se, how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change.
And musing thus I thynk, the case is very strange.
That man from welth, to live in wo, doth ever seke to change."

In drawing a comparison between Wyatt and Surrey the scale must turn in favour of the latter, and younger, poet. Wyatt's verse is not so smooth as Surrey's, or so finished. In the form of his sonnets he was indeed more "correct," for he followed more closely the Italian form laid down by Petrarch, which is that maintained by experts to be the only *genuine* or *pure* form. But Surrey, if original, and therefore, in the judgment of the *cognoscenti*, unorthodox, is at least to be congratulated on the ease and grace with which he handles his three quatrains and a couplet, a form which has steadily gained in popular favour ever since, and which is certainly easier to write than the genuine article.

Of Surrey's blank verse there is no example in 'Tottel's Miscellany.' It was not until after his death, in 1557, that his translation of the second and fourth books of Virgil's 'Aeneid' was published. It

would therefore be out of place to give an extract from it here. But we have the fruits of his great invention in the works of the long line of writers who adopted that form of versification, from Milton to Goldsmith.

Next in importance to these two remarkable writers comes Nicholas Grimald. The number of his contributions was equal to that of Surrey—forty in all. In the minds of some authorities there is an idea that it is just possible he may have been responsible for the first conception of the work, as well as for "its chief editing and supervision through the press." It is known that he was in business relations with the printer. Tottel had published, in 1556, Grimald's translation of Cicero's 'De Officiis,' which was dedicated to Thomas Thirleby, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ely, whose chaplain Grimald was. It is accounted probable, also, that the words *Cum Privilegio*, which appear on the title page, were due to the position which Grimald held, at a time when "the martyr's fires were luridly lighting up England." It is to be noted, too, that the only poems suppressed in the revision of the book were thirty of Grimald's own. From this it may be concluded that Grimald was, if not its originator, at all events its editor. A further fact which may be accounted significant is the substitution of the initials "N. G." instead of the name of Grimald on the ten poems of his retained in the second edition.

Grimald was born in Huntingdonshire in 1519. He was probably the son of Giovani Baptiste Grimaldi, a clerk in the service of Empson and Dudley under Henry VIII. One of the finest of his

poems is dedicated to the memory of his mother, who was named Annes. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1539 to 1540. He afterwards went to Oxford, where he was elected a Fellow of Merton in 1541, graduating M.A., by incorporation, in 1544. His biography does not furnish the historian with many points of interest such as are to be found in those of Surrey and Wyatt. In the beautiful 'Funeral Song' upon the decease of his mother he has given the world the story of his childhood:

"Then, when firm pace I fixed on the ground:
When toung can cease to break the lispyng sound:
You mee streightway did too the Muses send,
Ne suffered long a loytering lyfe to spend,
What gayn the wooll, what gayn the wed had braught,
It was his meed, that me there daily taught.
When with Minerva I had acquaintance woon:
And Phoebus seemd to love mee, as his soon:
Browns hold I bad, at parents hest, farewell:
And gladly here in schools I gan to dwell:
Where Granta gives the ladies nyme such place
That they reioyse to see theyr blissful case.

* * * * * *

Now linnen clothes, wrought with those fingers fyne,
Now other thynges of yours dyd you make myne:
Tyll your last thredes gan Clotho to untwyne,
And of your dayes the date extreme assygne."

Thus, in smooth hexameters, the poem pays tribute to the memory of the dear departed, blending the note of love with that of faith when, near its close, the filial poet sings:

"But now, my sacred parent, fare you well:
God shall cause us agayn togither dwell.
What time this universall globe shall hear
Of the last troomp the rynging voyce: great fear
To soom, to such as you a heavenly cheer."

Nor is this his only dirge. He sings twice, in tearful numbers, of the death of Lord Montravers; and of the demise of Zoroas, an Egyptian Astronomer, in first fight that Alexander had with the Persians; and, twice again, of the death of Marcus Tullius Cicero. But he can sing also of other things, as Mirth, and Virtue, and Law, and Friendship, and the Garden. His description of Virtue gives us pause for close examination and analysis:

"What one art thou, thus in torn weed yclad?
Virtue, in price whom auncient sages had.
Why, poorly rayd? For fadying goods past care.
Why double faced? I marke eche fortunes fare.
This bridle, what? Mindes rages to restrain.
Tooles why beare you: I love to take great pain.
Why, winges? I teach above the starres to flye.
Why tread you death? I only cannot dye."

There is no gem in the entire setting that scintillates more brightly than this.

The identity of this writer has not yet been established with absolute certainty. Since Strype's time, Grimald, the chaplain of Thomas Thirleby, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ely, has been confounded with Grymbold, a chaplain of Bishop Ridley. A signed article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' states that "Professor Arber's argument that the poet is distinct from Ridley's chaplain is contro-

verted by the references in Foxe and in Ridley's correspondence." But, indeed, "all existing statements respecting these six ascertained authors seem to require a severe testing; and many new facts respecting them would no doubt reward a further lengthened enquiry."

The discussion was opened by Mrs. Stopes, who pointed out that it must be remembered that the sonnet was originally intended to be *sung*, and that in singing sometimes the long vowels made up the difference in accent, which was at that time frequently different from what it is now. She also suggested that Shakespeare's sonnet-form followed Wyatt's, rather than Surrey's, if judged by terminal rhymes. In regard to the claim made for this miscellany as being the first of its kind, she said that there is contemporary testimony to the existence of another, much earlier in the century, called 'The Court of Venus,' much reprobated by theologians; and that there was also a modified rescension of this, entitled 'The New Court of Venus,' of which fragments have been preserved.

(Mrs. Stopes contributed two papers on the subject to the 'Athenæum' some years ago.)

EL INGENIOSO HIDALGO 'DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA': THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

BY PHILIP H. NEWMAN, R.B.A., F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read June 14th, 1905.]

It is especially fitting that there should be a cordial response in this country to the invitation of Spain to the rest of Europe to join with her in celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of 'Don Quixote.'

Indeed, it would be remarkable if the response did not leap to meet the invitation to do honour to the book and its author, seeing that the popularity of the work here has rivalled that of the country of its birthplace; and although the purpose of the work, that of checking an undue romanticism, spiced with eccentric vagaries of chivalry, might have been of indirect or less application here than in Spain, we have yet shown our appreciation of the genius and philosophy in 'Don Quixote' in many ways, besides that of deriving from its pages colloquialisms and idiomatic expressions. It is also obviously appropriate that the Royal Society of Literature should be among the first to take the opportunity offered of doing honour to the memory of Cervantes,

inasmuch as, from our charter, we are necessarily the trustees of traditions of British scholarship not the least of which are, not only that the first translation of 'Don Quixote' was an English one—that made by Thomas Shelton, 1612–20—but also that the first really adequate edition in Spanish is that published by Tonson, 1738, under the auspices of Lord Carteret, Minister to George II, when it was once for all elevated from its place as a merely amusing book to its true position as a classic. Future reference will be made to these important editions, but before proceeding further I must here refer to and acknowledge gratefully my indebtedness to the Council and members of this Society for the honour of being entrusted to be its humble mouthpiece on this occasion, and may, perhaps, be allowed to modestly screen my insufficiency for the important office by the best words that I can find, viz. those of Cervantes himself, in the preface to the first part of his immortal book, where he says: "You may depend upon my bare word, reader, without any farther security, that I could wish this offspring of my brain were as ingenious, sprightly, and accomplished as yourself could desire, but the mischief on't is Nature will have its course." I should further add that whatever of ingenuity or sprightliness there may be in the present paper it is, in the aforesaid course of Nature, largely dependent, for its facts at least, upon that immense bibliography in which the genius of Cervantes is enshrined, or entrenched, brought up to date from Nicola Antonio, Mayans y Siscar, Sarmiento, Pellicer, Los Rios, Navarette, and Aribau in the admirable digests of Ticknor, Fitzmaurice

Kelly, and Henry Edward Watts, to whose labours in the Cervantean field literature is generally indebted, and myself in particular. Nor must I omit to mention that remarkable 'Iconography' of Don Quixote by the late H. S. Ashbee, the enumeration of whose Quixote collection, bequeathed to individuals and the nation, constitutes alone a chapter in Cervantean literature. I may say that without the 'Iconography' or its author's excellent lecture delivered before the Royal Society of British Artists, April 28th, 1900, on this subject, and entitled "Don Quixote and British Art," any examination of the subject of illustration of 'Don Quixote' would have been laborious, if not impossible, for the purposes of this paper.*

To deal with the bibliography, or, as I have said, literature, is quite impossible. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly mentions as many as seventy-one editions of English translations, besides nine abridgments, to swell the list of the editions of Spain herself and other countries. Mr. Henry Edward Watts confines himself, on the subject of English translations, to mentioning eight only, which he deems of literary or biographical value. I cannot, I think, do better than follow his example, and give them in an appendix to this paper, which, moreover, will include a list of the most notable Spanish editions. I may observe here that Mr. Calvert, in his bright little book containing, besides the "Life of Cervantes," the reputed

* In reference to this Cervantean tercentenary and the general interest occasioned it is gratifying to note the excellent lecture recently given on Cervantes by M. Montepic at University College and the brilliant paper read by Mr. J. Fitzmaurice Kelly before the British Academy in January last.

portraits, as well as other illustrations and interesting title-pages of Cervantes' works, gives a very full bibliography, and also what he terms a "*repertoire* of documents" relating to our author which are of the highest importance and interest.

As I propose, as indicated above, to touch on the question of the graphic arts in connection with my subject, I may be permitted to allude to the inspiration, also derived from Cervantes, by musical composers, and to call attention to the valuable list communicated in an interesting but brief article* by Mr. J. S. Shedlock. Besides calling attention to some operas founded on the subject of 'Don Quixote' (English and foreign), the symphonic poem of Richard Strauss is alluded to, and also Mendelssohn's youthful work, "The Wedding of Canacho," which the composer wrote at the age of 15, referring to it amusingly, however, in after years, as one of his old sins. It would be well if such a reliable chronicler as the writer of this article would complete the list of Cervantean musical inspirations from the 'Novelàs,' etc.

The fact that the author of 'Don Quixote,' son of Roderigo de Cervantes and his wife, Leonor de Cortinas, was baptised on the 9th day of October, 1547, and christened Miguel, has led to the supposition that he was born on the Michaelmas day immediately preceding, the custom moreover being that infants in Spain should bear the name of the saint of the day of their nativity. The baptismal ceremony took place in the Church of Santa Maria la Mayor in the ancient town Alcalà de Henares, in New

* See 'Monthly Musical Record,' June, 1905.

Castile, where his parents resided at the time this youngest of their four children (two sons and two daughters) was born. The name of Saavedra was not assumed until after his captivity in Algiers and return to Spain in 1580. He derived this surname from his great-grandmother, daughter of Don Juan Cerias of Saavedra, who became the mother of Juan de Cervantes, the corregidor of Osuna.

Although Madrid and other cities of Spain have contended for the honour of being the birthplace of its great writer, and the existence of another Miguel de Cervantes, also called Saavedra, tended to increase the doubt of identification, all uncertainty was set at rest by the discovery of a manuscript of the Royal Library, dated 1581,* which gives the names of certain captives returned from Algiers in the preceding year, and amongst these our author "Miguel de Cervantes, a native of Alcalà de Henares," whose reputed age, thirty years, is in harmony with the baptismal register. The name Cervantes, possibly derived from Galicia, said to be the haunt of stags, is genealogically associated with the Gothic kings of Leon in the eleventh century. But however noble the descent, according to Mendez de Silva and others, Miguel was the son of persons in humble circumstances, his father Roderigo, though ranking amongst the *hidalgos*, being dependent on the profession of a surgeon-apothecary, and that certainly itinerant, for the means of bringing up his children.

* The document was found by Don Juan Iriarte, the King's librarian at Madrid, and its connection with the author of 'Don Quixote' shown by the learned Benedictine Fra Martin Sarmiento: confirmation came in 1804 by the discovery of Cean Bermudez.

Miguel had little regular education,* and it is interesting to gather from his own writing—the prologue, in fact, of the 'Comedies and Farces,' published in 1615—how a desultory education was supplemented and a literary taste, encouraged by his attendance at performances of strolling players, under the guidance of Lope de Rueda. It is impossible, and I do not propose, to give more than the briefest summary here of the life of Cervantes; but his reflections, illuminating as they do these early efforts of the Spanish drama, may not be altogether omitted. The account of Lope de Rueda himself, the stage of "four benches arranged in a square, with five or six planks on the top of them, raised but four hands' breadth from the ground, the four white sheep-skin dresses, trimmed with gilt leather, and four beards, wigs, and crooks, more or less," and the "old blanket drawn aside by two ropes, which made what they call the green room, behind which were the musicians singing some old ballad without guitar," constitute the elements of a picture of the time which impresses us now, not only for its own sake, but because the account surely indicates that the boy, while absorbing and struggling to rightly estimate the worth of Rueda's verses—as he himself admits—possessed that practical accompaniment of genius which grasps and retains all essential surrounding details."

These autobiographic relations of youthful episodes and recollections are distinctly fortunate for

* The tradition that he was a student at the University of Salamanca is apparently based on insufficient evidence. See Ed. Watts' 'Life' and that of Fitzmaurice Kelly.

us in a contemplation of the Author and his work in 'Don Quixote,' as they enable us the more readily to anticipate the growth of the mind and to follow its development in the vicissitudes of a life which, though crowned with unlooked-for success, was, in its various phases, chequered with disaster and disappointment. We witness the germ of this growth in the schoolroom of the poet Lopez de Hoyas at Madrid, we see it in the emulation that dictated the contribution of poems, at the age of twenty-one, and in the name of Hoyas' seminary, to the elegies offered at the tomb of the beautiful Isabel of Valois, third wife of Philip II, a contribution we hear from Cervantes himself, though deprecatingly, in the 'Viage del Parnaso.' We anticipate his mental development from his association with the youthful Nuncio and Legate of Pope Pius V, Julio Aquaviva, who, treated with scant courtesy by Philip, carried away in his train the young Cervantes as *camarero*, page, or chamberlain, a position from which, besides the opportunity of seeing the world, afforded to such a temperament a promising vista. It gives us no surprise to find chamberlainship, even to an exalted ecclesiastic, soon, however, exchanged, in an adventurous spirit, for military service—whether in the contingent of Philip, or the Pope, is as uncertain as it is unimportant—when the world was ringing with the clash of arms, and the Holy League was rekindling the fire of Christendom to check once for all the pretensions of Islam. We obtain the first insight into that invincible and dogged character which ever held purpose superior to circumstance, in Cervantes, at Lepanto.

In the great naval battle which practically turned back the tide of Islam on the sea, as Charles Martel had turned back the Arabian flood of invaders on land, a well-attested account of Cervantes' behaviour on this occasion places him at once in the highest ranks of the brave, among the heroes who fought that day, be they Spaniards under Don Juan of Austria, or Venetians and Genoese under Doria, or Agostino Barbarigo. Though ill on board the *Marquesa*, and entreated by his captain to remain below, the simple soldier of Moncada begged to be allowed to be in the post of danger, and with a chosen few upon the quarter-deck of the galley withstood the hottest fire of arquebusiers and archers. Foremost among the boarders of the galley of the Pasha of Alexandria, who with five hundred men was himself slain, Cervantes shared in the victory, which secured, besides the Egyptian ship, the capture of the Royal Standard; and though paying dearly in his own person, having two gunshot wounds in the breast, and suffering the loss of the use of his left hand for ever, he treasured these injuries, in after life, as the most glorious of his honours, obtained, as he himself remarks, on "the greatest occasion that past or present ages have witnessed, or that the future can hope to witness." There is no need to dwell upon the indomitable spirit of the man, the persistence in military service in the regiment of Figueroa after much suffering in hospital, nor to follow him afloat and ashore at Tunis and elsewhere in this career; suffice that in 1575, being then at Naples, he obtained leave to visit Spain after nearly six years' absence, and Don Juan gave *Soldado Aventajado*, of the renowned

Tercio de Figueroa, letters strongly recommending him to the notice of the King as "a man of valour, of merit, and of many signal services." But this Renaissance Ulysses we find bearing other and many forms of trial before he reached his native land. Almost in sight of Spain the '*El Sol*,' the ship Cervantes was on board of was captured, after a desperate fight with Algerine Corsairs, and the letters of Don Juan, found upon our author, only served to insure to him severe treatment to stimulate an early and important ransom. In his own comedy "El Trato de Argel" much of the life at Algiers may be derived, and Navarette, in his 'Vida de Cervantes,' confirms and amplifies this on the authority of the papers discovered in 1808 by Cean Bermudez, in the Indian Archives at Seville, and now at Simanca. These documents refer to a petition to the King, and a consequent examination of Cervantes as to his behaviour in captivity. From this we gather a more enduring and a greater heroism than that at Lepanto, combining with constant efforts for his own and companions' escape, an amount of discretion and self-sacrifice that deserved a better fate than to be thwarted by the treachery of the Dominican monk Blanco de Paz, whose bitter and persistent animosity pursued Cervantes to the end. The end of exile, however, came, but not from the royal gratitude to redeem a worthy soldier.

The liberation was effected, but not by Philip II. The burden fell upon Cervantes' mother and widowed sister, Leonor de Cortinas, and Andrea de Cervantes; a sum of 300 ducats raised by these two women was added to a moiety obtained principally on loan and conveyed by Father Juan Gil of the Holy Order of the Redemptories to Algiers.

This excellent man appears, however, to have raised a further sum of 500 Spanish *escudos*, from local merchants and others, to satisfy Hassan Pasha, Cervantes' tyrannical master.

The enmity of Blanco de Paz—whether dictated by the Holy Office or not is uncertain—has been the means, at any rate, through the petition and inquiry referred to, of showing the character of Cervantes to be equal to those heroes of chivalry whose noblest attributes he would have been the last to decry, as in 'Don Quixote' he is the first to rend the tissue of extravagance in which their deeds are enveloped.

The return to Spain, however joyful, after ten years' absence, found him without the position and reward he anticipated as his due; and we see him again taking military service, in despair, in his old regiment, fighting on one of Santa Cruz flagships with the old bravery, and ending his soldier life only after the return of the fleet from the Azores to Cadiz, 1585. He appears, after some uncertain appointment of a diplomatic character to Spanish Barbary, to have resumed his early literary tendencies and written the pastoral poem "Galatea."

It is necessary, however, to return for a while to Portugal, for the conquest of which the Figueroa regiment had been very much at Lisbon. Besides dealing finally with Don Antonio and Philip's allied enemies at sea, Roderigo Cervantes is said to have distinguished himself greatly at Terceira, though whether the brothers were fighting side by side here is doubtful. In Portugal, on Miguel's part at least, war seems to have been fairly balanced by love; and his admiration of the country and its fairer inhabit-

ants is recorded years afterwards in glowing terms in his "Persiles and Sigismunda," published by his widow after his death. The widow, however, was not the Portuguese lady who bore him a daughter who lived under his roof until the day of his death.

The marriage of Miguel de Cervantes did not take place until December 12th, 1584, a few days before the "Galatea" was published. Little is known of Cervantes' wife, Donna Catalina de Palacios de Salazar, although some interesting items in relation to the dowry Cervantes settled upon her—100 ducats, or a tenth of his fortune—are mentioned by Pellicer, and a curious list of the lady's own effects which affords some elements of a striking domestic picture. Thus were secured to her "several plantations of young vines in the district of Esquivias; six *fanegas* of meal, and one of wheat at eight *reals*; various articles of household furniture—two linen sheets, three of cotton, a cushion stuffed with wool, two pillows of the same, one good blanket, and one worn; tables, chairs, pots, and pans; a brasier, a grater, several jars; sacred images in alabaster and silver gilt, a crucifix, two little images of the Baby Jesus, with His little garments and body linen; four beehives, and forty-five hens and pullets, with one cock."

This inventory is not mentioned here with any idea of supporting the notion of the gossips of Donna Catalina at Esquivias, that in "marrying the maimed old soldier," as Mr. Watts says, "she threw herself away," but with the view of indicating the background and environment from which the portrait of the author of 'Don Quixote' is relieved, and to

supply in effect the touch of nature which pathetically brings his nearer to our own.

Catalina brought Cervantes, however, no children. She was nineteen and he thirty-seven years old at the time of their wedding. Whatever reliance may be placed upon the tradition that his future wife was made to figure as the peerless *Galatea*, and that Cervantes himself masquerades as her lover, the Shepherd *Elicio*, she was a veritable Dulcinea to him, and it is not without pathos that we see the chivalrous loyalty of the buffeted soldier so heavily handicapped by fortune in their married life. How far distance of time allows us to lift the veil and make the private life of public men public property is not to be discussed here. We know at least that in all its vicissitudes Cervantes' home, which included his wife, his natural daughter Isabel, his widowed sister Andrea and her daughter Costanza, provided elements enough to disturb the domestic peace of any hearth; yet, although the household was poor, and Cervantes no more careful perhaps than men of supposed genius usually are—yet, if Catalina was a much-enduring woman, she endured with so good a grace that at her death, ten years after that of her husband, she desired no other resting-place than by his side.*

At Esquivias, at Madrid, or at Valladolid the condition of the household remained much the same.

The unfortunate episode at the latter place, how-

* Dona Catalina died at Madrid October 31st, 1626, and was buried in the Convent of the Trinitarian Nuns in her husband's grave, of which the site is now forgotten.—*Watts' 'Life.'*

ever, when the whole family were thrown into gaol pending an inquiry as to the death of one of the Court gallants, Don Gaspar de Espeleta, whom they had succoured when wounded, shows the addition of a servant Maria and Dona Magdalena de Sotomayor, called Cervantes' sister, but who was probably a cousin. That all these people were dependent on Cervantes, with the exception of the trifling contributions obtained by needlework and the produce of Catalina's plantations of young vines, is evident. It is no source of wonder, then, that the pen of the ready writer of poems, pastorals, plays, and romances was intermitted with the profession of tax-collector, which begged and beggarly appointment he obtained with difficulty from the Royal Purveyor-General of Fleets and Armaments of the Indies, and became one of the four Commissaries who purchased stores for the "Invincible Armada." Anything more uncongenial than such a post to such a man it is difficult to conceive; the very excellence of his character and qualifications told against his success in dealing with officials in Spain at such a period, while the careless side of the nature of the soldier, evidenced in much of his literary work, was disastrous to an official career where exactness was a necessity. He seems to have been often in trouble, once for trusting 7,400 *reals* to a defaulting agent, and at another time spending three months in the prison of Castro del Rio for over-zeal in levying taxes on the Church in obtaining stores for the "Invincible Armada." He keeps his poetical pen constantly in the ink, however, now winning spoons for a prize quatrain in praise of a new saint, now

writing a satirical ode on Medina Sidonia, or, as when Philip died, in 1598, composing a sonnet in mockery of his all too sumptuous obsequies.

Lope de Rueda, who is supposed to have served, though a younger man, in the same regiment as Cervantes, had completely beaten his comrade out of the field as a playwright. Madrid audiences evidently could take quantity without being over nice as to quality; and although we have the generous recognition by Cervantes of the excellence of his friend's and rival's comedies as "suitable, felicitous, and well-worded," yet of the eighteen hundred plays attributed to Lope de Rueda in the leisure of his priestly avocations, few remain that are at all well known. None bear comparison as works of art with Cervantes' "La Numancia" or "El trato de Argel." The "Numancia" may not, as has been said, be a play in the modern sense, but the fire of criticism with which it has been assailed and illuminated has only served to mark the more distinctly its glowing patriotism and fervid eloquence, and to emphasise the pathos of a monumental story of love and sacrifice. The "Numancia" having been played, perhaps for the last time, when the French were thundering at the gates of Zaragoza, and with the inspiring effect of stimulating the vigour of the defence, has invested this drama with a halo of romance and sentiment which has rendered it almost sacred.

While the "Numancia" commands our interest as a work of art by its intensity, "El trato de Argel" survives probably as much from the reflection it gives of the author's life in Algiers as from any intrinsic merit.

It is impossible to do more here than mention another of many plays—"The Perplexed Lady." This, however, an example of the cloak and sword style, has the *cachet* of the author's own good opinion, if it has little more. Neither can we dwell on the long list of titles, comprising the 'Novelàs Exemplares,' short stories published with much success in 1613; they are vivid with the Cervantean spirit and redolent of the Spanish life of the period, though remarkably free from impure ideas or coarseness. The influence these tales have exercised upon subsequent literature is certainly immense, and is recognisable in the novel of to-day as importantly as in the writings of Fielding, Scott, or Dickens.* But these comedies, novels, and poems, published while the second part of 'Don Quixote' was getting ready for the press, or subsequently to the completion of the great work of Cervantes' life, wrought no improvement in his worldly position, and this though his works met with high approbation. So high, indeed, were these opinions, that one of Cervantes' admirers was heard to remark, "If it is necessity compels him to write may God grant he may never have abundance, so that, poor himself, he may make the whole world rich." Interest has centred round the question of how much Cervantes knew of European literature, and that especially of his contemporaries. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly is of opinion that he might have

* I feel that in connection with these novels the name of Norman Maccoll, the late and able editor of the 'Athenæum,' should be mentioned, who devoted many years to the production of a new and excellent translation, and who would have taken a conspicuous part in Cervantean celebrations this year had it not been for his lamentably sudden and untimely death.

known something of Rabelais, but is in doubt whether he had any knowledge of Jean de Meung, Villon, Morot, Rousard, Scaliger, Casaubon, and Montaigne. Much less, however, did he know of his contemporaries Sidney Spenser, Marlow, Raleigh, Bacon, and Shakespeare.

Though Shakespeare might have read 'Don Quixote,' it remains doubtful if he could have known much of Cervantes' writings. His attention, however, must have been directed seriously to Spain, for, if I remember rightly, Dr. Garnett points out the derivation of much of the "Tempest" from the 'Primero Noche de Invierno.' Fletcher doubtless derived his "Knight of the Burning Pestle" from 'Don Quixote.' He need not have known Spanish, as he could have seen Shelton's translation. But it would take too long to recapitulate what is generally so well known, *i. e.* the long list of admirers whose regard took the sincerest form of flattery, besides those whose mere notes of admiration increase our own by their happy expression. A few must suffice. Dr. Johnson, according to Mrs. Piozi, considered 'Don Quixote' second only to the 'Iliad'—a trifle extravagant, perhaps, as when Byron overshoots the mark in "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away." Heine mistakes him when he qualifies his admiration by calling him a mocker of enthusiasm, but is justified in comparing him with Shakespeare, when he says, "Both poets were not only flowers of their time, but they were also the germs of the future." Then, while Sismondi calls 'Don Quixote' the most melancholy of books, Carlyle calls it the joyfullest. Molière complimented by copying him, Montesquieu

by offending all other Spanish writers: *Le seul de leur livres qui soit bon esi celui qui a fait voir la ridicule* de tons les autres ('Lettres Personnel'). The author of the 'Nouvelle Heloise,' if reluctant, is honest: "Il faut ecrire commes Cervantes pour faire lire six volumes de visions." The remark of St. Evremond, when he says, "'Don Quichotte que je puis lire toute ma vie sans en etre dégoûté un seul moment," is balanced by Macaulay's forcible phrase, "The best novel in the world." Victor Hugo, Merimée, and Viardot all agree in praise or imitation, and the commentary may well be closed by Saint-Beuve's "Cette imagination que n'etait que hors de propos," and Schlegel's surpassing criticism of 'Don Quixote': "The more it is imitated the more it becomes inimitable."

Cervantes reached his greatest success through avenues of misfortune. Dramatic writing might not, if prosecuted, have been comparable with 'Don Quixote,' or even the subsequent 'Novelàs Exemplares,' but unquestionably the stoppage of all theatrical performance in Spain at one period by its gloomy monarch, besides the redundance of Lope de Vega, acted as deterrents to Cervantes' playwriting. Again, his spontaneity in writing satirical sonnets and lampoons would be a considerable factor in the gentle art of making enemies. Some form of this accomplishment led to the avenue of trouble, ending in the Casa de Mediano, in the cellar of which house, in the town of Argamasilla, Cervantes was locked up, as tradition reports, and where, on no better authority, 'Don Quixote' took form in a satire intended to travesty the figure and mental

ondition of Roderigo de Pachero, a cousin of Catalina Palacio's, and a strong opponent to her marriage with our author. The most important support of this legend is derived from the hidalgo's portrait of quixotic appearance in a votive picture in the church; an inscription sets forth how the said hidalgo had called upon the Virgin in his affliction and promised her a silver lamp in return for relief of the great pain he had suffered in his brain through a chillness or dumbness, which had "curdled it within." It was about this time, however, whether at Argamasilla de Alba or elsewhere, in, to us, the obscurest period of his life, that Cervantes wrote 'Don Quixote,' *i. e. circa* 1600. Internal evidence shows that it was not the product of a brief period, or that its motive and intention was of mere caprice, spite, or revenge. The accident of a fancied resemblance to the knight of La Mancha in the portrait of the votive picture is unimportant, except that it might have suggested, quite innocently, the adoption of a type, in like manner as Cervantes' comings and goings in La Mancha and other parts of Spain filled the storehouse of an artistic memory with inexhaustible *dramatis personae* and *mise en scène*.

The innumerable suggestions that have been made in tracing the original of Cervantes' gaunt hero need not occupy us greatly. A fancied resemblance to Titian's portrait of Charles V, a less probable idea that Philip was intended to be travestied, may be dismissed without argument. The likeness to Loyola suggested by el Reverendo Don Juan Bowle, our own countryman, has the feeble support of possibility in the fact of Quixote's Biscayan adversary coming from

the same village as the saintly Jesuit, but none of these contentions can be reasonably maintained now.

The dog's-eared and bethumbed MSS., we find, waited long for both patron and publisher. Perhaps the Duke of Béjar's sympathy for books of chivalry was the reason, after all, that he should appreciate in the fullest degree the chapter Cervantes read to him, and that he should accept the Dedication although he had previously rejected it. But I think here we may allow something for humour in the valiant old soldier, who must have been hugely tickled by that first chapter of 'Don Quixote,' which parodies one of the silliest romances, and which the author, Feliciano de Silva, had dedicated to the Duke of Béjar's own grandfather.* Cervantes, in a well-known passage in 'Don Quixote,' † refers to "a grave ecclesiastic, one of those who regulate noblemen's houses, one of those who, not being nobly born themselves, never succeed in teaching noble conduct to those who are so born, one of those who seek to level the nobility of the great to the pettiness of their own minds, one of those who, striving to teach economy, impart meanness to those under them." This passage is supposed to have been levelled against the Duke's chaplain, and probably indicates some fears of heterodoxy. There must have been public reading of the MSS. in other places, as six months previous to the publication 'Don Quixote' is mentioned in verse by the Dominican Andrés Pérez (?). (See Fitzmaurice Kelly's 'Life of Cer-

* The third part of 'Don Florizel de Niquea' was dedicated to a former Duke de Béjar. See 'Salva's Cataloga,' vol. ii, p. 14.

† D 2, Part II, chap. 31.

vantes,' ch. vi, p. 212.) The lines are from the Picara Justina':

> "Soy la Reyn de Picardi
> Mas que la Rud conoci,
> Mas famo que doña Oli,
> Que Don Quixo y Lazari,
> Que alfarache y Celesti,
> Sino me conoces cue;
> Yoy so due
> Que todas las aguas be."

The *privilegio* of the 'Picara Justina' is dated August 22nd, 1604; 'Don Quixote' did not appear until December, 1604, or January, 1605. Lope de Vega had heard of the coming book, but was not generous enough, in this period of his own great success, to welcome that of his rival. Friederich von Schack mentions, in his 'Dramatic Literature and Art in Spain' (Frankfort-on-the-Main, 1854), p. 33, Lope speaking of the book thus: "I speak not of poets; many of them are in blossom for the coming year, but none of them is as bad as Cervantes—none of them so foolish as to praise 'Don Quixote.'"

The copyright of the MSS. was at last sold to the King's printer, Francisco Robles, for ten years. The *privilegio* was signed on September 26th, and the *Tasa* on December 20th, 1604, and it was printed by Juan de la Cuesta, in Madrid, and published by him in 316 folios in January, 1605.

The first impressions of the book were discreditably full of typographical blunders, which should have been revised if the printing itself was equal to that which was usual at the time. The dawn of Cervantes

immortality was autumnal; he was 58 when he was correcting the 'Don Quixote' proofs. Ticknor, in his 'History of Spanish Literature,' dwells amusingly on some of these blunders, notably that of "saying seven times that Sancho was on his ass after Gines de Passemonte had stolen it"; also that Cervantes "took pains in the only edition of the first part that he ever revised to correct two of his blunders, heedlessly overlooking the rest, and when he published the second part laughed heartily at the whole, the errors and the corrections and all, as things of little consequence to himself or anyone else." But Ticknor goes on generously to add that "it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life every step of which had been marked by disappointed expectations, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities, that he began it in a prison, and that it was finished when he found the hand of death pressing heavily upon his heart, that if we remember this as we read, we may feel, as we ought to feel, what admiration and reverence are due, not only to the living power of Don Quixote, but to the character and genius of Cervantes; if it be forgotten or underrated, we shall fail in regard to both." To this carelessness must be attributed, however, to some extent the vexation that Cervantes experienced by being forestalled in the second part of 'Don Quixote.' Besides that, the pirates and the wreckers were busy, as Mr. Watts says, upon 'Don Quixote' from its very earliest appearance. Worse was to come, however, for Cervantes was completing his fifty-ninth chapter of the second part when he learned of Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda's publication of a spurious edition at Tarragona. Argu-

ment has played round a possible excuse for this in the unfortunate quotation or misquotation from the "Orlando Furioso"—

"Forse altri cantera con miglior plettro"—

leaving it doubtful, as Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly says, whether the writer seriously intended to complete the work himself, though it is no new thing in the history of Spanish literature that a work by one hand should be completed by another, and he instances 'Diana of Montemayor,' continued both by Alonzo Pérez and Gil Polo; yet, as he adds, "the most shameless of these self-nominated assistants had generally thought it necessary to allude to the original writer in terms of civility, or at least to abstain from coarse invective and indecent obloquy." The insolent Avellaneda, scurrilous as malignant, does not even hesitate to comment on Cervantes thus: "The tongue of the world-worn veteran wags more freely than his hand" (injured at Lepanto).

The false 'Don Quixote' possessed merits enough, however, to give Le Sage an opportunity for approving it, and for Pope to mistake the translation of Avellaneda for Cervantes'.

The mask of Avellaneda has never been penetrated, and has covered many supposed personalities in its time—the Inquisitor-General, Blanco de Paz, the Dominican of Algiers, Andrés Pérez of the pomographic 'Picara Justina' and others; but it must at least be believed, if not proven, that, as D Raimón León Mainez has pointed out, "if the hand is the hand of Avellaneda, the voice is the voice of Lope de Vega." * He gives himself away in his

* See 'Life of Cervantes' (Fitzmaurice Kelly), p. 263.

resentment at the gentle criticism evidently aimed at him in the forty-eighth chapter of 'Don Quixote.' But we will not pursue the disagreeable subject further. If, as has been suggested, there is in that voluminous Vega and Sessa correspondence, of which Schak only saw a part, but which is still in the Biblioteca Nacional, a single sentence that will tend to clear up this mystery, for the sake of literature, for the sake of Spain, it ought to be published.

Spain has indeed shown a regrettable want of interest in the past in her splendid son the author of 'Don Quixote.' Independently of the doubt which for years veiled his birthplace, and that it was due to a foreign country that the doubt was solved, due also to England the first translation, and much more the first adequate edition, of his book in his native tongue—the edition published by Tonson and illustrated by Vanderbusch—it is a reproach to Cervantes' countrymen that they have not been able to discover his authentic portrait, although two at least must have been made during his lifetime. He mentions one himself, and describes his own personal appearance in the Preface to the 'Novelàs Exemplares'—truthful, doubtless, as it is not touched up by any personal vanity: "An oval visage, chestnut hair, smooth, open forehead, lively eyes, a hooked but well-proportioned nose, a silvery beard, that twenty years ago was golden, large moustaches, a small mouth, teeth not much to speak of, six in bad condition and worse placed, no two of them corresponding to each other, a figure midway between the two extremes, neither tall nor short, a vivid complexion, rather fair than

dark, somewhat stooped in the shoulders, and not very light-footed." It was upon this description William Kent founded his design for the portrait engraved by George Vertue for Tonson's edition previously referred to, which was produced at the expense of Lord Carteret, the minister who told Queen Caroline "the most agreeable and witty book ever written in the world" was lacking in her library. (See the Prologue to the 'Pastor de Filida' [Valencia, 1792] written by Mayans y Siscar, the editor of the 'Don Quixote' thus added to Queen Caroline's library.) The indifferent or inadequate Spanish editions are too numerous to mention. By far the most important, however, are those of Clemencin (Madrid, 1833–39), and that with its valuable commentaries by our own countryman John Bowle, the accomplished scholar and vicar of Idmestone, Wilts. This edition of el Reverendo Don Juan Bowle (six vols. in 3 roy. 4to) was for the most part printed at Salisbury, but the first volume in London, 1781, precedes Clemencin's and also the critical and analytical edition of Pellicer (Madrid, 1797–98), who derived many of his notes directly from Bowle, it is said, without adequate acknowledgment. Of all the French translations of 'Don Quixote,' Viardot's, 1836, with Tony Johannot's illustrations, is the best, Mr. Watts says, in spite of the trenchant attack that was made upon it by Biedermann in 'Don Quichotte et la tâche de ses traducteurs' (Paris, 1837).

Excepting that he left Valladolid soon after the Madrilenos had persuaded Philip III to make their town the capital (1606) we know little of Cervantes till the second edition of the first part of 'Don

Quixote' was brought out at Madrid in 1608; he had probably been at Seville in some of the intervening period, but at any rate the crest of the wave of success at this time had brought him within the scope of important and most influential persons who gave him their friendship. Archbishop Bernardo Sandova y Rojas, one of the most liberal-minded men who ever ruled the Inquisition, was probably instrumental in delaying the expurgation of the offending passage on works of charity which the Duchess tells Sancho if "performed coldly and feebly have no merit nor avail anything." Sandoval, Bishop of Toledo, died 1619, until which time the Holy Office took no notice of 'Don Quixote.'*

His other important friend was the Viceroy of Naples, the Conde de Lemos, nephew and son-in-law of the Duke de Lerma. Lemos outlived Cervantes, and remained his friend to the last. It was fortunate that it was so, for although honour and success had stimulated the pen that was only laid down with the life, there was no golden sunset to this brilliant day, and the dark clouds of illness and poverty were relieved by the alms of his noble patron. Cervantes' acknowledgments of these are as excessive as usual when thanking or praising his friends and contemporaries, as in the "Canto de Calliope" in the 'Galatea,' etc. Like many another writer or man of genius, he was not a good man of business to

* The inefficiency of works without charity seems to have been a stumbling-block to the Inquisition, as we find Archbishop Carranza, whose orthodoxy might have been taken as unquestionable, suffering sixteen years' imprisonment for an indiscretion. No wonder Cervantes said: "Had it not been for the Inquisition I should have made my book much more entertaining."

make the best of his wares. Speaking of a sale of comedies in MSS., he naïvely says: "I made the venture. I sold them to a bookseller, who sent them to the Press; he paid me a reasonable sum for them. I took my money meekly," etc.

After the plays and the 'Novelàs,' which in their rich variety and strength have been such a source of inspiration to later writers, the satirical poem 'Viage del Parnaso' must be mentioned. The indefatigable author had this published through the widow of Alonzo Martin at Madrid in 1614. It imitates in a degree the 'Viaggio di Parnaso' by the Perugian Cesare Caporali (Il Stemporato), 1582. Anything satirical in it is, however, relieved by Cervantes' indulgent and good-natured mention of his friends and poetasters of his time. Ticknor's judgment of the work as being of "little merit" may, as Mr. Watts says, be too severe, but undoubtedly Cervantes' poetry was not equal to his prose, and that does not reach, even in the 'Novelàs,' the level of 'Don Quixote.' Indeed, after the second part was published (November, 1615, by the same printer Juan de la Cuesta, and the same publisher Francesco Robles, as for the first part), and which *pace* Charles Lamb* is generally deemed better than the first, there could have been very little more literary work. In his dedication of the second part to the Count de Lemos, Cervantes announced the appearance of 'Persiles and Sigismunda' in four

* See Lamb's letter to Southey (August 9th, 1825): "Marry, when somebody persuaded Cervantes that he meant only fun and put him upon writing that unfortunate second part, with the confederacies of that unworthy Duke and contemptible Duchess, Cervantes sacrificed his instinct."

months; he had previously spoken of it, and 'Las Semanas del Jardin' as forthcoming; the latter was never carried out. The pathetic incident of the journey from Esquivias and the parting with the student at the bridge of Toledo, mentioned in the Prologue of 'Persiles,' is the last story told, and that concerns himself, and ends in thanking his companion for his kind advice on his ailment (dropsy) with these words: "My life is slipping away, and by the diary my pulse is keeping, which at the latest will end its reckoning this coming Sunday, I have to close my life's account. Your worship has come to know me in a rude moment, since there is no time for me to show my gratitude for the goodwill you have shown me. By this time we reached the bridge of Toledo, whither I betook myself, he turning aside to take that of Segovia."

Three weeks before his death he was received into the third order of St. Francis, whose habit he had assumed in 1613, an evidence rather of poverty perhaps than piety, and, as Mr. Watts says, it was not possible for a man to die decently, or at least be sure of decent burial, unless he was enrolled in one of the religious orders. At this time, at the height of his fame, the fortunes of Cervantes were probably at the lowest. A letter extant to the Archbishop of Toledo, in which he is thanked for his bounty, and wherein also Cervantes kisses his hands as the executor of saintly deeds, is evidence, not only of his poverty, but also of the terms he was on with the dignitaries of the Church.

Four days before the end came he writes the pathetic Dedication of 'Persiles' to the Conde de

Lemos, and says: "Yesterday they gave me Extreme Unction, and to-day I am writing. The time is short, my agonies increase, my hopes diminish." He enlarges gratefully on the Count's bounty; his mind is still busy with literature and the works he will accomplish—the 'Weeks of the Garden' and the 'Bernardo' and also a sequel to the 'Galatea,' alas! too well accomplished though unwritten. And yet, with all this, the old humour brims up an eternal fountain. He quotes the words of an old poem, and turns them to fit his own case, an echo, perhaps, of the old days at Alcala de Henares: "With one foot in the stirrup waiting the call of death." How fearless! Is this the spirit and the smile of the Gothic kings of Leon, or the merely ordinary greeting of the inevitable by a poor hidalgo? He died, as he said he should, on Sunday, April 23rd, 1616. Nominally Shakespeare died on the same day, but our calendar was then unreformed.

They have put up a tardy bust in the façade of the Trinitarian Convent in the Calle de Cantaranas —like and as unlike Cervantes as Kent's portrait; for hereabouts Cervantes' bones must have been cast after their removal with the sisters from the Convent of the Calle del Humilladero, in whose graveyard he had been buried. Long uncertain as to his birthplace, knowing only what manner of man he was from his own verbal description, Spain is yet as ignorant of the resting-place of her greatest son as of him who was buried in the Valley of Moab —"no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day."

The personal character of Cervantes, and his religion or irreligion, have been very much discussed. Individually, the text "By their fruits ye shall know them" is enough for me. We may hope that it may answer greater purposes. I have nothing to say, therefore, on the subject, but I may without offence make one or two extracts from Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly's admirable 'Life,' which has served to strengthen my own views. Mr. Kelly says, p. 299:

"On almost all topics Cervantes was a man of his own age; his opinions, his prejudices, his tendencies, his virtues, and his vices, are all essentially those of his own cycle. Take, for example, his view with regard to the Moors. Their expulsion from Spain, involving as it did an unexampled breach of public faith, seemed to him an excellent achievement, a holy work. His prejudice against the Jews was at least as strong, and the language which he allowed himself to use with regard to his Algerine captors would bring a blush to the cheek of a Dragoon—would have made a whole mess-room turn pale. . . . The writer, however, was well content to satisfy two debts at one stroke—his hatred of his captors and his contempt for ecclesiastical parasites—both abiding passions with him. But the license of language in the seventeenth century was so unbounded that we need not be surprised that the gross vituperation of these passages should have been passed by the official censor of literature, who, himself a minister of unimpeachable orthodoxy, confined his attention, as a rule, to such sentiments as seemed directed against the religion of the State.

"It is to be regretted that the most splendid precept of Christianity [Mr. Kelly is here alluding to the conversation on charity between the Duchess and Sancho] should have been, even in these ages of faith, a dead letter.

"Attempts have been made, vainly enough, to show that

Cervantes was a very liberal-minded man in religious matters, and hero-worshippers, with a singular latitudinarian idea of hero-worship, have gone farther in their endeavour to honour his memory by declaring that he was not a Catholic. The question is neither uninteresting nor unimportant, for the point involves the hypothesis that Cervantes was among the basest of living men. It is certain that he himself would have been even more astounded than indignant at his orthodoxy being questioned. So far as external conformity went, a man who was never weary of celebrating his share in the last crusade, a man who was the favourite of a cardinal, who was a member of at least one religious confraternity, who wrote canticles in praise of newly canonised saints, who received Extreme Unction on his deathbed—such a man might fairly be held to have satisfied the severest canon."

I will not follow Mr. Kelly farther, but refer the unconvinced at once to his book, and proceed to the consideration of the general aspect of the question in its literary bearing—an aspect, it may be allowed that is of far greater interest and importance than the purely individual one. This is opportunely brought to our notice in a most effective way by the recent publication of the 'Life and Letters of J. H. Shorthouse,' the author of 'John Inglesant,' a review of which appears in the 'Athenaeum' of June 3rd.

The reviewer gives this extract:

"Cervantes and Jean Paul Richter have come nearest to the conception of humour. But the one positive exception to the neglect of the Divine principle is Cervantes in 'Don Quixote.' This, as it seems to me, masterpiece of philosophic humour is, as I understand it, nothing but a representation of the struggle of the Divine principle to enter into the everyday details of human life, and the masterwork of it appears in this, that the Divine in it is

represented to be under no clumsy *machina* . . . but the reader himself is made to enter into the struggle and in most cases sides, as he does in life, with the commonplace and the material against the enthusiastic and Divine; and so unfaltering is the genius of Cervantes, that this is carried to the grave itself, before which, talked down by commonplaces, and crushed by worldly good sense, Quixote acknowledges his madness and confesses his life to have been a mistake; this is unspeakably sad, but it is true."

This is subtle analysis, but it is very clear, and might be held to justify much besides tilting at windmills. At any rate, if it be accepted, it proves beyond question, if proof were wanting, not only that Cervantes recognised to the full the Divine influence, but that his artistic power was even greater than has been generally allowed, in that side by side with the eternal truth he recognised the eternal compromise expediency.

The reviewer's truism, that "the Divine does not always fail, nor is its votary always reckoned mad," does not seem to me, in presence of the story and its purpose, to convey the reproach to Cervantes intended to be implied.

In reference to the popularity of 'Don Quixote' in England, there remains the question, after all, how far it is genuine, and in what it consists, and we have our suspicions, nay, our certainties, that all is not as true lovers of Cervantes and his work would fain have it. Suspicion of genuineness in so far as admiration for the work is the correct attitude towards it, whether the admirer has read it or not; certainty that many of its admirers have not read it at all, or only partially, skimming the surface, taking

a bird's-eye view, which saw no deeper than the re-
flection of the stars that have shimmered in their
own brilliancy upon Cervantes' humour-rippled
ocean of philosophy—stars of another art, his
numerous illustrators, who for the most part, while
dazzling a wondering world, have not revealed to it
the inner light of the work they intended to adorn
or in any way tended to make manifest the real
work of the Spaniard's masterpiece. It may be
urged that this is a hard thing to say, but it must be
allowed that it applies fairly equally in this con-
nection in art and literature generally, and the failure
in this respect to point the moral besides adorning
the tale seems to be of the nature of things. Most
authors are injured to an extent by their illustrators.
No critics are so severe upon their works, because no
critic is so convinced of the correctness of his own
point of view, his vision of the intention of the
writer, as the artist who designs his blocks (at the
risk of being deemed facetious, should we not the
rather say sometimes blocks the author's design)
and this the more assuredly when, as in the case of
'Don Quixote,' the illustrations are posthumous.
time-worn question is necessarily involved here, and
if I dwell upon it, it is not unduly to its pertinence
to the book we are considering. But the question is
not limited to the illustration of books and the pur-
port of their authors by art. The musical interpreta-
tion of the composer's intention, even in works
written for the very instrument that they may be
rendered upon, may reflect more of the idiosyncrasy
of the executant, be he ever so conscientious, than
the original spirit or individuality of the creator of

the sonata. It needs not to allude to mistranslation, or the impossibility of rendering the genius of one language by the scope of another, to raise a vision of an army of martyrs, ghosts of an intellectual past, whose eternal punishment would seem to be that of witnessing their offspring constantly maltreated by a perverse, blind, and irresponsible posterity, precept, poem, or play, at a period as remote from their origin as it is foreign to their evolution alike suffering from the rationalising of the conceived improbable or the Bowdlerising of the deemed improper. If this is to be regretted as a variable but constant percentage of loss to the present and to the future on all books of the past, how acute that regret becomes in relation to works of genius which are epoch-making in human thought, such as the book we are considering. In 'Don Quixote,' as I have endeavoured to show, it is not, as with many other books, that it suffers from adaptation to an unimaginative period, or that it had to be made palatable to a passing taste, but that in too many instances its illustrations were drawn to make it *go down*, as a publisher might say, with the public, seizing what a commercial view might see as its salient points, and sacrificing everything to the ridiculous—to make it go down, indeed, by roaring away every scintilla of deeper thought or philosophy in inextinguishable laughter. The failure to illustrate 'Don Quixote' adequately is not the reproach of the artists, but due to the nature of the work itself. Cervantes used the subjects illustrated as a means to an end, and if that end was as dependent upon the psychological and the introspective elements of the book as it was upon the physical

and incidental, the latter at least were susceptible of the more striking, if not picturesque, treatment by art, and the publishers, if not the artists, would consequently adopt them.

Having adopted them, it must be admitted that the merit of the illustrations varies very much, and I concur generally in the criticisms Mr. Ashbee made in his notable lecture. Our own Smirke and Westall, of course, with Stodhardt, have their especial charm. It is much to be regretted that only one of Hogarth's illustrations appears in Tonson's edition, and that unsigned, his other designs being rejected for those of Vanderbusch. But whatever excellences or shortcomings the illustrations may include from Solomon Savey to Gustave Doré, the fact remains that they have assisted materially in giving a false impression of the scope of Cervantes' great work.

This is not a case covered by the most recent writer on the subject (one, I may say, who likes a joke, and can either draw it or write it), and whose *dictum* is that "pictures and the text, being inseparable, should be seen together." Nor is the case quite covered by Sir Walter Scott's opinion in his letter to Ellis, 1804, concerning the proposed illustrations to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," viz.:

"After all, perhaps nothing is more difficult than for a painter to adopt the author's ideas of an imaginary character, especially when it is founde on traditions to which the artist is a stranger. should like at least to be at his elbow when work."

Mr. Ashbee, in the excellent lecture I have me

tioned, relies too much on this pronouncement of Scott; he is much nearer the mark, and indeed hits, I think, the right nail on the head when he himself says: "'Don Quixote' has been treated generally as a book for children, and bepictured accordingly; here lies the error: it is, in fact, a work of profound philosophy." As a painter, let me add one word more to this by no means new subject. I would ask, is it not rather that we take a wrong position in regard to illustrations generally? Should we not look upon these prints and pictures, etc., frankly as illustrations of the artists, and not of the books, admitting art as possible embellishment where we can? I must not allow myself to speak of paintings or the suitability of Coypel's designs for decorative purposes. I conclude this branch of my subject with a tribute to one masterpiece of the English school, Leslie's "Sancho Panza and the Duchess."

There are myriads of people in England who if asked suddenly for their opinion of this work of Cervantes would answer in all good faith that it was an extravagant jest at the best, and if there was some idea at the bottom aimed at chivalry, it would have to be dug out of a heap of absurdity, and when found would be worth neither the time nor trouble expended. Now I am quite aware that it may be fairly argued here that Cervantes courted this kind of popularity by the treatment of his subject. Undoubtedly he did so. When you can only get a small audience in the stalls, you must play to the gallery; but as civilisation and culture advances the stalls increase and you have to play to them, knowing that the gallery at such a time is able to take very

good care of itself. At the time 'Don Quixote' was written the gallery was everything to Cervantes; the stalls looked rather askance; they were shocked. Independently of the attack on the chevalesque order of which they were, don and hidalgo, lineal descendants, and whose characteristic attributes and traditions they all, as proud inheritors, were bound to uphold and maintain, this huge joke of rough-and-tumble no amount of underlying philosophy could make them comfortably swallow. The gallery, the people whose literary pabulum had been for years extravagant stories, of which 'Amadis of Gaul' was the highest type, were not unprepared for another extravagance, where the wonder and the interest—with laughter moreover—went the other way. A crowd is fickle, often for sympathy, always for mirth: for generations the people had wondered and sympathised with Amadis, but on the instant that 'Quixote' appeared the other and his following were cast to the winds in a great shout of laughter. No book was ever so popular, no book ever had such an instant success. Some seven or eight editions were printed in the first year, six remaining extant. The genius that had lain fallow for twenty years—Cervantes had written nothing since the 'Galatea'—flowered again to some purpose. The pen that had lain idle so long was dipped in the ink of gentle and mirth-provoking humour, and pricked the overgrown, if rainbow-tinted, bubble of knight-errantry, to collapse for-ever.

We have used the term "playing to the gallery," but let us not understand by this that Cervantes was appealing to the lowest instincts; indeed, it is matter

for some surprise that, in this late Renaissance period in Spain, his book is so pure as it is. The spirit of the 'Decameron' was about, and pervaded the innumerable stories whose origin we trace to Bocaccio; Brantome was still alive and telling merry tales in France, and the daughters of dames of *par le monde* but of untainted reputation were yet to sit out unblushingly the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher and Philip Massinger. At any rate, let the state of manners and morals of the bulk of the people in Spain and Europe generally have been what they might, there is no intentional sop to licentiousness throughout the book, and it needed comparatively very little editing for the young person by Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar at a later epoch. The transition had come for many things: if the drama and popular prints were not immaculate, blasphemy and bestiality no longer parodied pagan saturnalia before Christian altars: the people had been scandalised as well as the Church. The writings of Cervantes at least, whether in plays and poems, 'Novelas Exemplares' or 'Don Quixote,' were exemplary. Sir William Temple, when speaking of works of satire and rebuking Rabelais for his indecency and profaneness, says the matchless writer of 'Don Quixote' is much more to be admired for having made up so excellent a composition of satire or ridicule without those ingredients, and seems to be the highest strain that ever has been, or will be, reached in that vein ('Works,' London, 1814, 8vo, vol. iii, p. 436). It has been said that in writing 'Don Quixote' Cervantes, like all great authors, "builded better than he knew." His critics have

also pretended to see beyond his own expressed intention in the book all kinds of ideas and references to the political condition of Spain, writing in which is concealed subtle references to the ruling powers, from the King to the Grand Inquisitor, or a warning to popery and antichrist, while others see in the book only the vulgar jest of an illiterate at the expense of an institution he was incapable of comprehending; a few recognise a nobler and loftier aim, and affect to see symbolised the eternal conflict of the spirit in a sphere bounded by the commonplaces of humanity. In this connection it is of the greater interest when we remember that at the time 'Don Quixote' was being printed in Spain "Hamlet" was being perfected in England.

It has been remarked that what Dryden said of Shakespeare's characters is of equal application to those of Cervantes: "He drew them not laboriously but luckily." There are no lay figures in his picture the figures are all touched from the life, nothing redundant, not a touch too much, and all coming on the scene without effort, but with natural effect neither the style nor the pace is forced, but one event leads to another with that inevitableness that while it partakes of nature, is one of the characteristics of all great art. The Don and Sancho, the Housekeeper and Niece, the Priest and the Barber the Innkeepers and the Picaroons and Freebooters the Duke and Duchess, Dorothea, Dulcinea, Sancho's wife, and even Maritornes, all live to us as we mention them, distinct, crisp, and statuesque, but as mobile in the book as they are characteristic. They are familiar to us as household words, and have

become prototypes of a legion of personifications which have delighted us in modern fiction. Whether as conjured in emulation by the 'Wizard of the North' (Scott admitted his inspiration by Cervantes), or in the pages of Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, and others, sometimes in caricature as in Hudibras, sometimes in humour and pathos as in Sterne's Uncle Toby, and sometimes in the chivalric tenderness of a Dobbin or a Colonel Newcome, modern literature owes an everlasting debt to Spain, not only for the 'Novelàs,' but for that which has abundantly served as a model in character-drawing, and for the searchings of heart of introspection—'Don Quixote.'

I have said that the book marked a transition; it was abrupt; "the old order changeth"; the old, extravagant, and fictitious chivalry of Amadis and his followers was gone for ever as utterly as Thor and Wodin.

But they have left their rainbow bridge; and that symbol of hope shall light those toilers in the garden of fiction who distil from flowers of their own planting the perfume of another world comixed with the sweetness of their own souls. Fable might have been feeble without its Arthur, its Lancelot, and its Parsifal. History would have been dark without its Black Princes, its Bayards, its du Guesclins, but modern life would have been dull indeed in its science and its method without its manly Scott, its gentle Goldsmith, its humanising Thackeray and Dickens.

A new knight-errantry leaps into the saddle henceforth.

"To ride abroad redressing human wrong
To break the heathen, and uphold the Christ."

is the devoir of warriors armed with the pen—the pen of the cultured and conscientious journalist, the honest critic, and the clean playwright: by these, at least, true chivalry shall never be disgraced.

I have little more to add but to echo the great chorus of the admirers of Cervantes at this our festival in his honour; they are cosmopolitan and their name is legion. If there yet be detractors, I would urge to such that this illiterate person, this "*mere* uncultured evil," "this *ingenio lego*," but "latinless author," who nevertheless is an integral part of the bed-rock of modern literature, this Cervantes of so little academical learning, was a graduate and a fellow in that wider scholarship whose library is the universe and whose books are mankind.

APPENDIX.

'Don Quixote' in the Original.

Part I, 1st Edition.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, compuesto por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, etc., 1605. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta.

Vendese en casa de Francisco de Robles librere del Rey, Nuestro senor.

Part I, 2nd Edition.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha Em Lisboa, Impresso con liçença do Santo officio por George Rodriguez, 1605.

Part I, 2nd Edition.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Con Privilegio de Castilla Aragon, y Portugal. Madrid: Juan la Cuesta, 1605.

Part I.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Impressa con licencia en casade Pedro Patricio Mey, 1605.

Part I.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. En Brusselas por Roger Velpius, 1607 (piratical ?)

Part I (the true 2nd Edition).

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta, 1608.

An edition supervised and corrected by the author, it is the basis of the editions of the Spanish Academy.

Part II.

Segunda parte del ingenioso Cavallero Don Quixote de la Mancha, etc. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta, 1615.

This is the first edition of Cervantes' second part, in quarto of 584 pages. Similar in form and execution to Cuesta's first part, with the same devices, etc., on title-page.

THE COMPLETE 'DON QUIXOTE.'

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. (Ambas Partes). À Costa de Juan Simon. Barcelona: 1617, 2 vols. 8vo.

The two parts are not printed uniformly.

Primera y segunda parte del ingenioso hidalgo, etc. Madrid: Francesco Martinez, 2 vols., 4to, 1637.

This, according to Navarette, is the first complete edition.

Vida y Heckos del ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote,

etc. En Bruselas por Juan de Monmarte, 1662, 2 vols., 8vo.

This edition was the first in which the title was altered, and is also the first embellished with plates.

Vida y Hechos del ingenioso hidalgo, etc. Londres, J. and R. Tonson, 4 vols. large 4to., 1738, with copperplates designed by Vanderbusch, and engraved by Vertue and Vandergucht.

This is the edition brought out under the auspices of Lord Carteret for Queen Caroline's library, edited by Mayans y Siscar, the portrait of Cervantes made up from description by William Kent.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Madrid: 4 vols. imp. 4to, 1780.

Academy edition, with corrections and emendations adopted from Mayans y Siscar.

La historia del famoso Cavallero Don Quixote, etc. Con annotaciones indices y varias lecciones par el reverendo Don Juan Bowle, 6 vols. in 3 roy. 4to. (The first volume printed in London, the rest at Salisbury.) 1781.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Nueva edicione corregida de nuevo, con nuevas notas, con nuevas estampas, con nueva analisis y con la vida nuevamente; comentado por Don Juan Antonio Pellicer. Madrid: Sancha, 1797–98, 5 vols., 8vo.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Madrid: 1819, 4 vols., 8vo.

This is the fourth and latest edition of the Academy.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Commentado por Don Diego Clemencin. Madrid: 1833–39, 6 vols., 4to.

"This is the famous edition of Clemencin," etc.

El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Edicion corregida con especial studio de la primera, por Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch, Argamasilla de Alba. Rivadeneyra: 4 vols., 12mo., 1863. Printed at Argamasilla in beautiful style with excellent type, paper, and print.

There have been several other Spanish editions since

and one of the first part only, with conjectural emendations of no value. (Aguerrebano—see Watts' 'Life of Cervantes,' p. 271.)

Translations are innumerable and in many languages; the most important only of England and France are given in this Bibliography.

English Translations.

The eight English translations of 'Don Quixote' that Mr. Watts deems of literary or biographical value :

1.

The history of the valorous and wittie knight errant Don Quixote of the Mancha. Printed for Ed. Blount and W. Barret. 2 vols., small 4to, 1612–20.

This is Shelton's translation and dedicated to Lord Walden. Who Thomas Shelton was has not been discovered.

2.

The history of the most renowned Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Now made English according to the humour of our modern language. Folio, London, 1687.

This was the translation by John Milton's nephew. Mr. Watts characterises it as "a poor ribald piece of work," etc.

3.

The history of the renowned Don Quixote. Translated from the original by several hands, and published by Peter Motteux. 4 vols., 12mo. London, 1710.

Motteux's version rated too highly by Lockhart.

4.

The life and exploits of the ingenious gentleman Don Quixote of la Mancha. Translated by Charles Jarvis. 2 vols., 4to. London, 1742.

"This was a posthumous work of Charles Jarvis's, the painter, the friend of Pope," etc.

5.

The history and adventures of Don Quixote. Translated from the Spanish by Charles T. Smollett. 2 vols., 4to. London, 1755.

"Smollett knew nothing of Spanish, and seems to have used a French original. This was evidently an enterprise started by booksellers in opposition to Jarvis."

6.

The history of Don Quixote. Illustrated by engravings after R. Smirke, R.A. 4 vols., 8vo. London, 1818.

"A translation made by the artist's sister, who seems to have had no more Spanish than her predecessors. The plates are strikingly unlike anything in the text."

7.

The ingenious Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha. A new translation by A. J. Duffield. 3 vols., 8vo. London, 1851.

"With all the poetry, as appears from a recent publication of it done by Mr. J. Y. Gibson."

8

The ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha. By John Ormsby. 4 vols., 8vo. London, 1885.

French Translations.

Le valoureux Don Quixote de la Mancha, etc. Traduit fidelement par Cesar Oudin. 8vo. Paris, 1616.

The first translation of the first part only.

Historie de l'admirable Don Quixote de la Mancha. 4 vols., 12mo. Paris, 1677–78.

"This is by Filleau de St. Martin, and, like nearly all the French versions, very unfaithful."

L'Ingenieux hidalgo Don Quichottes. Traduit et annoté par Louis Viardot. 2 vols., 8vo. Paris, 1836.

"First published with the woodcuts of Torry Johannot, which are very spirited but very un-Spanish. M. Viardot's is by far the best of the French translations."

The translation by Florian of 'Don Quixote,' published in 1799, which Mr. Watts characterises as a mere abridgement, but with certain graces of style, though as unlike the original grace of Cervantes as possible.

Besides the authorities I have quoted in this paper, my grateful acknowledgments are due for kind assistance to Henry Jenner, Esq., F.S.A., etc., A. G. Browning, Esq., F.S.A., J. S. Shedlock, Esq., R.A.M., etc., and Dr. Percy W. Ames, F.S.A.

THE RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS CARLYLE.*

BY THE VEN. HENRY E. J. BEVAN, M.A., F.R.S.L.,
ARCHDEACON OF MIDDLESEX.

[Read November 22nd, 1905.]

It is, no doubt, in due keeping with the natural order of things that the Rector of Chelsea should discourse on the Sage of Chelsea; nevertheless, in trying so to do, one is painfully reminded of the saying of Hegel that "a great man condemns the world to the task of explaining him," also of the retort made by the same great German thinker when a clever French writer airily challenged him to sum up his teaching in a few sentences: "It is not easy—especially in French."

If I am condemned to the task of attempting to explain Thomas Carlyle, it is because of my own presumption in rashly yielding to the invitation of the Council of this Institution; for ever since I promised this paper, on the strength of local associations (for Carlyle used to write in my garden, smoke in my study, and keep his horse in my stables), I have been haunted by the answer to a

* This paper cannot lay claim to much originality. I am chiefly indebted to the ideas of some seven or eight writers, three of whom are mentioned by name.

similar plea, put forward under graver circumstances: "We did eat and drink in Thy presence, and Thou didst teach in our streets."

And now for my task.

It has been said that you cannot reduce Carlyle to a system, and that is true. His teaching is usually antithetical. At one moment he argues violently for black, at another for white, and he leaves you to reconcile the two positions as best you may.

The British temperament has always been proud of an ingredient which our American brethren have named "cussedness"; and there was certainly in Carlyle a deep-rooted and unconquerable vein of this national quality, which objected on principle to agreeing, or seeming to agree, with any single human being or with any commonly received opinion of human society. In this respect we may compare him with Dr. Samuel Johnson, to whom the devout assent of Boswell to any proposition that had fallen from his lips was never allowed to pass uncontradicted. Inconsistency was a prerogative with Carlyle the exercise of which he would permit to no one else. "Intolerant of system at all times," writes one of his biographers, "he praised German literature on the ground that it was devoid of particular theories, that there was seldom anything definite or precise about its doctrines." He shared the opinion of the late Professor Jowett, expressed in my hearing to an ultra-orthodox clergyman who had enthusiastically praised the views of a well-known theologian on the ground that they were "so delightfully clear and definite." "Surely," retorted Jowett, "there is

nothing that is absolutely untrue but that which is clear and definite!"

When Carlyle was first recognised in London as a rising author, we find that the literary public were unable to label or understand him. Was he a Scotch peasant or a German philosopher? Was he a Chartist at heart or an Absolutist? a Calvinist like Knox or a Deist like Hume? a Feudalist with Scott or a Democrat with Burns?

He claimed to have a mission; but it was less to formulate any new creed than to denounce the insufficiency of all shallow modes of belief. For, though he always strove to sympathise with positive work, and urged incessantly the superiority of constructive over destructive effort, he was ever more disposed to pull down than to build up; and he sympathised with Cromwell, with Frederick the Great, and with the leaders of the French Revolution, in large measure for what they destroyed rather than for what they created.

It is true, no doubt, that he approved of some of the constructive movements of the past, but he had only contempt and ridicule for those of the present. The remedies he himself advocated for the evils of the time were, for the most part, impossible and impracticable; and because he saw that they were so, he gave up the world—or nine tenths of it—as corrupt and fallen beyond redemption.

All this finds clear illustration in his political views. Notwithstanding his democratic instincts and his intense feeling for the people, he regarded as abject and suicidal folly the suggestion that they should be permitted to govern themselves. He

considered that scarce one man in a hundred ha[illegible] sufficient knowledge, character, or detachment [illegible]f mind to even be entrusted with a vote in the choic[illegible]e of a ruler.

Dean Stanley used to tell a story that illustrat[illegible]s this. It was to the effect that, meeting Carlyle o[illegible]e evening at a dinner party, Lord Rosebery a[illegible]d several other young politicians attempted to pre[illegible]s upon the sage the duty of trusting the people in t[illegible]e matter of self-government. Carlyle grunted [illegible]at their arguments for awhile, and then exclaim[illegible]d with solemn vehemence and emotion, "I care f[illegible]or the people of this land and for their truest interes[illegible]ts more than ony of ye, and for their sakes I hold th[illegible]t, at all costs, the wise should govern the fools: a[illegible]d let me tell ye, Muster Rosebery, it will be a domn[illegible]d bad day for the fools when they don't."

It should be noted, by the way, that by "fools[illegible]" Carlyle did not mean idiots or simpletons. He use[illegible]d the term in its *quasi*-Pauline sense, to indicate thos[illegible]e whom he considered incompetent, for one reason o[illegible]r another, to deal with the problems at issue.

Carlyle cares for no form of government that does [illegible]s not succeed in placing supreme power in the hands [illegible]s of a wise man or of wise men; and this principle [illegible] it is which explains the real nature of the doctrine [illegible] he so constantly advocates—that might is right. [illegible] By "might" he never means mere physical strength.

"Of conquest," he writes, "we may say that it never yet went by brute force: conquest of that kind does not endure. The strong man—what is he? The wise man. His muscles and bones are not stronger than ours; but his soul is stronger, clearer, nobler. Late in man's history,

yet clearly at length, it becomes manifest to the dullest that mind is stronger than matter, that not brute force, but only persuasion and faith, is the king of this world. intellect, character, have to govern the earth, and will do it."

Thus, in Carlyle's philosophy, the phrase "might is right" implies that virtue is, in all cases, a property of strength, and strength of virtue; that "power of any sort, which possesses any considerable faculty of endurance, carries with it the seal and signal of its claim to respect; that whatever has established itself has, in the very act, established its right to be established."

Dr. Nichol, who brings out this point very clearly, also remarks that Carlyle is never careful enough to keep before his readers what he must himself have perceived—that victory belongs by right, not to force of will alone, apart from pure and just conceptions of worthy ends.

It is in consonance with his principle that "right is might," that the cry of "oppressed nationalities" was to him mere cant. He had no sympathy during the American War with the movement for the abolition of slavery. He considered that the negroes were not fit for freedom, and so sided with the South rather than with the North. For while he abhorred cruelty and injustice, he was convinced that the vast majority of men and women were meant to serve rather than to rule—to live a dependent rather than an independent life. Thus, we are not surprised to find that the kind of political movements that usually count for "progress" in a country were not such as to win his benediction, as the following passage from

Froude's 'Life' testifies ('London Life,' vol. ii, pp. 485, 486).

"He was especially irritated when he heard the ordinary cant about progress, unexampled prosperity, etc. 'Progress whither?' he would ask, 'and prosperity in what? People talk as if each step which they took was in the nature of things a step upward, as if each generation was necessarily wiser and better than the one before, as if there was no such thing as progressing down to hell, as if human history was anything else but a history of birth and death, advance and decline, of rise and fall, in all that men have ever made or done.' The only progress to which Carlyle would allow the name was moral progress, the only prosperity the growth of better and nobler men and women and as humanity could only expand into high dimensions in an organic society when the wise ruled and the ignorant obeyed, the progress which consisted in destroying authority and leaving everyone to follow his own will and pleasure was progress down to the devil and his angels. That, in his opinion, was the course in which we were all hurrying on in such high spirits. Of the theory of equality of voting—the good and the bad on the same level, Judas Iscariot and Paul of Tarsus counting equal at the polling-booth—the annals of human infatuation, he used to say, did not contain the equal.

"Sometimes he thought that we were given over and lost, without remedy, that we should rot away through inglorious centuries, sinking ever deeper into anarchy, protected by our strip of sea from a violent end till the earth was weary of us. At other times the inherent manliness of the English race, inherited from nobler ages and not yet rinsed out of them, gave him hopes that we might yet be delivered."

Carlyle is weakest when he proposes practical remedies. It is easy to recommend an oligarchy or

dictatorship of wisdom, but first you must find and prove your wise man. The ruler who will sympathise truly and justly and fully with the manifold claims of a vast population split up into many classes and embodying many conflicting interests is not only difficult to find but is not to be found at all.

Nevertheless, Carlyle's ideal was not put forward in vain; for even if it cannot be realised it serves to remind men that power and responsibility should, under no system of government, be entrusted to those who are morally and intellectually unworthy of them. If the franchise of a country fails to give us the best men to manage our affairs, then is the system, so far, a disastrous failure, fraught with evil for the community, no matter how many thousands of votes are recorded in carrying it out.

Passing from politics, we have, as a second dogma in Carlyle's ethical creed, his deification of work. He deified work as he deified strength, and rather sympathised with the inadequate definition of genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." He looked with disfavour upon all literary work that was dashed off easily, and deprecated Scott's writings, partly on the ground that they revealed, in his opinion, insufficient labour of preparation. His remarks in his review of Scott are worth quoting:

"Virgil and Tacitus, were they ready writers? The whole prophecies of Isaiah are not equal in extent to this cobweb of a review article: but think of the blood-cost to him! Shakespeare, we may fancy, wrote with rapidity, but not till he had thought with intensity . . . no easy writer he! Neither was Milton one of your mob of gentlemen that write with facility. Gœthe tells us that he 'had

nothing sent to him in his sleep,' no page of his but h knew well how it came there. Schiller 'never could ge done.' Dante sees himself 'growing lean' over his 'Divin Comedy,' in stern, solitary death wrestling with it t prevail over it and do it, if his uttermost faculty may Hence, too, it is done and prevailed over, and the fiery lif of it endures for evermore among men. No! Creation, on would think, cannot be easy. Your Jove has severe pain and fire-flames in the head, out of which an armed Palla is struggling. As for mere manufacture, that is a differen matter. . . . Write by steam if thou canst contrive i and sell it, but hide thou it like virtue."

That Carlyle himself laboured to produce, and so acted up to his own counsels of perfection, there can be no doubt. Froude tells us that for a single magazine article on Diderot he devoured twenty-five ponderous volumes, and that there is not a spot mentioned in his 'History of Frederick the Great' which he did not visit in person. His test of a people or nation was their industry; and he declared that in freedom itself there was nothing to raise a man above a butterfly—if he were only free.

His gospel of work has done much to vindicate the dignity of labour in English-speaking lands; but he laid insufficient stress upon the fact that work of itself—apart from the temper in which it is done—has no necessarily saving and elevating value for the human soul. As the efficacy of pain depends on the sufferer, so does the ennobling influence of work on the character depend upon the worker. If duty be done as drudgery, if pain be endured in bitter stoicism, no good can come of either. The result, in either case, can but be a hardening of the heart. Labour is transmuted from a curse into a blessing

by the secret alchemy of love. Work of itself could not avail to rescue Carlyle from the gloom and despair of those closing years of his life when he would repeat, often and often, the famous lines of Macbeth:

> "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps on this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time:
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more. It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."

These lines, which he loved, bring us to the third doctrine of his ethical code—his deification of "Lamentation and mourning and woe."

He was a martyr to ill-health from early days at Craigenputtoch, and this martyrdom bred within him a veritable pride in pain.

The personality that attracts him—and to which he turns again and again in his writings—is that of the man who wrestles with sickness and weakness of body, intellectual doubt and darkness, and an environment of misfortune; the man who makes the most of a little light and few advantages; the man who, like himself, could rise, in defiance of life's difficulties—a Mohammed, an Oliver Cromwell, a Samuel Johnson. Defiance of danger, darkness, and opposition of all sorts, was a religion with him, and accounts for his intense appreciation of Odin and the Scandinavian mythology. He revelled in

that primitive faith of the volcano, the thunder-cloud and the lightning flash, and perhaps (as one writer suggests) there was not wanting a certain grim enjoyment of the spectacle of the inadequacy of human effort as against the all-compelling "Norns" or Fates. But, more than with his gospel of work, more than with his worship of sorrow, will Carlyle's name be for ever associated with his hatred of shams and his stern advocacy of truth. In his old age he said of his books:

> "I have had but one thing to say from beginning to end of them, and that was that there is no reliance for this world or any other but just the truth; and that, if men do not want to be damned to all eternity, they had best give up lying and all kinds of falsehood; that this world is far gone already through lying, and that there is no hope for it but just so far as men find out and believe the truth and match their own lives to it."

It is here that Carlyle's philosophy has been subjected to severe and not undeserved criticism. It is easy to wax eloquent about "truth" and "shams," but when we strive to interpret these terms in the light of Carlyle's own teaching, we discover that they are subject to serious limitations. His books make it evident that for truth in its simplicity, for truth in any positive sense of the term, he cared little or nothing. Rather did he mean by it a sort of bold, defiant originality, a looking into the heart of things with little or no prospect of solving the mystery, a desperate honesty of *quasi*-agnostic sentiment.

Of that transparent clearness of thought and

language which delights in plain and definite statement he knew nought. His "veracities" and "eternal verities" were all wrapped in a partly luminous, partly chaotic, atmosphere of magnificent vagueness.

Again (as Mr. Hutton points out), what he meant by "hatred of shams," "exposure of unveracities," "defiance of the Everlasting No," "affirmation of the Everlasting Yea," and the like, was not so much the love of truth as the love of Divine force, the love of that which had genuine strength and effective character in it, the denunciation of imbecilities, the scorn for the dwindled life of mere precedent and conventionality, the contempt for extinct figments—not so much because they were figments as because they were extinct, and would no longer bear the strain put upon them by human passion. Carlyle, in short, was the interpreter to his generation far less of the "veracities" and "verities" of life, of which he writes perpetually, than of the moral, social, and spiritual spells or "symbols" which, for good or for evil, have exercised a great imaginative influence over large communities of men—nations, classes, churches. This is very evident when we come to examine Carlyle's religion and religious beliefs. It must be confessed that here his "veracities" and "verities" are hopelessly vague and unintelligible. Someone has said that there is an "everlasting yea" and an "everlasting nay" in every one of them, which are only too evenly balanced. He is constantly girding at the "cant" of stereotyped beliefs, as though it were almost a fatal disadvantage that a religious doctrine should have claimed human assent

for long together. But his apparent assumption that each one must discover his own religion for himself is preposterous. It is equivalent to proposing that every scientific student should educate himself in science without reference to the discoveries of the past, and be left to make his own discoveries as best he may. The religious experience of the past is as essential to the man of God as the scientific experience of the past is essential to the physical philosopher. It is true that, in the religious life, a man must test traditional beliefs, as far as may be, by personal experience, but that is a widely different thing from the facile rejection of all he has, as yet, failed to grasp or assimilate. Surely there is far more "cant" in that foolish affectation of originality in religion which so readily, nowadays, flies to anything out of the common, than in that instinctive clinging to the creed and worship of centuries, which evinces, at all events, the grace of humility and a teachable spirit. Moreover, it is not everyone who can bear personal testimony to the ultimate foundations of revealed truth, though everyone with a religion at all can bear personal testimony to the spiritual strength it affords in his own case. No one knew this better than Carlyle, for he bore the most eloquent testimony to the depth and sincerity of the faith of his own parents; and yet—so far as we can judge—his profound scorn for traditional beliefs struck, in principle, at the sincerity of theirs.

Again, it has been pointed out that Carlyle plays fast and loose with the great words and phrases of theology, inasmuch as they are constantly employed by him as counters having ever-varying values. The

same counter seldom retains its value for long together.

When it suits his purpose "God" becomes a personal being; when it suits his purpose God is deprived of personality.

Christ is spoken of at one moment as the Divine Saviour, at another as a mere human "symbol" of truth, destined to "have His day and cease to be."

Providence is declared, on one page, to embrace every action of our lives; on the next the sad complaint is made that "God does nothing," that no sign is given by which we may be assured that our lives are not at the mercy of Chance or blind Fate, destined to vanish like aimless bubbles into the immensity of space, as though they had never been.

Shall we say, then, that there is no "cant" in the glib use of these value-shifting, untrustworthy counters, as though they were standard current coin of religious thought and speech, that there was nothing sham in the solemn appeals put forth by Carlyle—when it served his turn—to eternal "verities" and "veracities," which he elsewhere brushes away, or sighs away, as empty names?

Carlyle was, in truth, a great preacher to mankind—nay, he was at root a genuinely religious man, for the religious spirit, in its widest and profoundest sense, was the dominating factor of his inner life; but it is equally certain that his doctrine of cant had its double edge, and that most of his characteristic anathemas "went home to roost."

Carlyle has been called "a Calvinist without Christianity" and "a Puritan without a Creed." Nevertheless it must not be supposed that he was

destitute of strong convictions. The negative side of his creed was as strong as the positive side was weak. Half his teaching, for example is a protest against all forms of materialism. The economic and mechanical spirit of the age—faith in mere steel, or stone, or electricity—was as hateful to him as to Ruskin.

"I do not want cheaper cotton," he writes, "I do not want swifter railways; I want what Novalis calls 'God, Freedom, and Immortality.' Will lightning speed and sacrifices to Hudson help me towards that?" "Protoplasm," he writes elsewhere, "or the unpleasant doctrine that we are all—soul and body—made of a kind of blubber found in nettles, among other organisms, appears to be delightful to many. Yesterday there came a pamphlet, published at Lewes, a hallelujah on the advent of atheism. . . . The real joy of the author, a sort of scientific Julian the Apostate, was what surprised me, for it was the veritable shout of a hyæna on finding that the whole universe was actually carrion. In about seven minutes my great Julian was torn in two and lying in the place fit for him. . . . 'Man is only a little higher than the tadpoles,' says our new evangelist. . . . Nobody need argue with these people. Logic never will decide the matter, or will seem to decide it their way. He who traces nothing of God in his own soul will never find God in the world of matter; mere circlings of force there, of iron regulation, of universal death and merciless indifference. . . . Matter itself is either nothing or else a product due to man's mind. The fast-increasing flood of Atheism takes no hold on me, does not even wet the soles of my feet."

For Carlyle was no more an atheist than he was a materialist.

"Had no God made this world," he exclaims, "it were

an insupportable place. Laws without a Lawgiver! Matter without Spirit! It is a gospel of dirt. All that is good, generous, wise, right, . . . who could by any possibility have given it to me but One who first had it to give?"

It is strange that the same argument did not impress him as regards the personal being of God—about which, on occasion, he speaks dubiously.

In an essay on the "futilities" of political economy—a science which was one of his pet aversions—he traces the troubles of modern England, including the war between labour and capital, to the loss of religious principle, and the consequent slackening of the sense of duty and moral obligation.

"What a contrast," he continues, "between now and, say, one hundred years ago. At that not far distant date, and still more conspicuously for ages before it, all England awoke each morning to its work with an invocation to the eternal Maker to bless them in their day's labour and help them to do it well. Now, all England awakens as if it were with an unspoken but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub: 'Oh, help us, thou great lord of shoddy, adulteration, and bad work, to do our business with the maximum of slimness, swiftness, profit, and mendacity, for the devil's sake. Amen.'"

There is infinite truth in this bitter passage, though we cannot quite accept its historical statement. For if "all England" ever had commenced the day with a real prayer to God that its work might be done well and truly, we should most assuredly have avoided the difficulties of the present time, which are largely the evil legacy of ancient abuses.

It is worthy of note that as Carlyle grew older his

faith in God became simpler, and that for the last years of his life he found comfort in the sacred invocation of the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven"; for his lifelong thought had been of the stern Taskmaster above, exacting from each servant the full measure of service. Hence he would have nothing to do with hedonistic theories of life—the "worship of Astarte," as he called it. There is that indignant passage in 'Sartor Resartus,' where he rends in pieces the trumpery popular theory that we are sent into the world to be comfortable:

"Foolish soul! what act of legislature was there that thou shouldst be happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to be at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy? Art thou nothing other than a vulture, then, that fliest through the universe seeking after somewhat to eat, and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy Byron: open thy Gœthe."

Or again, in a similar passage:

"Why this complaining? Fancy thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), and thou wilt find it happiness to be only shot. Or fancy thou deservest to be hanged in a hair halter, and it will be a luxury to die in hemp."

That seems to represent Carlyle's genuine conviction. He could not persuade himself that God does, as a matter of fact, care for "the likes of us," and is, indeed, morally bound so to care. His imagination, in short, failed to realise the need or actuality of Divine love.

He clung more and more closely to a dim faith in immortality and a future life, as he lost, one by

one, those near and dear to him. On his father's death he wrote:

"Man follows man. His life is a tale that has been told; yet, under Time, does there not lie Eternity? . . . Perhaps my father—all that essentially was my father—is even now near me, with me. Both he and I are with God. Perhaps we shall in some higher state of being meet one another, recognise one another. . . . The possibility, nay, in some way, the certainty, of perennial existence daily grows plainer to me."

His own experience (says Froude) that the mind did not necessarily decay with the body, confirmed his conviction that it was not a function of the body, but that it had another origin and might have another destination.

He speaks of prayer, in a long letter written upon the subject to a young inquirer in 1870, as follows:

"Prayer is the aspiration of our poor, struggling, heavy-laden soul towards its Eternal Father, and, with or without words, ought not to become impossible; nor, I persuade myself, need it ever."

Lastly, he continued to the end to read the Bible, "the significance of which," to quote his own words, he found "deep and wonderful—almost as much as it ever used to be." It remained with him "the best of books ever written"; and we are all familiar with the anecdote of how, on one occasion in a Scotch country house, being asked to read at family prayers the first chapter of his favourite book—the Book of Job, he soon lost himself in its sublimely dramatic contents, and did not leave off until he

had read aloud the whole forty-two chapters, to the last verse.

His religion throughout was semi-Jewish, semi-puritan, and the watchwords of its stern law of duty were "work" and "self-surrender." He held, with Browning, that "God's in His heaven," but not that "all's right with the world." "His view (says Mr. R. H. Hutton) was the Zoroastrian ἀθάνατος μάχη, the never-ending struggle between light and darkness, good and evil; and the Calvinism of his mother, who said "The world is a lie, but God is truth," landed him in a dilemma for which he had no solution, "Did, then, God make and love a lie? or did He make it hating it?"

One religious aversion of Carlyle's, which alone remains to be noticed, is not a little surprising. Not only did he detest Unitarianism, describing Strauss and Renan as "neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, but poor crossbred things that deserved the bat fate, viz., to be killed amongst the bats as a bird, and among the birds as a bat"; not only did he speak with loathing of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' and of Renan's effort in the same direction; but even within the boundaries of the Church of England he had little or no sympathy with liberal thought.

Unorthodox as he was himself, he complained of the falling off of the old Scotch faith, and habitually spoke of the Church of England with sincere regard as "the most respectable teaching body at present in existence." He thought it might continue to exist if its friends would let it alone and stick to the Prayer Book. The metaphor he employs is characteristic though not flattering. "Your rusty

kettle," he says, "will continue to boil your water for you, if you don't try to mend it. Begin tinkering, and there is an end to your kettle." His recorded estimates of the leading theologians of the day, and his personal relations with them, are hopelessly bewildering. His life-long friendship with Erskine of Linlathen is intelligible, though he did not extend the same charity to what he regarded as "the muddle-headedness" of Frederic Denison Maurice, Erskine's spiritual son. The essayists and reviewers —*septem contra Christum*—should, he said, be shot for deserting their posts; and even Dean Stanley, whom he liked so much personally, came in for a share of his sarcasm. "There he goes," he said to Froude, "boring holes in the bottom of the Church of England." To another Broad Churchman—Charles Kingsley—whom he had known as a young man and near neighbour at Chelsea Rectory, he was more considerate, appreciating the historical, imaginative, and poetical power that was in him; and for the fine genius of Arthur Clough he had an affectionate admiration. Among High Churchmen he commended Pusey as solid and judicious, and fraternised with Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford; but he called Keble "an ape," and said of Newman that he had "no more brains than an ordinary-sized rabbit."

As regards Carlyle's claim to be a prophet, it is difficult, indeed, to speak definitely or confidently.

Like so many other great teachers, his strength lies in his positive rather than his negative doctrines —in the few things he strenuously asserted rather than in the many things he arbitrarily denied. His

weakness abides in the fact that he shows not half so much trace of the desire to redeem men by implanting a true belief, as of passionate resentment against the miserableness and contemptibleness of those who are deluded by falsehood. This want was keenly felt by those who knew him best.

Nevertheless, when all that is just has been said of his dogmatism, his petulance, his evil behaviour, he remains the master spirit and censor of his age.

Well has it been said that he has "saturated the nation with a wholesome tonic," and that "the practice of any one of his positive precepts for the conduct of life is ennobling."

Upon the riddle of that life and its sadness he throws little light; but he has left us, in his rugged features and tender pensive eyes, the immortal memory of one whose insight, courage, and integrity will always be dear to unnumbered fellow-toilers and mourners in this vale of tears.

FRENCH-CANADIAN LITERATURE.

BY W. D. LIGHTHALL, M.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read January 24th, 1906.]

WHEN I promised to contribute a paper on the literature of the French Canadians I fell upon an evil hour, for that which makes cowards of us all soon extracted the confession that I was ill equipped to render the necessary justice. All my life I have had to deal with this people, their language, and their institutions, and still I hold that no man who is not born to a speech can judge it with perfect critical truth. It has seemed to me, therefore, that in place of attempting the whole subject, I should make no pretence at anything but some personal impressions and considerations, in the hope of lending the reader my own pair of spectacles.

In a former paper before this Society I advanced some ideas on the conditions of colonial literatures. The same principles apply to French-Canadian writing. It is an outgrowth of the application of the instinct of art in its form of the literary art, to a new and distinctive field of scenes and emotions.

In 1608 Champlain founded Quebec. During his generation the tiny population were chiefly birds of

passage—sailors and traders. By 1680 some ten thousand souls had become rooted in the country, who comprised the bulk of the ancestors of the French-Canadian people, since there was little subsequent immigration. They were a simple, hardy, merry, sociable folk, absolutely illiterate, highly superstitious, very poor in artificial luxuries, but living comfortably on the riches of wild nature. They cleared the forests around the log huts, journeyed far on the wide St. Lawrence and the great rivers, lived ever in peril of savage foes, sang, danced, trapped, traded, obeyed the curé implicitly in two thirds of their lives, and in the other third some simple rustic squire not much better equipped in any way than themselves. Naturally they believed in the sole efficacy of the Catholic religion and the proud superiority of the French race, and held that *Gesta Dei per Francos.*

After this time there was little immigration, but they grew and multiplied at the amazing rate common to all colonial populations of America. For seventy years (from 1690 to 1760) they were engaged in more or less warfare with the heretical British colonies, and had plenty of small successes, Indian fashion, and, under Count Frontenac at the beginning and the Marquis of Montcalm towards the end, several glorious victories.

In 1759–60 Quebec and Montreal fell, and this little band who had fought so long and well for France passed under George III.

They represented a lost cause; but it was no common cause—it was a vast dream of empire and a heroic record of struggle and exploration. In

our contest with them for North America we must remember that we won by only a neck. They represented no common race, but one without a peer for ages in the history of Europe and of civilisation; their best were the flower of chivalry, and their mother tongue was the favourite instrument of elegance and culture. Strong attachment to their origin, faith, and history were, therefore, to be expected.

Their number at this period was about seventy thousand. Under the British *régime* they found unexpected liberty and good treatment, and as the circumstances of incoming immigration have been such as to leave them alone for the most part, at least in the rural districts, they have grown up alone, until recent years, retaining their language and developing their own life.

Their numbers to-day in the Province of Quebec are about 1,300,000, while considerable groups are scattered through the Eastern States and the other provinces of Canada. They comprise about 25 per cent. of the total population.

A racial hope of one day forming a separate French Catholic State was strongly cherished amongst them until recently, and is still a dream of *exaltés*. At the present time it is restricted by most of their leaders to the sensible hope of occupying a position of respect and influence in the Dominion. Under the French *régime* they had no literature, because no press and no educated men, except a few priests and officials from France. Interesting journals of military service and those of discoverers and various memorials there were. Innumerable

chansons, inherited from France or spontaneously composed in the parishes, were the only nucleus of artistic expression. There were, it is true, Messire Dollier de Casson's 'Histoire de Montréal,' Père Charlevoix's 'Histoire de la Nouvelle France,' and the 'Relations' of the Jesuits and other missionaries, but these were not indigenous to the country.

From 1760 to 1830 almost the only products of the press were a few books of law and religion and some political tracts. The Church did not favour general education, as unfavourable to obedience. The first history, a school text-book, was published in 1833, by the lawyer Jacques François Perrault, the devoted father of common school education among his people. To no man do the French-Canadians owe a greater debt. But I have no intention of entering into the minutiæ of the bibliography, as they are not of general interest. Sufficient be it that a long period of political agitation culminated in a rebellion in 1837, which was soon followed by a real literary awakening, the commencement being the publication of Garneau's 'History of Canada,' in 1845. I shall but deal with four of the most striking names up to our own day, representing aspects of the little school, the poets Crémazie and Fréchette, and the historians Garneau and Sulte.

In style and points of form there is nothing to be learned from them. In these matters they carry a heavy handicap of provinciality. It is the subject and sentiment which have an interest, as the reflex of their unusual world, interior and exterior. Still, it is well to observe that in form Crémazie is of the

school of Lamartine, Fréchette of Hugo. Octave Crémazie, generally regarded as the most poetical of the French-Canadian poets, was born at Quebec in 1827, the grandson of a soldier of Montcalm. He carried on the avocation of a bookseller there, where his shop was a resort of the choice spirits about 1860, at the time of literary awakening. He died in France in 1877, after an exile of sixteen years, produced by certain incidents of a disastrous failure. Absorbed in his thoughts, his nature was usually sober and melancholy, although he had wit, logic, and learning. His misfortunes deepened his natural tendency. In 1882 a handsome volume containing his "Oeuvres Complètes," was issued by his friends. Opening it at the poem "On the Ruins of Sebastopol," I find this apostrophe to France:

"Terre de nos aïeux, o sublime contrée!
Toi dont nous conservons la memoire sacrée,
Comme ton nom est grand parmi les nations!
Et pareille à l'etoile étincelant dans l'ombre,
Les peuples égarés au sein de la nuit sombre,
Retrouvent leur chemin au feu de tes rayons.

"O phare lumineux allumé par Dieu même.
Tu portes sur ton front, ainsi qu'un diadême,
Deux astres radieux, le courage et l'honneur.
Quand l'erreur et le mal bouleversent le monde,
Pour voiler leur éclat en vain l'orage gronde,
Ils conservent toujours leur force et leur splendeur.

"O foyer de la gloire! o terre du genie!
Toi que tous les grands cœurs adoptent pour patrie,
Toi que les nations invoquent dans leurs maux:
Du droit et de la foi pionnier volontaire,
Tu sais toujours mêler, pour féconder la terre,
Le sang de tes martyrs au sang de tes héros.

* * * *

"O Canadïens-Français! comme notre ame est fière
De pouvoir dire a tous: La France, c'est ma mère:
Sa gloire se reflète au front de son enfant.
Glorieux de son nom que nous portons encore,
Sa joie ou sa douleur trouve un écho sonore
Aux bords du Saint-Laurent."

These lines are preceded by a happy reference to the Crimean *entente cordiale.*

"De France et d'Albion l'union fraternelle
Toujours saura briser ta force qui chancelle.
Qui pourrait résister a leur glaive vengeur?
Albion sur les mers commande en souveraine:
La France, des combats noble et sublime reine,
Un jour soumit le monde à son drapeau vainqueur."

In 1855 a French corvette, *La Capricieuse*, visited Quebec. It was the first visit of the kind since the cession of the province in 1763, and he gave voice to the emotions of his countrymen in "Le Vieux Soldat Canadien," in which he pictures the event as causing the shade of an old soldier of France to return upon the ramparts:

"Voyez sur les remparts cette forme indécise,
Agitée et tremblante au souffle de la brise:
C'est le vieux Canadien à son poste rendu:
Le canon de la France a réveillé cette ombre,
Qui vient, sortant soudain de sa demeure sombre,
Saluer le drapeau si longtemps attendu.

"Et le vieux soldat croit, illusion touchante;
Que la France, longtemps de nos rives absente,
Y ramène aujourd'hui ses guerriers triomphants,
Et que sur notre fleuve elle est encor maîtresse."

His most popular poem is "Le Drapeau de Carillon," a title which has reference to the banner

of General Montcalm, and the successful defence of the position called by the French "Carillon" and by the British "Ticonderoga." The piece opens with the words:

"Pensez-vous quelquefois à ces temps glorieux
Où seuls, abandonnés par la France leur mère,
Nos aïeux défendaient son nom victorieux
Et voyaient devant eux fuir l'armée étrangère?"

It then describes the time of the story.

"Montcalm était tombé comme tombe un héros,
Enveloppant sa mort dans un rayon de gloire,
Au lieu même ou le chef des conquérants nouveaux,
Wolfe, avait rencontré la mort et la victoire.
Dans un effort suprême en vain nos vieux soldats
Cueillaient sous nos remparts des lauriers inutiles;
Car un roi sans honneur avait livré leur bras,
Sans donner un regret à leurs plaintes stériles."

The standard-bearer who bore the flag preserved it for many years in secret. The old Canadians go to his cabin each Sunday after Mass and recount the deeds of the past. One evening he reveals to them a plan. He will go to France, bearing the glorious banner, tell the great king of "the sorrows of their sacrifice," and appeal to him with their cry of despair. He does so, but—

"Quand le pauvre soldat avec son vieux drapeau
Essaya de franchir les portes de Versailles,
Les lâches courtisans à cet hôte nouveau,
Qui parlait de 'nos gens,' de 'gloire,' de 'batailles,'
D' 'enfants abandonnés,' des nobles sentiments
Que notre cœur bénit et que le ciel protège,
Demandaient, en riant de ses tristes accents,
Ce qu'importaient au roi *quelques arpents de neige.*"

He returns heart-broken, and soon disappears from his home, and wanders towards the field of Carillon.

"Là, dans le sol glacé fixant un étendard,
Il déroulait au vent les couleurs de la France;
Planant sur l'horizon, son triste et long regard
Semblait trouver des lieux chéris de son enfance.
Sombre et silencieux il pleura bien longtemps,
Comme on pleure au tombeau d'une mère adorée,
Puis, à l'écho sonore envoyant ses accents,
Sa voix jeta le cri de son âme éplorée.

"'O Carillon, je te revois encore,
Non plus hélas: comme en ces jours bénis
Où dans tes murs la trompette sonore
Pour te sauver nous avait réunis.
Je viens à toi, quand mon âme succombe
Et sent déjà son courage faiblir.
Oui, près de toi, venant chercher ma tombe,
Pour mon drapeau je viens ici mourir.

"Mes compagnons, d'une vaine espérance
Berçant encor leurs coeurs toujours français.
Les yeux tournés du côté de la France,
Diront souvent: reviendront-ils jamais?

* * * * *

À quelques jours de là, passant sur la colline
A l'heure où le soleil à l'horizon s'incline,
Des paysans trouvaient un cadavre glacé
Couvert d'un drapeau blanc. Dans sa dernière étreinte
Il pressait sur son coeur cette relique sainte,
Qui nous redit encor la gloire du passé.

"O noble et vieux drapeau! dans ce grand jour de fête,
Où, marchant avec toi, tout un peuple s'apprête
À célébrer la France, à nos cœurs attendris
Quand tu viens raconter la valeur de nos pères,
Nos regards savent lire en brillants caractères
L'héroique poème enfermé dans tes plis.

Quand tu passes ainsi comme un rayon de flamme,
Ton aspect vénèré fait briller dans notre âme
Tout ce monde de gloire où vivaient nos aïeux.
Leurs grands jours de combats, leurs immortels faits d'armes,
Leurs efforts surhumains, leurs malheurs et leurs larmes,
Dans un rêve entrevus, passent devant nos yeux."

It is needless to characterise the deep passion of these lines. Nevertheless, he expresses more nearly the average French-Canadian sentiment of to-day in "Le Canada":

"Il est sous le soleil un sol unique au monde,
Où le ciel a versé ses dons les plus brillants,
Où, répandant ses biens, la nature féconde
À ses vastes forêts mêle ses lacs géants.

"Sur ces bords enchantés notre mère, la France,
A laissé de sa gloire un immortel sillon;
Précipitant ses flots vers l'Ocean immense,
Le noble Saint-Laurent redit encor son nom.

"Heureux qui le connait, plus heureux qui l'habite,
Et, ne quittant jamais pour chercher d'autres cieux
Les rives du grande fleuve où le bonheur l'invite,
Sait vivre et sait mourir où dorment ses aïeux."

Louis Honoré Fréchette was born in 1839, in Quebec, but has lived for many years in Montreal. His "Fleurs Boréales et Oiseaux de neige" was crowned by the French Academy in 1880, and awarded one of the annual Montholon prizes, an honour which produced great enthusiasm in the little world of his province, and caused him to be styled "poet laureate." Thereafter Fréchette has

been generally considered the "national poet" of his people, an appellation to which his ability appears to entitle him, and which it has been his effort to maintain. This ambition is embodied particularly in his long poem "La Légende d'un Peuple," a work aiming to be considered the epic of the race in America. If Crémazie was a singer of very few notes, though full of fire and passion, Fréchette, lacking the same degree of these qualities, has a considerably wider range and clearer purpose. Facile in attractive lyric and also excelling in dignified narrative, he has given more complete expression to the thought of his period than any of his fellows. If the French language should ultimately disappear in Canada, as seems to be its destiny, the "Légende" is likely to remain its principal poetical monument.

The state of opinion among the French-Canadians was not the same in 1887, when "La Légende" was published in Paris, as it is to-day. Causes unnecessary to analyse here had developed a considerable growth of separatism, which has now been much reduced. The recognition by the French Academy in 1880 of his 'Oiseaux de Neige' had made Fréchette surpassingly French. Hence the sentiment of his Dedication:

"À La France.

"Mère, je ne suis pas de ceux qui ont eu le bonheur d'être bercés sur tes genoux.

"Ce sont de bien lointains échos qui m'ont familiarisé avec ton nom et ta gloire.

"Ta belle langue, j'ai appris à la balbutier loin de toi.

"J'ose cependant, aujourd'hui, apporter une nouvelle page héroique à ton histoire déjà si belle et si chevaleresque.

"Cette page est ecrite plus avec le cœur qu'avec la plume.

"Je ne te demande pas, en retour, un embrassement maternel pour ton enfant, hélas! oublié.

"Mais permets-lui au moins de baiser, avec attendrissement et fierté, le bas de cette robe glorieuse *qu'il aurait tant aimé voir flotter auprès de son berceau.*"

Opening with some fine lines to America and Columbus,

"Le héros, qui rêvait d'enrichir un royaume,
De l'immense avenir ne vit que le fantôme,"

he proceeds to apostrophise the history of the early missionaries and discoverers:

"O notre histoire, écrin de perles ignorées—

* * * * *

Ce ne fut tout d'abord qu'un groupe, une poignée
De Bretons brandissant le sabre et la cognée,
Vieux loups de mer bronzés au vent de Saint-Malo.
Bercés depuis l'enfance entre le ciel et l'eau."

* * * * *

"Et puis, domptant les flots des grands lacs orageux,
Franchissant la savane et ses marais fangeux,
Pénétrant jusqu'au fond des forêts centenaires?
Voici nos découvreurs et nos missionnaires."

The feelings and deeds of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence River, of Champlain, the founder of Quebec, and Maisoneuve, of Montreal, are expressed in stately lines. The harvest snatched in the midst of Indian attacks, the brave defence of her father's little fort by Madeleine de Verchères,

the martyrdoms of the Jesuit Fathers, and many other noted scenes, receive a place in this epic of French Canada.

Although, marred by the hysterical extremes in which, at times, he overstates the cult of France and rejects all that can be called real loyalty to the Dominion and justice to British liberty and generosity, it must be remembered that he wrote, a generation ago, under circumstances of temporary personal and racial excitement which have since given place to more sober thought, and that he by no means represented in these things a large and responsible section of his countrymen. Making this due allowance for the point of view, we can read with appreciation several well-told incidents of the "Légende."

Both he and the extreme school of nationalists have atoned for these outbursts by sincerely friendly utterances in later times, and one of the most interesting testimonies to the Great Mother (Victoria) is that penned by Fréchette himself.

The lines entitled "Fors l'Honneur" will serve as an example of the narratives of the Légende. I give it in the translation of the late Gustavus W. Wicksteed, K.C., a brilliant centenarian:

"Our conquerors were masters of the ground;
Close pent in Montreal, the brave Vaudreuil,
After seven years of glory and of suffering,
Seeing no hope of succour sent by France,
Heart-broken by despair, capitulated;
And the proud enemy had stipulated
(Shame makes my cheek burn while I mention it)
That on the following morn, at break of day,

Our brave defenders, penned like timid sheep,
Should into English hands deliver up
Their colours—colours whose folds, proud and free,
Had for a century held their own against
A world in arms, throughout a continent:
Whose onward sweep, still bearing the impress
Of the great epic contest of the past,
During a hundred years from pole to line,
Bore them in front of conquering battalions;

* * * * *

That night, with shame and grief a last adieu,
Indignant at the odious compromise,
Lévis, the truest knight of that dark time,
Fire in his eyes, his hand upon his sword,
Rose sudden, and without long argument
Against the insult proudly made protest.
Upon the plain were twenty thousand foes
Encamped; the ruins of an army, all
He had, upon St. Helen's Isle; no matter—
Soldiers of France had often fought before
With ten to one against them, and had won.
If France uncaring leaves us to our fate,
No matter still—we die when duty calls.
His voice was for resistance to the death:
Withdrawing to the island, there would he
Stand firm and fight, a hero to the last.

* * * * *

Yet Vaudreuil signed. Refusal to obey
Were worse than death—were treason to his chief;
So thought our warrior irreproachable,—

And in the dark hours that precede the dawn,
He to his soldiers stirring in the night
Gave that command, 'The colours to the front!'
To give them up? Would he before the eyes

Of his old comrades work such deed of shame—
Soil his escutcheon with so foul a blot?
Heart-broken they await the dreaded word.
Lévis comes forward; in his kindling eye,
Reflecting the fierce blaze, his soldiers see,
Despite his calm, a scalding tear. Toward
The colours draped in black, with a slow step
He marches, and while History's muse records
His act, he with his arms crossed on his breast,
Fronting the colours with such glory crowned,
Stands looking on them long and fixedly.

* * * * *

And striving to control his mighty grief,
He bows upon the golden fleurs de lys,
And in the agony of a last embrace
Covers each flag with kisses of farewell.
'Now burn them boys, before another hand
Can give them up unto our English foes.'
Then, sight sublime and strange, like a vast wave
Sinking in silence, knelt that warrior band,
And solemnly into the sacred fire,
Which, amid sounds as of death rattle, shot
Spirals of blood-red flame in eddying whirls
Into the firmament, amid the rush
Of glowing ashes, one by one were thrown,
Under the hero's eye, grave as a saint's,
The colours he had loved so long and well.
Some few slight cracklings more, and all was done,
From Montreal, Longueuil, and every point,
The hostile posts believed that in the storm
They heard loud shouts of triumph; 'twas the shou
Of the proud vanquished, who in their despair
Cried to night's answering echoes, 'Vive la France

Of recent years Fréchette has been findi appreciation in the English-speaking world, to whi he has not been unresponsive.

The poets have left me only a brief space to deal with the historians.

François Xavier Garneau, a notary by profession, and Secretary of the Municipality of Quebec, was born there in 1809. He was the first writer of really brilliant parts produced by the race, but he suffered from some limitations through being self-educated. In 1845, after several years in Europe, he published the first edition of his 'Histoire du Canada,' in three volumes, of which in after years three other editions were issued in French and two in an English translation. Of the latter his friends repeated the adage *traduttore traditore*.

Garneau was the first to bring together the scattered materials of Canadian history into a digested whole. Besides being marked by considerable precision of style and a share of elegance, it was a work of erudition and of great independence of thought—so much, in fact, that the opposition of the clergy of the day compelled the excerption of certain passages, which consequently do not appear in the later editions. In spite of this freedom of thought, he fell into some of the sentimental bitterness of his narrower compatriots at that time in his references to the British. In his preface of 1859 he defends himself in these words: "To the cause embraced by me in this book—the preservation of our religion, language, and laws—belongs to-day our own destiny. In persevering in the traditions of our fathers, I have become the adversary of the policy of England, which has placed the two Canadas under one Government with the purpose of destroying these three great features of the existence of the

French-Canadian, and perhaps I have also thereby drawn upon myself the antipathy of those among our compatriots who have become the partisans of that policy. I can say, nevertheless, that in what I have written I have been inspired by no motive of hostility to anyone. I have but expressed the deep sympathies of my heart for a cause which rests upon all there is of most holy and venerable in the eyes of all peoples. I do not ignore the consequences to me of this attachment to repudiated sentiments. I know that, defying the decrees of an all-powerful metropolis, I am regarded as the propagator of fatal doctrines, and by the French-Canadians attached to the Government which it imposes upon us as the blind disciple of a race destined to perish. I am consoled by the conviction that I am following an honourable road, and am sure that, while I do not enjoy the splendour of power and fortune, the conqueror cannot but respect the motive which inspires me." In 1866 Garneau passed away, after many years of illness, relieved, however, by a great repute among his people and by their support in many ways. He had attained his purpose of aiding greatly in developing a sentiment of separatism among them, a course in which he felt justified according to the lights of his education.

Benjamin Sulte, the other writer whom I have chosen as a representative historian, is living to-day. He also, though self-educated, is a man of erudite and systematic thoroughness. But his views are broader; his liberal, fraternal instinct breaks down all barriers of racial prejudice, and his common sense rationalises, without destroying, his sentiment. Last

year he made a highly popular President of the Royal Society of Canada. He has frequently spoken the word of goodwill and harmony which is the solution of racial friction in Quebec as elsewhere. His most important book is 'L'Histoire des Canadiens Français,' a work replete with brilliant insight and original research, for Sulte is nothing if not original.

Besides the 'Histoire' he is the author of numerous fine, historical monographs, and of a good deal of interesting prose miscellany, and some verse.

In naming but four of the French-Canadian writers, I have consulted space rather than paucity of matter; for an entire paper of interest could be written of the work of each of a number of others—such as the interesting and valuable antiquarian reminiscences of Aubert de Gaspé, the lyrics of Routhier, the unique genealogical repertory of Abbé Tanguay, the prose folklore of Beaugrand, the collection of *chansons* of Ernest Gagnon, the historical works of Abbé Casgrain, Richard the Acadian, and several others, not to speak of the tendencies of a cloud of minor authors or the abiding interest of the Jesuit 'Relations,' Charlevoix's 'Histoire de la Nouvelle France,' and other original sources.

If no genius of the first rank has been produced, no prose romance of serious importance, no criticism, there has been at least a sufficient expression of the primary impulses of a peculiarly situated people. If all their goslings are swans, they have shown a most laudable respect for even the appearance of learning, and this has been followed by substantial rewards in the form of Civil Service posts, and that unusual position of influence with the statesmen

PRINTED BY ADLARD AND SON,
LONDON AND DORKING.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. The Rise of the Saracen Power. By J. A. HOWARD-WATSON, F.R.G.S., F.R.S.L., F.R.Hist.S., etc., Solicitor of the Supreme Court 1

II. Rāja-çekhara and Plautus: a Hindu Parallel to "Miles Gloriosus." By WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L. 23

III. Of Allegory. By CHARLES ANGELL BRADFORD, F.S.A., F.R.S.L. 31

IV. Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the American Botanist William Bartram. By ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, Hon.F.R.S.L. 69

V. The City of Prague. By COUNT LÜTZOW, D.Litt. (Oxon.), Hon.F.R.S.L. 93

VII. 'Umr Khayàm. By A. ROGERS, M.R.A.S. . . . 107

VIII. A Fifteenth Century Devotion: the "Golden Litany of the Holy Magdalen" (Douce MS. XLII). By WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L. . . . 123

IX. Books from the Library of Ben Jonson. By ROBT. W. RAMSEY, F.R.S.L. 139

X. Note on Ben Jonson's Books. By ROBT. W. RAMSEY 155

XI. On the Numerical Symbols used by the Greek Historians. By Professor J. P. MAHAFFY, C.V.O. 159

XII. Roger Bacon and Francis Bacon: a Comparison. By HOWARD CANDLER, M.A. 171

XIII. Dante's British Allusions. By WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L. 197

THE RISE OF THE SARACEN POWER.

BY J. A. HOWARD-WATSON,

F.R.G.S., F.R.S.L., F.R.HIST.S., ETC., SOLICITOR OF THE SUPREME COURT.

[Read February 28th, 1906.]

"I like the Mussulman: he is not ashamed of his God: his life is a fairly pure one."—GENERAL GORDON.

THE story of all great empires of the past possesses an enthralling interest for the student, not only of history, but of human nature; it contains lessons of the utmost value to the politician and to the maker of history of to-day.

Resplendent as any, whether predecessors or successors, the Saracen empire out-rivals them all in demonstrating the all-conquering power of religious fervour: how the creed comprehensively summed up in the formula "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet" is the equivalent of that faith by which men "waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens" and "subdued kingdoms."

The derivation of the name "Saracen" is as obscure as the early history of the race; the most probable root is the Arabic *Sahra* = a desert,

whence, the "people of the desert," from the fact of the cradle of their race being in the "hinterland" of Arabia; another derivation is from Arabic *Sharq* = the rising sun, whence "eastern," thus meaning, the eastern people; but it is submitted that this derivation is not tenable, because the Arabs would hardly call themselves eastern or be the eastern people to themselves.

The name "Saracen" was used generically by the Greeks and Romans to denote, not only the descendants of Ishmael, but all the roving desert tribes west of the Euphrates, in much the same way as they contemptuously dubbed "Barbarians" all the indigenous races of North Africa who did not speak their languages.

Out of such obscure and unpromising material rose an empire which, at the zenith of its power, spread far beyond the limits of Arabia into Assyria, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Persia, Turkestan, beyond the River Oxus and right up to the Rivers Indus and Ganges; again, crossing the Red Sea, it claimed not merely "the parts of Libya about Cyrene" but the whole of Egypt, the Barbary States, the large islands of the Mediterranean, the entire Iberian Peninsula, and even, for a time, a large part of France came under the dominion of "the Faithful," —a dominion which, in later ages under the Turk,— included the whole of Asia Minor and the Balkan Peninsula.

How came such vast power to be evolved from small beginnings?

The answer, in a few words, is the advent of Mohammed, his belief in his mission, and his power

of making others believe, both in him, and his mission. Islam never stood, does not stand, and never will stand still; the propaganda spread abroad, and its doctrines and practice so commended themselves to the conquered races who came under its sway (as immeasurably superior to anything to which they had been accustomed) that it succeeded on its merits, and not merely because of the enthusiastic fervour of the conquerors.

Not without a stern and at times sanguinary and disheartening struggle did the Prophet pursue his purpose and transmit his mission to his faithful followers, who established and extended an empire destined to make its mark on, and take high rank amongst, the great world-powers.

The establishment of this empire practically dates from A.D. 610, when Mohammed first proclaimed his message to his native tribe, the Koreish (= the traffickers), in Mecca.

We pass over the years during which the Prophet met with naught but scoffing from his countrymen, who, for the most part, worshipped the natural phenomena, and believed in genii, or spirits.

The Mohammedan year dates from the Hegira, or flight (of the Prophet) to Medina in A.D. 622; entrenched in this stronghold, the tide began to turn in the Prophet's favour; the various cities of the region listened favourably to the new teaching, and Mecca itself came under its influence shortly before Mohammed's death, in A.D. 632, by which time he had gathered round him a faithful band of followers, sworn to obey his commands to diffuse the knowledge of the one God throughout the known world, not

only for the time being, but for all time. The measure of success attendant on obedience to this command all history proclaims.

The prophet's place as ruler was taken by Abu-Bekr, the first of a long line of Kalifs (commissioners or deputies), destined to govern the Moslem world for the next 500 years.

It was about this time that the different sects arose of the Shias, or sectaries (who flourish chiefly in Persia and acknowledge the Shah as head) and the Sunnis, or traditionists (the orthodox, who acknowledge the headship of the Turkish Sultan). The former sprang from Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law, and the rival of the first Kalif for that position, and prefer the title of Imaum to Kalif; but their numbers are less than one tenth those of the Sunnis, who are by far the more important.

During the reign of the first Kalif the Holy War was entered upon with zeal and success, under Kalid, "the Sword of Allah." The various provinces of Arabia were first brought into subjection, then extensions were made to the north, and Mesopotamia and Syria (where the Romans were defeated) were won to the faith.

Under the second Kalif, Omar, the tide of conquest continued to roll on: the great victory of Kadesia was won over the Persians (A.D. 636), the Moslem power extended still further north, Damascus and Jerusalem were taken, the Romans were driven out from Antioch and Aleppo and the islands of Cyprus and Rhodes. Egypt was attacked (A.D. 640), and though not at this time completely subjugated, Alexandria, the richest city of the Byzantine

:apitulated to, and Cairo was founded by,
›ms. Persia proved a sturdier foe, but
›nquered only inch by inch, it was finally
ecured for Islam, chiefly by the victory
·end (A.D. 642).
·as the Saracen golden age of conquest,
sension and secession set in.
the rule of Kalif Othman, insurrection
; in the distant provinces of Persia and
ı, in which the Saracens scarcely held
against their turbulent and warlike neigh-
ut, on the other hand, they fought their
Armenia and Anatolia. For the first time
nised naval expeditions and carried their
conquest into Northern Africa; Cyprus
ıage were invaded and taken.
ə Prophet's son-in-law, and fourth Kalif,
rst to remove his seat of government from
where sedition, intrigue, and civil war
ıgly reared its head) to Assyria, whence
ıgain departed, though one city was often
d for another as capital.
reign Syria and Egypt both revolted, and
to the Kalifate, though still under Moslem
ɜnt rulers.
Ali and his son Hasan (the last of the
x" line) there arose Moawia, the first, but
ans the last, of successful generals of the
eize the Kalifate, or to be elected thereto
Kalifate was always hereditary, not elective)
›r intimidation of arms.
ı was the founder of a new dynasty (A.D.
t of the *Omiades*, destined to rule in an

unbroken line of succession for more than a century; the new seat of government was Damascus.

From the time of this Kalif the importance of Arabia generally, and Mecca and Medina particularly, declined, although the annual pilgrimages thither continued, and still continue to be taken.

Moawia carried Moslem arms into Khorassan, a Persian province destined, hereafter, on many occasions, to prove a thorn in the side of the ruling Kalif—Bokhara and Samarcand, the region known as Transoxania (across the River Oxus); and an attempt was even made to capture Constantinople (A.D. 670), a city reserved for the Osmanli Turk of the fifteenth century to reduce.

Greater success, though not unaccompanied by stern warfare against the native Berbers, attended Islam in its task of consolidating its dominions in Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco.

After Moawia's time the Moslem world passed through a troublous and sanguinary period, owing to the opposition offered by the Alyites to the reigning Kalif; they put forward a rival candidate for the position, Hosein, a son of Ali, but he was killed in battle and his followers ruthlessly dispersed.

This event, which caused a greater schism in Islam than any other before or since, is still observed as a universal festival of mourning (the Moharrem) by all true believers, and especially by the Shias.

Hereafter, upon the death of each succeeding Kalif, disorder and tumult were regularly let loose in the Moslem dominions, the inevitable harvest to

be reaped from the rivalries of the various ambitious claimants to the dazzling position of the Kalifate; these flames were fanned by the fury of various fanatical sects, such as the Karejites (radical reformers), who arose about this period.

Probably this state of affairs was inevitable, from the increasingly unwieldy proportions of so vast and scattered an empire, circumstances which rendered it easy for the provinces furthest from the capital for the time being, to shake off their allegiance, and to choose as their Governor some local bold adventurer, who could command their respect by reason of his feats of arms and successful military raids.

The advent of Abd-el-Melik (A.D. 685 to 705)—he who put down the Alyite rebellion with so stern a hand—marked the dawn of a new era in Saracen history; for, comparative peace being once more restored in the empire, he doffed the character of the victorious general, and was the first to assume that of the patron of literature and art, which, thus encouraged, throve during his rule: he was the first to adopt a native coinage.

During the reigns of Abd-el-Melik and his son Walid "the stars in their courses" fought for Islam; again a brilliant career of conquest and conversion followed the ever-widening wake of the Saracen host; the sword of the Faithful penetrated north, beyond the Oxus, to the borders of Cathay (China); west, into Asia Minor; east, beyond the River Indus, into Scinde (India); south-west, along the North African seaboard to the Isles of the Sea (Sicily, Sardinia, etc.).

Not content with these enormous conquests and

subjugations, the Moslem turned his eyes to, and his arms on Europe; and, right past the "Pillars of Hercules," the Moslem armies invaded Spain, under Musa and Tarif or Tarik (whence Cape Tarifa and Jeb-el-Tarik, the ancient name for Gibraltar). The invaders encountered the Christians (Goths, who had supplanted the Romans), under their chieftain Roderigo, and routed them with great slaughter at Xeres (A.D. 711).

The power of the Christian reeled before the irresistible shock of the Mohammedan. The Saracen army ravaged the land like a whirlwind, bearing victory in its train as it pursued its all-conquering path, up to the very portals of the Pyrenees and the edge of the Bay of Biscay.

Thus commenced for Spain an epoch which had enduring results. The exotic root throve in foreign soil. The new *régime* proved congenial to the conquered races, because the new government was more liberal and moderate than the old, and the people rejoiced in the undisturbed enjoyment of their own religion, laws, manners, and customs.

Old treaties of this period made between the Saracens and Christians state that . . . "the Christians are not to be molested, their churches are to be respected, and their persons preserved inviolate, on the sole condition that they remain faithful to the Government and pay the tribute agreed upon."

Nor did the Saracen host stop short at Spain. The fair fields of the Franks spread before their eyes an alluring sight and a guerdon meet to be brought under tribute.

France was, at this period, nominally ruled by the "Rois Fainéants," but in reality by the "Maires du Palais," and, for a time at least, it fell an easy prey to the Saracen, whose Oriental hordes overran the country under Abd-er-Rahman, an able general, who, however, met his match in Charles Martel (= "the hammer," and the grandfather of Charlemagne) at the Battle of Tours, and was compelled to retreat (A.D. 732).

The reign of Walid was also marked by another determined effort to wrest Constantinople from the Greek Empire.

The dynasty of the Omiades was overthrown at the Battle of Zab, near Nineveh, in A.D. 745, and Abbas (descended from the Prophet's uncle, Abd-al-Muttalib) commenced a new dynasty, destined, though passing through many vicissitudes, to reign for the next 500 years, and to be known to fame as the Abassides. These changed the hitherto, and also subsequently, officially recognised *green* flag to a *black* banner.

From this time onwards the empire owning political, as opposed to religious, allegiance to the Kalif became more restricted, Africa and Spain especially separating, and having rulers of their own.

Nevertheless, if the Kalif's dominions were less extensive they were now better consolidated, under Mansur, who founded Bagdad as his capital; under Harun-al-Rashid (A.D. 762) the empire had rest for a season, and Bagdad became a centre of great importance and magnificence.

Under the Persian Barmecides, the powerful

viziers, learning, science, and art, made great progress.

Harun-al-Rashid appointed as Governor of Kairwan (Tunis) one Aglab (A.D. 800), whose descendants thenceforth for the next 100 years ruled that region, and who are chiefly remarkable because they carried the Faith into Italy, ravaged Rome (A.D. 846), and took Syracuse, in Sicily (A.D. 871), but were unable to permanently retain these great conquests.

These, in turn, were overthrown and succeeded by the *Fatimites*, who claimed direct descent from the Prophet by Fatima, one of his wives. They established themselves in Tunis, where they chiefly distinguished themselves by vigorously preaching the coming of the Mahdi—a doctrine which has proved the stormy petrel of Mohammedanism in the South to this day.

They eventually (about A.D. 970) conquered and held Egypt and Palestine.

The leading features of the rules of most of the Kalifs subsequent to Harun-al-Rashid were the influence of the Persians, gradually ousting that of the Arabs; the decrease in direct power of the Kalif; and the rise of rationalistic sects and factions. Mamun, one of the Kalifs, is said to have encouraged.

It was a bad day for both political and religious power when the spirit of unswerving faith in the one true God, the chief corner-stone and glory of Islam, began to be questioned and shaken, and when it "suffered violence and the violent took it by force."

Not only did the religious side of Moslemism suffer, but the political also. The ninth century witnessed the constant rise and fall of military intriguers and religious pretenders, who kept in a constant state of distraction, the once united, and still great, Saracen Empire.

The more important of these revolts were engineered in the Persian provinces, especially Khorassan, which the Taherans (followers of Taher, one of the Maun's ambitious generals) wrested for themselves and ruled for fifty years.

Scarcely had they passed their jubilee when the powerful Sofarrides (sons of the "Kettle Mender," so called from the original occupation of their warrior founder Yakub) wrenched Khorassan from the Taherans, and Seistan, and other provinces, from the Kalif, and ruled with great pomp till their extinction, fifty years afterwards.

During this period, too, the Tulunides (descended from Tulun, whom Harun-al-Rashid had appointed Governor of Egypt) made themselves masters of that smiling and fertile land, and, in addition, conquered Syria and Damascus, and forced the Kalif to acknowledge their independence, though paying tribute to him.

The Samanades (followers of a bold military adventurer, named Ismail Samana) ruled the country beyond the Oxus, and were quite independent of the Kalif, who, in a misguided moment, invoked their assistance to overcome the Tulunides in Egypt (A.D. 907). This was accomplished, but the foretime allies of the Kalif helped themselves to large portions of his dominions.

Not only had the Kalifate to reckon with the political ambition of would-be rivals—its very tenets and cherished doctrines, founded on the Koran, were struck at their roots—false prophets and fanatics galore arose, and some, indeed, threatened to shake the very foundations—the bed-rock—of Islam.

The doctrines of these false prophets corresponded, to a large extent, to those which are now called "socialism" and "rationalism."

Such were the Karmathians (from their originator Karmath), who ravaged Syria, Egypt, and Arabia, and struck terror into the hearts of the pilgrims to Mecca; on one occasion ruthlessly falling upon, and destroying, the entire caravan.

It was towards the latter portion of the ninth century that the Turkish party rose to prominence in the capacity of "king-makers," for they formed the bodyguard of the Kalif, and upon each vacancy set up and deposed Kalifs at will—a practice for which their successors, the Janissaries in Turkey, and the Mamelukes in Egypt, became notorious.

Of nothing could it be truer than of the Kalifate at this period that—

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Ichabod, writ large, formed the writing on the wall and loomed ominously over its portals.

The practical extinction of the importance of the Kalif as a personal factor and a ruling power, came when Radi created the office of "Prince of Princes" (A.D. 940), whereby this official was granted plenary power, practically to act as the Kalif's substitute

deputy, in all affairs of State. Hereafter the Kalif, in regard to power, was in an analogous position to that of Emilius Lepidus, one of the Roman triumvirate in "Julius Caesar"—

> "He shall but bear it as the ass bears gold,
> To grunt and sweat under the business."

Historians all agree, that the downfall of the Kalifate was caused by the rivalries of opposing rulers, the growth of anarchical and destructive sects (*e.g.* the Assassins or Hashishim, who rose about A.D. 1000, and whose tenets went a little further than those of the Karmathians), the falling away from their allegiance of remote provinces (which had never been properly under control), and the increasing power and ambition of successful generals, Turkish mercenaries, and place-seekers.

Some of the elements which contributed to the enormous power built up, and handed down, from Kalif to Kalif were the causes of its undoing; for, in inverse ratio to the growing opulence of the Kalifate, it became indolent and weak. When it commenced to grow weak and effete, the disintegrating process set in with rapidity; every new symptom of dissolution begat another, until at last, the entire fabric and fibre was saturated, riddled, and undermined with intrigue and deceit, and honeycombed with political and religious rivalry.

The expedient of the Kalif Radi for temporising with the difficulty, had a very short life: after Radi's death, the temporal power—as opposed to the spiritual headship (a supremacy which was still universally acknowledged to belong to the nominal

Kalif for the time being)—passed into the hands of the *Buvides*, or *Dilemites* (the followers of a military upstart, Buya, an offshoot from the Samanades), who seized the reins of government in Bagdad (A.D. 945); their power waxed and waned in turns, but did not come to an end for close upon a century.

The Buvides were followed by the *Ghaznivides* (A.D. 994 to 1160), a dynasty which originated from Ghazni in Afghanistan. They were a warlike race of the Islam faith, who commenced a career of conquest, by which they brought under their yoke a region extending from the River Oxus to the Indian Ocean, and from the River Ganges to the River Tigris.

Their greatest ruler was Mahmud, the first to assume the title "Sultan," whose victories and conquests in India dazzled the then known world, and who zealously propagated Islam wherever his victorious armies passed.

Towards the end of the rule of this dynasty the Mongol Tartars (also Moslem by religion), under their celebrated leaders Jengis Khan and his sons, having made themselves masters of Bokhara and Samarkand, wrested from the Ghaznivides their rich heritage and founded the great Mogul line of Emperors of India, and also, the dynasty of the Shahs in Persia.

Almost contemporaneously with the Ghaznivides there arose, ruled, and declined in turn, the renowned Turkish dynasty of the Seljuks (A.D. 974 to 1288), who, sprung from the shepherd people, originated in Turkestan, almost on the borders of modern Siberia. By sheer military prowess they seized a

established sway over Persia, Mesopotamia, and Syria, and even when their power declined in Asia, they were amongst those who captured European Turkey for the Moslem faith.

In Asia proper their decline was due to two great emperors, both of whom, in their respective spheres of influence, proved too strong for the Seljuks.

That same Tartar, Jengis Khan, and his descendants, who had driven the strong Ghaznivides out of India, turned their conquering attentions to the Seljuks, from whom they wrested Turkestan and other rich territories, and finally despoiled Bagdad in A.D. 1258.

A little time before the Tartars' advent, the Seljuk sun had been eclipsed by a new phenomenon in the political firmament, the world-renowned Saladin (A.D. 1170 *et seq.*), "the Star of Religion," Emperor of the East, whose father had been a petty Governor under the Seljuks.

The fame of Saladin spread throughout Europe, by reason of his being the impregnable rock against which the Christian chivalry of the Crusades hurled itself in vain.

The fame, fair dealing, and fair fighting of this last and greatest of the Saracen rulers of the Orient, have been fully acknowledged by friend and foe, Moslem and Christian alike.

Saladin ruled over the most difficult of all empires, that whose constituent parts consisted mainly of heterogeneous masses of races, and nomadic tribes of the desert, unaccustomed to practical discipline before his time. He, so to speak, gathered in one hand, and during his lifetime at least, firmly

grasped, all the wide dominions which, at the height of its power, had owned allegiance to the Kalifate, whose sole remaining scion found an asylum in Egypt and established a spiritual (*i. e.* titular or nominal) power which endured from A.D. 1261 to A.D. 1577.

It is fitting that the story should end with that ruler who restored to the Saracens the pomp and power of their palmiest days, and who attained heights of greatness seldom reached, and never exceeded, in magnificence.

Saladin died in A.D. 1193, and the history of the Saracens is henceforth the history of the Crusades and that of European Turkey.

It may be said that the success of Islam depended, in a large measure, on the implicit faith—the missionary zeal—of its votaries, and upon the vigorous application of the unvarying test of their creed—namely, to compel the outsider either to come entirely within the fold or to become tributary, (this, indeed, being the only alternative or deviation allowed by, or inculcated in, several *suras*, or chapters, of the Koran).

Critics of Islam frequently urge that the Faith could never have achieved its far-reaching results with any but Oriental peoples, whose minds are more susceptible to the reception of teachings such as those of the Prophet; whose imaginations are more easily fired by the fierce denunciations, which Mohammed throughout his life, and in his writings, called down on all who scorn or neglect to accept his religion without question.

Granting that Mohammedanism would never have

made headway with Western races—that the world in general, mediately or immediately, follows the lead of the West in all matters—and granting even that it is for the greatest good of the greatest number that this should be the case; granting further, that Islam is largely plagiarised from Judaism, and that its inferiority to Christianity (especially in its attitude towards womankind and in relation to slavery) is distinctly marked—yet all these things do not seriously detract from the merit of Mohammed's life-work; the enduring results of which constitute the most eloquent witness to its value.

The Moslem creed is one of whole-hearted conformity; it is contrary to its tenets and practice to admit nonconformity, or even partial or occasional conformity, in any shape or form whatsoever. Many bitter struggles, even with some of his own followers and adherents, had to be undergone by the Prophet to secure the universal recognition of this vital principle; his religion without it would probably have been left stranded on the shallows of early extinction: inasmuch as "union is strength," herein lies the strength of the Mohammedan religion and the secret of its success.

At the same time, when comparing the religion founded by the Prophet with Christianity, it is impossible to gainsay the objection which is justly urged against the former, that Islam, when founded, never contemplated the huge strides which it afterwards made, or that what sufficed for a comparatively small country in its early stages did not possess sufficient elasticity, or latitude, in providing for

different circumstances in a larger sphere of influence and in more advanced ages.

The Prophet laid it down that all that his followers should ever require in the way of guidance, was to be found in the Koran; when this proved deficient the Kalifs were therefore forced to resort to the expedient of collecting a body of traditions, opinions, etc., to supplement the Koran; in this, however, nothing more was done than to emulate the Talmudists, with whom, though it is against their pride to confess it, the Moslems have much in common.

Christianity has an incontestable superiority, in that its doctrines are so framed as to provide for all variations of circumstances, and for every age and clime.

It is a truism that the time often makes the man, and so, to a certain extent, was it with the Prophet, whose character (and in particular the trait of cruelty which greatly marred the effect and acceptability of his religious tenets) was framed and moulded by the surrounding circumstances of time, place, and treatment by his contemporaries.

To concede all this—nay, and more—the fact remains that the advent of Mohammed, and of his "calls to cry," marked, not the *début* of a blatant impostor, but a new, and not only a new, but a better, epoch in the history of mankind; that the new Faith was of no evanescent nature the crucible of time, the great tester, has shown.

Let the conquests of the Faith be dubbed the triumph of sheer fanaticism; if the true test or criterion of the worth of a creed be, "Does its discipline and teaching, cause men to lead better, purer,

worthier, more enlightened, lives, than they did before?" then the answer may unhesitatingly be trumpeted, far and wide, that the religion founded by Mohammed was of inestimable, lasting benefit to mankind—that he found darkness and (so far as mere mortal clay is able) in its place bequeathed light to posterity.

Concomitantly, it may be said that the Saracen power, in whose arch the Prophet forms the keystone; without whom, in brief, that power could not have existed, in a large degree moulded the destinies of the nations, and that, in no detrimental sense.

The dry bones of the then (save for a decaying Judaism) universally prevalent idolatry had, in sooth, been breathed upon by the mighty rushing wind of Deism in its best form; the dry bones, as it were, by a repetition of Ezekiel's vision, had come together, and given striking evidence of a living energy, a vital influence, on the welfare of mankind.

The world has seen many great dominions each in its turn rise, and pass, to give way to the next—"they have their day and cease to be"—yet, amidst all these empires, that of the Saracen commands an honoured niche in the temple of Fame.

There are few parts of Southern Asia or Northern Africa, not to mention Southern Spain, where the influence of the erstwhile child of the desert is not felt; and yet, it would be difficult to ascribe this altogether to any superiority, whether mental or manual, in the Saracen races; rather, should it be set down to the force of character, the natural fibre

—in short, the *morale*—of the Mussulman as a cohesive force.

Reflections such as these, haltingly offered, teem through the mind of the student, induced by a consideration of the connection (closer than appears at first sight) which, on introspection, exists between religious impulse and political movement, of which latter the former constitutes at once the root and foundation.

Did space permit, time might fairly be appropriated to a consideration of Islam as a civilising force; for in all its conquests the possession of the instinct for colonisation must infallibly be conceded to it; and, wherever it colonised it civilised, and firmly imposed its code of religion and of law—*e. g.* as in the Barbary States.

Doubtless a large share in the social and civilising success of the Mussulman must be ascribed to his possession of mental powers of a very high order; the facts should not be lost sight of that we owe, either the inception, or the development, of several arts and sciences to the Saracens; notably mathematics—*e. g.* algebra, Arabic numerals and characters, also alchemy with its offspring chemistry, and astrology, the mother of astronomy.

Saracen architecture was a marked feature of the race's genius, and is to be seen to this day to the best advantage in the relics of the Moors in Andalusia, also in Algeria, Morocco, Tunis, and Egypt.

Neither is the Moslem literature to be altogether despised, though perhaps, to Occidental ideas, somewhat overweighted with the expression of the sentimental passions and that delight in the romantic

and the impossible—in short, the fairy tale—in which the Oriental mind loves to luxuriate.

Scant treatment of these and kindred subdivisions of the subject may perchance be pardoned, when it is borne in mind that, in whatever else a Mussulman may be lacking, it must not be in personal courage, and in the ability and eagerness to proselytise the world to the Faith by force of arms.

This, then, is the main plea of the writer for prominently keeping military prowess in view, throughout, in the development of the theme, though not, it is confidently submitted, to the complete exclusion of equally weighty considerations.

RĀJA-ÇEKHARA AND PLAUTUS: A HINDU PARALLEL TO "MILES GLORIOSUS."

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read February 28th, 1906.]

By the publication of the text and translation of the "Karpūra-Mañjarī" in the "Harvard Oriental Series" that drama has been made accessible to Western students.* It has a special philological interest as the only play in Prakrit. Although the highest literary merit cannot be claimed for it, there are passages of great interest mixed up with much comedy of a very slight character. The time covered by the action is reckoned by Dr. Konow as extending from the beginning of spring, about the middle of March, to the Banyan festival on the first day of June. From the prologue scene we learn that the drama was performed at the request of the dramatist's wife. In the opening scene King Chandapala and his Queen, with the Court jester and other attendants, are seen congratulating each other on the advent of spring. A famous, but tipsy, magician appears and offers to show a specimen of his powers to the King, who asks him to produce a beautiful maiden. Then

* Rāja-Çekhara's "Karpūra-Mañjarī," critically edited in the original Prakrit, with a glossarial index and an essay on the life and writings of the poet by Sten Konow, and translated into English by Charles Rocknell Lanman ("Harvard Oriental Series," vol. iv), Cambridge, Mass. Published by Harvard University, 1901.

Karpūra-Mañjarī appears, adjusting her costume as if she had been suddenly transported from the bath. The King immediately falls in love with her and she with him. She is questioned as to her parentage, and is claimed as a cousin by the Queen, who asks the magician that she may remain for a fortnight's visit, and carries her off to the women's apartments. The King and the heroine afterwards manage to see each other and exchange love-letters. It has been arranged that Karpūra-Mañjarī shall swing in a swing before the idol of Parvati, and the King watches her from an arbour, and he also sees her embrace an amaranth, look at a tilaka, and touch with the tip of her foot an asoka-tree, whereupon all three burst out in gorgeous bloom. Meanwhile the Queen has become jealous, and the heroine is held in a sort of bondage in a room belonging to the women's side of the palace. The magician has, however, constructed a subterranean passage from Karpūra-Mañjarī's room to the palace garden. The two lovers and the jester make use of this communication, and when in the garden they hear the noise of the Queen's approach; thereupon the heroine makes her way back to the prison room. The Queen causes the garden end of the passage to be closed and watched, but a new way out is made to the sanctuary of Chāmundā, the exit being concealed behind the idol. The King receives a message from the Queen inviting him to ascend the palace roof in order to witness the Banyan festival, of which there is an elaborate description in the conversation between the King and the jester. Later the Queen sends another message, from which it appears that the magician has told her that if the

King marries Ghanasāra-Mañjarī, a princess of Lāta, he will become an emperor, and she therefore desires the marriage to take place that very evening. This sudden desire of the Queen to provide her husband with another wife, whilst she is at the same time represented as jealous of Karpūra-Mañjarī, will strike the Western reader as at least remarkable, unless we suppose that the ambition to be an empress is, with her, a stronger motive than the desire to retain the undivided affections of her consort. The magician has arranged that the wedding shall take place in the sanctuary of Chāmundā. When the Queen enters she is astonished to see the heroine there, and makes an excuse to return to the palace. The magician understands her motive, and sends the heroine back by the secret passage, so that she is in her room before the Queen can reach it. This piece of stage business is more than once repeated. Then comes the wedding ceremony, and it is not until the hands of the King and the Princess have been united that the magician tells them that Ghanasāra-Mañjarī and Karpūra-Mañjarī are one and the same person. Both names have the same signification and mean "Camphor-Blossom." When the ceremony is completed the magician asks, "Is there anything else that you would wish done?" The King, in a speech which ends the play, replies: "Is there anything I could wish better even than this? For the Queen, although she is now in the position of rival wife, is not angry; I have obtained maiden who has a face like a full moon's orb, and ho awakens my passion to new life, and I have tained the rank of Emperor! What else could

one ask for? By thy favour I have gained all that men think worth the having. Yet for this would I pray: 'May the forest fire of Poverty, which brings to nought all excellencies of men of learning, be quenched by the rain of the sidelong glances of Fortune.'" This prayer, not perhaps very appropriate in the mouth of the Emperor, is quoted from Bharata, and embodies the proverbial view as to the enmity between Wisdom and Wealth. Similar aspirations or benedictions are found at the end of "Sakuntala," "Urvasi," and other Indian dramas, including the "Retnavali."

It must be acknowledged that Rāja-Çekhara's plot is, to a large extent, identical with that of the "Retnavali," which is assigned to the twelfth century, but is probably based on older material. The "Retnavali" is the story of a second marriage by which a king becomes an emperor. The disguised princess is an attendant on the Queen, whose jealousy is aroused by the conduct of her husband. A magician is also one of the characters. Another play which has some analogy is the "Viddha Sălábhanjiká." The blossoming of the asoka-tree on contact with the heroine is an incident in the "Malvikagnimitra," which also bears other resemblances to "Karpūra-Mañjarī." * There is one point, however, in which the "Karpūra-Mañjarī" differs from the rest of the Hindu dramas, and that is in the incident of the secret passage by which the heroine approximates to the dexterity of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, and appears to be two persons and to be in two places at once.

* See Wilson's 'Theatre of the Hindus.'

This device of communication between the two places by which a woman is able to appear as two separate persons furnishes the most amusing part of the "Miles Gloriosus" of Plautus. The heroine Philocomasium is in love with Pleusides, but is carried off to Ephesus by the "braggart Captain," from whose character the play is named. Palaestrio immediately embarks for Naupactus to tell his master Pleusides what has happened. The ship is captured by pirates and Palaestrio is given to the braggart Captain. He recognises Philocomasium and sends word to his master, but conceals his own identity from the Captain. The house next door belongs to a friend of Pleusides, who comes to Ephesus and is lodged there, and a way is made through a partition wall so that the lovers can meet at will. The Captain has given the lady specially into the care of his servant Sceledrus, who one day, whilst pursuing a stray monkey on the tiles of the adjoining house, sees Philocomasium and Pleusides together. He confides his discovery to Palaestrio, but he is shown the lady at home and then he sees her coming from the neighbouring house, and is altogether thrown into a state of bewilderment. Finally he is persuaded that the woman he has seen next door is the twin sister of the one in his charge. In the remainder of the play the Captain is induced to believe that his neighbour's wife is in love with him, and in order to further this intrigue he sends Philocomasium away in charge of Pleusides, who has disguised himself as a shipmaster. The Captain, on going to what he supposes is an assignation, is severely beaten and made to confess that he has deserved it. The two

plays differ in every particular except in the employment of a piece of stage business by which two lovers are enabled to meet, and the woman is able to deceive others as to her identity. Plautus, who was an "adapter" of Hellenic comedies, derived the plot from a Greek comedy, "Alazon," by an unknown author.* The incident forms part of the romance of the "Seven Wise Masters," and of the various modifications of that story current in the middle ages. It occurs in one of Massuccio's novels. Gueulette includes the incident in one of his imitations of Oriental literature. The story forms part of the history of Kamar-es Samans, in the 964th of the "Thousand and One Nights," and is told in very elaborate fashion. In a simpler form it is the tale of "The Fuller, the Fuller's Wife, and the Soldier," in the Breslau edition—that is, in the "Schâh Bacht." It is not necessary to enumerate all the known versions; the references to the ample literature of the story may be found in M. Victor Chauvin's "Bibliographie Arabe," a work which, in spite of its modest title, is the most comprehensive contribution that has yet been made to the study of the history of fiction.†

The story still passes from mouth to mouth, and a version of it current in Somaliland has been written down by Lieut. J. W. C. Kirk and printed by the

* Dunlop-Wilson, 'Hist. of Fiction,' ii, 12. Rohde: Griechische Roman. Zweite Auflage, 1900, S. 596.

† See Henning's 'Tausend und eine Nacht,' xvii, 5; xviii, 158. Chauvin, 'Bibliographie Arabe' ('Mille et une Nuits,' No. 121; 'Syntipas,' Nos. 67 and 233). See especially Zarncke in 'Rhenisches Museum,' xxxix, 1; and Clouston's 'Popular Tales' (ii, 214). He says that the story in the Breslau edition of the 'Arabian Nights' is the only Oriental form known of the story.

Folk-Lore Society.* Here the deception is due to the initiative of the man, whilst in the story of Kamar-es Samans the entire guilt is laid upon Haline, the jeweller's wife.

The earliest literary form of the story is the Greek comedy "Alazon," worked over by Plautus in his "Miles Gloriosus." The Roman Plautus is a thousand years earlier than the Hindoo Rāja-Çekhara. The genealogy of a dramatic motive or of a popular story is not easily established. We find this story in many languages and in many lands, but we cannot so easily determine the various stages of its itinerary. And the incident that amuses the Somali native to-day is that which provoked the laughter of the theatre-goers of ancient Greece and Rome.

* See 'Folk-Lore,' xv, 321. *Cf.* 'Beilage zur Allgemeinen Zeitung, 1905, No. 77.

OF ALLEGORY.

BY CHARLES ANGELL BRADFORD, F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read March 28th, 1906.]

In 1856, just half a century ago, Signor Grimaldi Gargallo contributed to the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature' a paper entitled "Allegorical Representations of the Ancients." It was very brief and consisted of a few notes on the harpy, the pomegranate, and the sphinx.

Since that date it does not appear that the subject of allegory has been dealt with in any thesis read before the Society, so I may venture perhaps to claim a certain amount of novelty for my theme, though naturally its illustrations must be principally drawn from the classics.

A further reason for choosing this topic—if further reason were wanted—lay before me in the fact that the allusions to it in the literary handbooks and cyclopaedias are of the most exiguous description, and it is not evident that any general review of the subject has been undertaken. It seemed not undesirable on that account that something should be attempted in the direction of bringing to a focus the information most readily obtainable on this mode of mental activity as observed from a literary standpoint.

For we note at the outset of our inquiry that the

allegorising tendency has been manifested in paths other than the field of letters.

Thus, in No. XXXI of Goldsmith's 'Letters from a Citizen of the World' we find the philosopher giving an account of his gardens at Quamsi, which are so laid out with walks and gates, and decked with mottoes, as to represent the road to Virtue and the passage to Vice. He concludes with the words:

"There is no spot, though ever so little, which a skilful designer might not thus improve so as to convey a delicate allegory and impress the mind with truths the most useful and necessary."

I am not aware if this idea was ever allowed to dominate the activities of Le Nôtre or "Capability" Brown, but it is within my recollection that the walks and labyrinths of a pleasure garden not many miles from London were adorned with scraps from the poets, while affixed to the summit of the bear-pit appeared the lines from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

It is interesting to consider how an extension of this system might render Mrs. Malaprop's famous "Allegory on the banks of the Nile" valuable from a point of view other than that of natural history.

The Moralities of the mediæval drama and the Masques of the post-renascence period were but acted allegories enlivened with music and scenery;

and every sculptured edifice and picture gallery possesses its allegorical groups and tableaux. The walls of our old palaces are hung with allegorical tapestries, and every student of *ex-libris* is pleased to add allegorical bookplates to his collection.

Horace Walpole makes it a mark of Hogarth's genius that he does not condescend to what he calls the trite poverty of allegory for the enforcement of his moral lessons. If he had an emblematic thought, he declares, he expressed it with wit rather than by a symbol.

So Thackeray, describing Clive Newcome's companions at Rome, says they were young painters with the strongest natural talent for low humour, comic singing, and cider-cellar jollifications, who would imitate nothing under Michael Angelo, and whose canvasses teemed with tremendous allegories of Fates, Furies, Genii of death and battle.

An allegory in real life is recorded by Horace Walpole in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, dated April 11th, 1784. Writing of the famous general election when Charles James Fox was candidate for Westminster, he says:

> "Nothing has shocked me so much as what I heard this morning. At Dover they roasted a poor *fox* alive by the most diabolic allegory—a savage meanness that an Iroquois would not have committed. Base, cowardly wretches! How much nobler to have hurried to London and torn Mr. Fox himself piecemeal!"

But our present concern is with allegory as a mode of literary expression, and the object of these notes will be to trace its development from its

earliest employment as an ornament of speech to its use as a separate form of composition.

Of its value in rhetoric Addison speaks eloquently in No. 421 of 'The Spectator':

"Allegories," he declares, "when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make everything about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence. These different kinds of allusion are but so many different manners of similitude, and, that they may please the imagination, the likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a picture where the resemblance is just or the posture and air graceful. . . . By these allusions a truth in the understanding is, as it were, reflected by the imagination; we are able to see something like colour and shape in a notion, and to discover a scheme of thoughts traced out upon matter."

It will be noticed here that with Addison the words "allegory" and "metaphor" are synonymous, and Emerson uses the former word as identical with "image" when he says:

"The moment our discourse rises above the ground-line of familiar facts and is influenced by passion, or exalted by thought, it clothes itself in images. Hence good writing and brilliant discourse are perpetual allegories."

It thus appears that allegory is practically coeval with language. Man has always shown a natural tendency towards the personification of the abstract. From all time he has made the sun masculine and the moon feminine. He has dowered with personality the mountains, the rivers, and the sky.

He has given articulate voice to all the dumb things of nature, and made them share his emotions and his speech. He has made personal entities of the virtues and the vices, the senses and passions. He loves to picture Time as an old, old man with a long forelock, and Death as his companion with a scythe. He shudders at the "wrinkled face" of Care, and smiles at "Laughter holding both his sides." He is not always deaf to the trumpet call of Duty, and sometimes even hearkens to the voice of Conscience. Of the coursers of the ocean he sings:

"O brave white horses! you gather and gallop,
The storm sprite loosens the gusty reins;
Now the stoutest ship were the frailest shallop
In your hollow backs or your high-arch'd manes.
I would ride as never a man has ridden,
In your sleepy, swirling surges hidden,
To gulfs foreshadow'd through strifes forbidden,
Where no light wearies and no love wanes."

Based on this natural instinct for personification, as literature developed, allegory grafted on to the mere pleasure of narrative the additional interest of a second subject hidden beneath the surface—not so thoroughly concealed as to be obscure, but just sufficiently cryptic to stimulate the curiosity, tax the ingenuity, and please the intellect by the task of discovery. For it is a platitude that the half-concealed possesses a charm that the perfectly revealed is lacking in. Hence in the popular speech of Oriental peoples we find abundance of proverbs and fables, apologues and parables, till later on we see the full-grown allegory taking its place as a

definite literary entity. In the literature of the Jews such instances as the comparison of Israel to the vine in the eightieth psalm and Nathan's story of the poor man and his lamb will be familiar to all.

In Greek literature the early forms of the allegory are often met with; Xenophon's narrative of the young Hercules between Pleasure and Virtue—since versified by Shenstone—is a good example.

Amongst the comedies of Aristophanes, the *Birds* and the *Frogs* verge on the allegorical, whilst several of the characters of Aeschylus, such as Violence and Force in "Prometheus Bound," are purely so. Plato's celebrated comparison of the soul to a charioteer drawn by two horses, one black and one white, is an allegory *in petto.*

With the Romans this form of writing was equally popular—witness Ovid's "Metamorphoses," certain passages in Virgil's "Aeneid," and Menenius Agrippa's fable of the "Stomach and the Members," as told by Livy, and since put into verse by Swift.

An early and interesting phase of the subject is dealt with by Isaac Disraeli in his 'Amenities of Literature.'

It appears that where we read in St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians "which things are an allegory" the translation should more properly be "which things are allegorised or treated allegorically." And the rise of "allegorical interpretation," as it is called, is a most curious story. It was common to both Greeks and Christians, and consisted in the drawing of a spiritual or figurative meaning from what was apparently only historical

or quasi-historical, narrative. Thus, in the old fable of Hercules strangling the lion, the allegorists of the physical school saw the sun entering in the sign of the zodiac, and the allegorists of the moral school the image of human reason conquering the bad passions.

Lecky has an eloquent passage showing how the religion of one age often becomes the poetry of the next. Opinions become transfigured and idealised, and pass into the realm of allegory and imagination. Instead of being of the basis of the faith, they become its mere embellishments. The gods are transformed from the sphere of religion to the sphere of poetry; grotesque legends and harsh doctrines appear as graceful myths, and a dying faith, like a dying sun, spends its last rays in beautifying rather than in warming the universe.

The habit of allegorical interpretation was rife amongst the early Fathers of the Christian Church. Origen, Clement of Alexandria, St. Augustine and Saint Gregory all practised it, following in the wake of Philo Judaeus, who appears to have been the first to allegorise the Scriptures. Indeed, the passion for allegory on the part of the Eastern converts appears to have been a real source of danger to the early Church.

The thirteenth century saw another celebrated theologian, Doctor Duns Scotus Erigina, treading in the steps of Origen. Regardless of orthodoxy and authority, he hesitated at the expression of no view, however opposed to the generally accepted tenets of the Church, turning, by the aid of allegory, such unacceptable teachings as that of the fire of

hell into the limbo of dogmas not to be literally accepted.

The classics in monkish hands were converted into the most fantastic allegories. Thus, according to one commentator, Troy signified hell; Helen, the human soul; Paris, the devil; Ulysses, Christ; and Achilles, the Holy Ghost. Actœon, torn by his own dogs, was an emblem of the sufferings of Christ, and the Rubicon was an image of baptism.

Returning to the Latin writers, we find allegorical composition in full vigour in such works as the 'Psychomachia' of Prudentius, Boethius' 'De Consolatione Philosophiæ,' and Martianus Capella's 'Marriage of Mercury with Philosophy.' And it followed naturally that when poetry appeared in the national dialects of Western Europe the Latin models should be chosen; and their influence is fully apparent in that most popular of early poems, the "Romance of the Rose." Begun by Guillaume de Lorris about 1200, it was extended to much greater length and in a new spirit by Jean de Meung some seventy years later. The scene opens with the picture of a dewy morn in May. An amorous youth seeks admittance to the great Pleasaunce, and Dame Lyesse (or Pleasure) grants him entry at her postern. Courtesy bids him join the dance, and amid the many blossoms flourishing around he espies one tender rosebud on which he lavishes his regards. Love, turning the opportunity to advantage, transfixes him with darts. By Bidacoil's assistance he nearly achieves possession of the rose, but Danger appears, and the swain is ejected from the park. Reason pours out her consolations, and finally, in

poetic propriety, Danger is overcome and the lover plucks the rose.

A contemporary allegory, and one equally famous, was that of "Reynard the Fox." Reynard is a rare rascal and lives and flourishes by a daily breach of the Decalogue. One cannot help, however, taking a lively interest in his fortunes and in those of Dame Ermelin his wife, his hopeful youngsters Reynekin, Rossel, and Reynardine; and the whole circle of their acquaintances—Kayward the hare, Tibert the cat, Isegrim the wolf, Corbant the rook, and the rest of their furred and feathered tribes. The tale is rather in the nature of a satire than an allegory proper, and the author may have assumed the names of beasts for his characters—as probably in a later age was done by Chaucer in the "Nun Priest's Tale," and by Spenser in "Mother Hubberd's Tale"—that they might with impunity venture on saying what under the guise of men they would not have dared to utter. However that may be, the narrative of Reynard's cleverness, with its silhouettes of individual character and its background of contemporary life, will never lose its charm for lovers of old-world stories either in the nursery or out of it.

In Italy the mantle of allegory is taken up by Dante in his "Vita Nuova" and the "Convito," whilst a hint of the allegorical character of the "Divine Comedy" is shown in its opening lines where, under the guise of the three beasts that bar the path of the poet, one finds the lion to represent Pride or the King of France, the she-wolf Avarice or the Court of Rome, and the panther Pleasure or the City of Florence.

Allegory in England appears at an earlier date than either the "Rose" or "Reynard." The Venerable Bede, as Professor Morley points out, exhibited the allegorising spirit in his description of Solomon's Temple. Its windows represented holy teachers through whom enters the light of Heaven, and the cedar beams of its coffered roof presented a type of the incorruptible beauty of the virtues. The "Phoenix," by some ascribed to Cynewolf, gives an allegory of the Resurrection, in which not only Christ but all the souls of the just are symbolised by the re-birth of the Phoenix; whilst in "Physiologus" we have a description of the panther, the whale, and the partridge, followed by a religious allegory based on the description. These mediæval animal poems, or *bestiaries*, became the vogue, and the ingenuity of the parallels was only outdone by the extreme crudeness of the natural history.

The philosophic traveller, Adelard of Bath, displayed his fondness for learning in a little allegory "De Eodem et Diverso"—"On Identity and Difference"—written in the early part of the twelfth century. He represents Philosophia and Philocosmia—or love of worldly enjoyment—as having appeared to him whilst he was a student on the banks of the Loire, in the form of two women, the one attended by Fortune, Power, Dignity, Fame, and Pleasure, the other by the seven Wise Virgins, the liberal arts. They dispute for his affections, until he throws himself into the arms of Philosophy to make her his lifelong mistress.

Raphael's little canvas of the "Sleeping Knight," now in the National Gallery, puts the same idea in pictorial dress.

This representation of a love for the spiritual side of things under cover of an earthly passion became a common expedient of the age. Perhaps it took its origin in the desire of the Churchman to share with the Arabian minstrel the sweet pleasures of the love song and yet preserve fidelity to the professions of his order. Surely he might harmlessly pour out his soul in tender verses if he called his mistress Holy Church, the Virgin Mary, or some other saint? No matter how rapturous his invocations if their theme was nominally a cardinal virtue or a Christian quality. So nature was not to be gainsaid, and amidst the asceticism and self-renunciation of mediæval practice, the poet framed his song to satisfy, as he deemed best, his fondness for the things of time and his yearning for something nobler than the merely material life.

To attempt to describe even the more important of the English allegorical poems of the Middle Ages would take much more time than I have at my disposal. Very few, perhaps none, of the poets whose names have come down to us were free from its influence, and for several centuries the history of allegory becomes to a large extent the history of English literature. John Langland, in his "Vision concerning Piers Plowman," satirises his contemporaries, exhorts them to better things, and gives his views on the varied problems of life, whilst telling how Madame Meede (*i. e.* Bribery) was arranging for her marriage with Falsehood. Reason and Conscience join in debate, the seven mortal sins are described, and finally, the wrangling of Piers and a priest over a bull of pardon awaken the

dreamer, and the vision ends. In Gower's "Vox Clamantis" the dreamer witnesses the denizens of the farmyard demented and lectured by the jay, whilst in his "Confessio Amantis" the dialogue between a lover and his confessor is pieced out with allegory.

In Chaucer's "Death of Blanche the Duchess" the poet finds himself in a fair park, strayed from the hunt, and in the company of a sorrowful knight. The mournful warrior is John of Gaunt, who discloses the cause of his grief in the loss of the "goode, faire white" he has loved and lost. Chaucer's "House of Fame" describes a vision of a wonderful mansion, whose walls are decorated with scenes from the "Aeneid," and whose magnificent pillars represent the history of past ages: and his "Parlement of Foules" records the betrothal of Richard II and Anne of Bohemia under the guise of an assembly of the birds on St. Valentine's morn.

It is perhaps the most famous *royal* allegory ever written, unless we give the place of honour to William Dunbar's "Thrissell and the Rois." Scotland had already produced King James's own poetical setting of his love for Joan Beaufort in the "Kingis Quair," before Dunbar, the most distinguished of Chaucer's disciples north of the Tweed, wrote his well-known allegory commemorating the marriage of James IV and Margaret Tudor. Here Dame Nature despatches the roe deer to call an assemblage of the animals, bids the swallow gather her feathered brethren and the yarrow summon the flowers. The Scottish lion is crowned the king of beasts, the eagle is dowered with the sovereignty of the air, the

thrissell is given a "radius crown of rubeis," and the rose the royal crown for rank and beauty both. In Dunbar's "Golden Targe" the sleeper sees a gallant ship disembark its passengers—Nature, Venus, Flora, and many other fair ladies. In peril of his life as an intruder at their mysteries, he is protected by Reason with his golden targe or shield. But, half blinded by a powder thrown in his face by Presence, he is left a prisoner in the charge of Heaviness. In his "Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," Dunbar sermonises and satirises, not without humour, as he describes the procession of the Sins before the Devil. In his "Merle and the Nightingale" the contest of the birds is concluded with the sugared notes of the nightingale, who shows the merle that "all love is lost but upon God alone."

Three other Scotsmen writing allegories about this time were Gavin Douglas, the poetical Bishop of Dunkeld, Sir David Lindsay, Lyon King of Arms, and (a little later) Alexander Montgomerie, a servant of the Regent Morton and James VI, whose claim to notice depends on his allegory of "The Cherrie and the Slae." Douglas's "King Hart" represents the heart of man under the figure of a king in his castle, with the five senses around him. Dame Pleasaunce assaults the citadel; Age and Experience bring victory to the beleaguered monarch. His "Palace of Honour" celebrates the victory of the Virtues under cover of the poet's vision of a journey to the palace.

Lyndsay's "Dreme" opens on a winter's day. The poet sits in his cave overlooking the sea and falls asleep and dreams as he thinks of the false

world's instability typified by the moving waters below. His "Satyre of the Three Estaites" describes the indictment brought by John the Common Weill against Spiritualitie, Temporalitie, and Merchand, whilst Gude Counsell and Correction step in to aid against Sensuality, Flattery, and Dissait.

In England Stephen Hawes' "Pastime of Pleasure" narrates the loves and adventures of Grande Amoure and La Bell Pucelle. The former, having painfully acquired a grounding in the seven sciences, weds the latter, and lives happily with her ever after—that is, until death calls him:

> "For though the day be never so longe,
> At last the belles ringeth to evensonge."

The "Court of Love," by an unknown author, describes how Philogenet, aged eighteen, is guided by his friend Philobone to a meeting with Rosiall, to whom he attaches himself as a lover—not without final success—the fowls of the air singing their epithalamium.

In Lydgate's "Temple of Glass" the dreamer sees a crowd of lovers making their plaint, but a song in praise of Venus rouses him from his slumbers to follow out the daily routine of a monk of the Benedictine order.

The beginning of the sixteenth century saw the publication of Sebastian Brandt's "Narrenschiff," otherwise "Stultifera Navis" or "Ship of Fools." Printing had just been introduced, and the book, illustrated by excellent woodcuts, took the popular fancy. Its fundamental idea consisted in the shipping off of several loads of fools to their native

country, and though the allegory is slight, the satire is mordant. Barclay's translation opened the book for English readers, and its importance is insisted on by Professor Ward as exercising a powerful influence in helping to bury mediæval allegory in the grave which had long yawned for it.

A year before Barclay's "Ship" appeared, a somewhat similar work was published in Skelton's "Bowge of Court," a vessel manned by the Lady Favour, Drede, Favell (cajolery), Disceyte, and others of the well-known allegorical company.

Of allegories in plays a word must be said. The "Moralities" of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, from the very nature of their subjects—the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the like—dealt largely in allegorical personages and personifications of the virtues and the vices. How impressive and interesting these could be made will not be doubted by those who witnessed the recent performances of "Everyman." Skelton's play of "Magnificence" shows the hero discarding his good councillors, Liberty, Felicity, and Measure, for the vices, Fancy, Counterfeit, Countenance, Cloaked Colusyon, and others. He is buffeted by Adversity and assailed by Poverty. Good Hope saves him from Suicide, and Redress, Sad Circumspection, and Perseverance restore him to his former estate.

Even in Bayle's historical drama "King John" the allegorical element is shown in a personification of England and such characters as "Monastycall-Devocion" and "Privat Welth."

Politics are introduced into the dramas of the time under cover of allegory. In Middleton's

"The Game at Chess" the Induction is spoken by Loyola and his friend Error. James the First is the white king, and Philip IV of Spain the black. The white queen's pawn is the Church of England, and the black knight the Spanish Ambassador. The piece brought the author and actors before the Privy Council. Dekkers' "Whore of Babylon" took up the story of the Spanish Armada; whilst Heywood's poem "The Spider and the Flie" represented Queen Mary as a maid with her besom,—her mistress the Church of Rome: the flies are the Papists and the spiders the Protestants.

In John Barclay's novel 'Argenis' are narrated the leading events of Western politics. The bravery and policy of Henry IV of France are represented in the characters of Archombrotus and Polyarchus, the greatnesses and pettinesses of Queen Elizabeth in the person of Hyanisbe, and the pride of Philip II of Spain under the name of Radiobanes.

Allegorical pastorals, like Day's "Masque of Bees," and Peele's "Arraignment of Paris," show how under cover of a courtly entertainment the topics of the time might be lightly touched on in an inoffensive manner, and rise to a high level in competent hands.

Lord Sackville's "Myrroure for Magistrates" introduces us to a truly grisly company—Remorse of Conscience "all besprent with tears," Revenge "gnashing his teeth for ire," Care "still brushing up the breres," and many another standing round the Porch of Hades, whither the poet has gone to interview the shades whose histories are to serve as a mirror or warning to those still exercising the magistrate's jurisdiction.

Spenser prepared the way for his more famous poem by publishing the "Shepherd's Calendar" wherein the whole of England was supposed to be a sheep farm under the sway of Fair Eliza, daughter of Pan, the God of Shepherds. In this allegorical setting the poet introduces the questions of the day in lines rich in language and opulent in fancy. The "Fairie Queene" followed nine years later. Arthur, the type of the true knight, sees the vision of the Queen, whom he determines to follow to Fairyland. The Red Cross knight is to signify holiness, Sir Guyon temperance, and Britomart chastity. In addition to this moral scheme there is superadded the political significance. Queen Elizabeth is figured as Gloriana and Belphebe, Leicester is Prince Arthur, Arthegall Lord Grey, Raleigh Timias, and Philip II the Soldan or Grantorto. The course of the allegory runs clear for the first two books, and then becomes confused with digressions. Without going so far as Hazlitt, who says, "If readers do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them," it appears that the poem may be enjoyed as a poem without troubling much about its hidden meanings, but Stopford Brooke lays emphasis on the skill with which the allegorical personages are delineated. They are wrought out, he says, by an imagination which describes not only the *general* but the *particular* characters of the Virtues and Vices, the Months of the Year, or the Rivers of England.

Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island, or the Isle of Man" has no connection with that part of the British Islands now associated with a leading English

novelist, though it has many purple patches. Its subject would commend it to Pope. It is man—a full and minute account of his mind and body. Sulzer remarks: "The ancients have given to the human body the name of the little world, or microcosm. The allegory is perfect. But it becomes ridiculous if, stretching the analogy too far, one gave to this little world planets, mountains, valleys, and inhabitants. And one cannot but help feeling that Fletcher's ingenuity has sometimes led him astray. He describes the veins and bones and muscles as streams and hills and dales, notes their peculiarities, and sets down their physiological functions. With him the liver is a source of happiness, which shows that men have changed in constitution since the beginning of the seventeenth century. The body exhausted, our poet turns to the mind. The sovereign of man is Intellect. Round his council table sit eight advisers, ready to aid in every emergency. Arrayed in arms against his citadel come the forces of Vice, who press it hard, till finally an angel in the person of King James comes to the rescue of the beleaguered army and crowns the Virtues with victory.

In 1640 James Howell published his political allegory in prose, entitled, "Dendrologia, Dodona's Grove; or, the Vocall Forest." He explains its scheme in the Preface: "It fortun'd not long since that the Trees did speke, and locally move and meet one another; their ayrie whistlings and soft, hollow whispers became mutually intelligible; as if to the soule of vegetation, the sensitive faculties of the intellect also had been co-infused into them.

They travell'd to strange countries, cross'd seas, made peace and warre, alliances and leagues, assumed names and characters of distinction, and discharged all the functions of rationall creatures." In the words of a modern poet, this sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion does *not* excite our languid spleen.

Five years later Howell published his "Apologs," and in 1660 "The Parly of Beasts; or, Morphandra, Queen of the Enchanted Island." It is as absurd as the "Dendrologia." The otter represents a Dutch skipper, the ape an English preachman, a goat stands for Wales, and a hive of bees for a monastery of nuns.

But the allegory of allegories for the English-speaking race is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Written while its author was in Bedford gaol for breach of the Conventicle Act, it was published in 1678, and, though earlier pilgrimages had appeared, it ousted all others in popular favour. It is no fancy picture, but shows the struggles and victories, temptations and falls, of real men and women. All is set down in the most robust and simple English; and the constant variety of incident and spirited dialogue dominate the attention throughout. The narrative commences in orthodox fashion. The author dreams he sees a man, clothed with rags, with a burden on his back. The man is Christian and the burden is his sense of sin. By Evangelist's advice he determines to flee from the wrath to come. Obstinate and Pliable attempt to dissuade him. From the Slough of Despond he journeys to the Wicket Gate, he sees the wonders of the Interpreter's house, and puts up at the Palace

Beautiful. In the Valley of Humiliation he fights with Apollyon, and pursues his way through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. In Vanity Fair he loses his companion Faithful, and afterwards shares with Hopeful imprisonment in the dungeons of Giant Despair. Then comes the passage of the Delectable Mountains and the Enchanted ground; while beyond is the Land of Beulah, where the songs of birds never cease, and the sun shines day and night. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

Another allegorical production of Bunyan's is, to give it its full title, "The Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World, or the Losing and Retaking of Mansoul." The fall of man, as believed in by the author, is typified by the capture by Diabolus of the city of Mansoul, which, after a tedious siege, is recovered by Immanuel, King Shaddai's son.

While Bunyan's works were still in the early years of their popularity John Dryden was writing his religious and political allegories. "Absolom and Achitophel," dealing with the popish plot and the Exclusion Bill, appeared in 1681, and "The Hind and the Panther" in 1687. Neither of them are probably much read now, though felicitous lines from the former are often quoted. Every one is familiar with those describing the Earl of Shaftesbury as Achitophel:

> "A daring pilot in extremity;
> Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
> He sought the storm, but for a calm unfit,
> Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit."

Equally well known are those delineating the Duke of Buckingham as Zimri:

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

The Absolom of the poem is the Duke of Monmouth, Barzillai the Duke of Ormond, and Zadoc, Sancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr. Johnson, while pointing out the many excellences of the work, observes: "The original structure of the poem was defective; allegories drawn to great length will always break; *Charles could not run continuously parallel with David!*"

"The Hind and the Panther" was the longest of Dryden's original poems. Swift shortly describes it as "the masterpiece of a famous writer, intended for a complete abstract of 16,000 schoolmen from Scotus to Bellarmin." The unity, simplicity, and innocence of the Church of Rome are symbolised in the "milk-white hind immortal and unchang'd"; the Anglican body, obstinate in defending its pale from encroachment by the Penal Statutes and the Test Act, is represented by the Panther "beautiful but spotted." They engage in hot polemic, and the poet, while defending his own position, does not scruple to have a hit now and then at personal rivals—like Elkanah Settle. The hind exhorts the panther to build on the solid rock of Pope and Council, and while they walk home they discuss the

Nicene fathers. The bear bodies forth the Independents, the hare the Quakers, and the wild boar the Anabaptists. As a wolf appears the Presbyterian:

> "More haughty than the rest, the Wolfish race
> Appear with belly gaunt and famish'd face,
> Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
> His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears
> Close clapp'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
> And pricks up his predestinating ears."

The opportunity of poking fun at the author of a poem where wild animals discuss theology was not to be missed, and it was not long before a parody appeared under the title of "The City Mouse and Country Mouse"—the joint work of Prior and the Earl of Halifax. Its plan is that of a dialogue between Bayes, Smith, and Johnson: the poet recites to them a new work in which the Roman and English Churches are represented as the city and country mice, the former spotted, the latter milk-white. As its Preface says, "Is it not as easy to imagine two mice bilking coachmen and supping at the Devil, as to suppose a Hind entertaining the Panther at a hermit's cell, discussing the great mysteries of religion, and telling you her [illegible] Rodriguez wrote very good Spanish?"

Dean Swift, a blood relation of Dryden, employs his wit in satirising current abuses and parties. About 1696 appeared together "The Battle of the Books," and a "Tale of a Tub." The former deals with the controversies then dividing the literary world—the grand comparison between ancient and modern learning—and, involved with it, the quarrel

between Dr. Bentley and the Honourable Charles Boyle over the "Epistles of Phalaris." It narrates the details of the "terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the ancient and modern books in the King's library." Their forces are arranged for battle, when a controversy breaks out between a Spider and a Bee. All the books join in, Æsop leading the van of the ancients. Who wins is not told us. The allegory ends with a number of asterisks, and the words *desunt cæteræ.*

In the author's Apology appended to the "Tale of a Tub," the writer explains his plan: "He thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning might furnish matter for a satire that would be useful and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new. The abuses in religion he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats and the three brothers which were to make up the body of the discourse; those in learning he chose to introduce by way of digression."

It begins in regular story-book style: "Once upon a time, there was a man who had three sons by one wife and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died when they were young, and upon his deathbed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus: 'Sons, because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care as well as expense, have provided each of you a new coat.'" Well, the father dies and the sons go to seek their fortunes, and meet many adventures.

Their names are Peter, Martin, and Jack, and signify respectively the Papacy, the Church of England, and the Protestant Dissenters. The coats are all of one piece of cloth, and stand for Christianity in general, but each legatee trims and fashions his garment to his liking. The three brothers do not long avoid dissensions, and Peter's assumptions and inventions lead to an open rupture. He purchases a large continent (purgatory), calls himself Lord Peter, invents a sovereign remedy for the worms (penance and absolution), erects a whispering gallery (the confessional), opens an office for the insurance of tobacco pipes (indulgences), and goes in for puppets and raree-shows, a universal pickle (holy water), and a set of bulls. Master Martin, of course, takes his name from Martin Luther, whose battle with Harry Huff, Lord of Albion, is described; and the story of the Protestant Reformation is told in a series of incidents. Jack (from John Calvin) has arrows driven through all the weak points of his armour. The whole, as may be expected, breaks off inconclusively, since religious controversies are interminable.

Mrs. Aphra Behn, in addition to her numerous novels and comedies, found time to write a long allegorical poem called "A Voyage to the Island of Love." Like most voyages before the days of steamships, it is unpleasantly tedious. The embarkation of Lisander (the hero) is described at length, and the arrival at the island, on whose shore appears a maid of alluring aspect. Cupids row the travellers ashore, and Lisander, quitting Reason, seeks his fair. He finds her asleep.

"My greedy view each lovely part survey'd:
On her white hand her blushing cheek was laid,
Half hid in roses, yet did so appear
As if with those the lillys mingled were."

A man comes out of the grove called Humble Respect, the eldest son of Love. Aminta (that is the heroine) awakes and flies. He seeks her in the Palace of Inquietude, at a place called "Little Cares," at Hope, a city large and fair, on the River of Pretension. He wanders to the City of Discretion, finds himself later in the Den of Cruelty, by the River of Despair. Finally, he finds courage to pop the question; Aminta accepts him; all is bliss. More adventures ensue, and Aminta's death leaves the hero disconsolate in the Desert of Remembrance.

In giving a mock "Recipe for an Epic Poem," Alexander Pope has a sly hit at the allegorising tendency of the age. "For the moral and allegory" (he says), "these you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure. *Be sure you strain them sufficiently.*" He counted several allegorists among his immediate friends, amongst others Parnell and Gay.

Parnell's "Allegory on Man," in a hundred lines of verse, describes how Care, "with fine mechanic genius wrought," and, as a consequence, "a man rose staring, like a stake, wond'ring to see himself awake." Jove and Mother Earth dispute for his possession, and appeal to Time, who is passing at the moment. His arbitrament is soon made. He decides for Care, and Jupiter acquiesces, knowing that Care will soon conduct ill-fated man back to him.

Speaking of Gay's "Fables" Dr. Johnson says: "An epilogue such as is now under consideration

seems to be, in its genuine state, a narrative in which beings irrational, and sometimes inanimate—*arbores loquuntur, non tantum, feræ*—are, for the purpose of moral instruction, feigned to act and speak with human interests and passions. To this description the compositions of Gay do not always conform. For a fable he gives now and then a tale or an abstracted allegory, and from some, by whatever name they may be called, it will be difficult to extract *any* moral principle."

By far the most important of the allegories of the eighteenth century is that of Doctor John Arbuthnot—the book which fixed the name of John Bull on the English nation. Begun in 1712, it deals with public affairs leading up to the Peace of Utrecht (1713). John Bull is depicted as "ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter." The War of the Spanish Succession is represented as a lawsuit, in which John's fellow-litigants are Lord Strutt (Spain), Nicholas Frog (the Low Countries), and Lewis Baboon (France). Other topics dealt with include the feuds of Church and Dissent and the negotiations leading up to the Act of Union between England and Scotland. Chapters I and II of the second part of 'The History of John Bull,' describing respectively the Church of England and the country of Scotland under the guise of John's mother and sister, give an example of Arbuthnot's happiest style.

John's mother is a discreet, good-conditioned old gentlewoman, of a meek spirit and charitable. She is neither a prude nor a frump. She scorns to patch or paint, yet she loves to keep her hands and face

clean. She affects not grandeur in her furniture, yet loves plain wainscot and an elbow-chair. Avoiding too mighty a regard for her relations, she yet observes her husband's birthday, her wedding day, and some few more festivals. She advances her opinions with assurance, avoids dogmatism, and, if she have a fault, is perhaps too lenient with her servants. John's sister is a poor girl, who has been starved at nurse. He has been crammed with pullet, while Miss had only oatmeal and water. He has had golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines, she but a crab-apple, sloe, or blackberry. His apartment looks towards the sun, she lodges in a garret. However, she is hardy and has life and spirit in abundance. Now and then she would seize on John's commons, and when they got to fisticuffs would scratch and bite like a tiger. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours, for which John would jeer her. "What think you of my sister, Peg," says he, "that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?" "What's that to you?" quoth Peg. "Everybody's to choose their own music."

It is somewhat odd that Addison, writing of the eighteenth century, a period that witnessed the flourishing of the prose allegory as a favourite literary form, should have had to accuse his contemporaries of their inability to see any excellence in the poetical allegory of an earlier age:

> "But now the mystic tale that pleased of yore
> Can charm our understanding age no more:
> The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
> While the dull moral lies too plain below."

Of all the writers of our Augustan age Addison was probably the one most addicted to this mode of composition. A son of the parsonage, he constantly ascends the pulpit himself and makes the allegory a vehicle for his sermons. Equally with his predecessor Gower he might have been distinguished by the adjective "moral." For this he naturally receives Dr. Johnson's encomium. He declares that with Addison Truth wears a thousand dresses and in all is pleasing.

The periodical literature of the time was crowded with short allegories. We find them abundant in the 'Spectator,' the 'Rambler,' the 'World,' the 'Adventurer,' the 'Tatler,' the 'Museum,' and the 'Register.' Of the seventeen in the 'Spectator' eleven are by Addison, and the others are by Steele, Budgell, Parnell, and Byrom. They nearly always are related as dreams or visions, and possibly their authors might on occasion have regarded with advantage the advice of Epictetus when he says "Never tell thy dream, for though thou thyself may'st take a pleasure in telling thy dream, another will take no pleasure in hearing it."

Addison's first allegory in the 'Spectator' appeared on March 3rd, 1711, and is of a political character. It represents Public Credit as a beautiful virgin seated on a throne of gold towards the upper end of the hall at the Bank of England. It is hung round with Acts of Parliament which the lady takes pleasure in regarding, and shows uneasiness if she sees anything approaching which may injure them. She is very timorous in her behaviour, troubled with the vapours and subject

to such momentary consumptions that in the twinkling of an eye she will fall away from the most florid complexion and wither into a skeleton. Her recoveries are as sudden as her decays. At her feet are two secretaries reading her letters; behind her throne is a prodigious heap of bags of money. Suddenly the doors fly open and half a dozen hideous phantoms enter and mingle in a dance. The first couple are Tyranny and Anarchy, the second Bigotry and Atheism, the third the Genius of a Commonwealth and a young man of two and twenty (*i. e.* James Stewart, son of James II). The lady faints and dies away at the sight, and the money-bags and heaps of gold appear as so many empty sacks, heaps of paper, or piles of tallies. The scene changes. There now enter a second company of apparitions. The first pair are Liberty and Monarchy, the second Moderation and Religion, the third an unknown person (*i. e.* the Elector of Hanover) with the Genius of Great Britain. At their appearance the Lady revives and the money-heaps resume their former importance.

On April 10th of the same year appeared a short allegory on "Humour, True and False," on May 3rd one on "Luxury and Avarice," on May 12th one on "Wit," and on June 5th one on "Art."

The famous "Vision of Mirza" saw the light in the issue of September 1st, 1711.

The narrator, musing on the Hills of Bagdat, discovers one in the habit of a shepherd, who leads him to the highest pinnacle of the rock and tells him to look eastward. He sees a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it, lost in the

mist at either end. In the midst of the tide is a bridge consisting of threescore and ten entire arches with several broken ones. A multitude of persons passes over; many disappear through hidden trap-doors, a few hobble on to the broken arches at the end. Great flights of birds hover about the bridge, whilst several little winged boys perch on the middle arches. These are the Virtues and Vices, the Cares and Passions of life. Moved at so uncomfortable a prospect, the narrator is bidden to look through the mist at the far end, and he sees the valley opening and spreading forth into an immense ocean, divided by a rock of adamant into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on the one half, but in the other appeared innumerable islands—covered with fruit and flowers and inhabited by happy people—the mansions of good men after death. "Are not these, oh Mirza, habitations worth contending for?" asks the vanishing genius.

On September 29th, 1711, Addison tells of "Pleasure and Pain," and it is not till the 29th of the following May that he allegorises again. This time it is on "Prayer." The last allegory he writes appeared in two parts in the issues of June 23rd and 25th, 1714. A proclamation is made by Jupiter that every mortal shall bring in his griefs and calamities and throw them in a heap. A distracted-looking woman named Fancy leads the mortals, laden with their bundles, to the appointed place. One conceals poverty under an embroidered cloak, another puffs under the weight of his wife, lovers carry whimsical burdens of hearts and flames and cannot be persuaded to part with them. There

are great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. Many bring distempers, and one little packet is in the hand of a great many fine people. This is called the spleen. What is most surprising is that not a single folly or vice is thrown into the heap. Now Jupiter issues a second proclamation that everyone is at liberty to exchange his affliction and return to his habitation with any such other bundle as shall be delivered to him. Fancy recommends to each his particular packet. A venerable man who had laid down the cholic snatches up an undutiful son who has been thrown into the heap by an angry father. A poor galley-slave, who has discarded his chains, takes up the gout in their stead. The female world is busy bartering for features; one is trucking a lock of grey hair for a carbuncle; another makes over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; a third cheapens a bad face for a lost reputation.

The exchanges have hardly been made before the whole plain is filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter takes compassion on the poor mortals, orders them to lay down their new loads and resume the old which they had discarded by the advice of Fancy. In her place comes Patience, who brings them all contentment in the face of necessary evils.

With Addison we may fittingly close our review of English allegory; for though some others were written, both at this time and later, few will bear recapitulation. An allegory of all forms of composition requires an amount of ingenuity and fancy by no means common, and there is no doubt the public

became bored with the prosy commonplaces of would-be moralists, whose only idea of allegory appeared to be the spelling of an abstract noun with a capital letter. Hence allegory lost its prestige and almost fell into desuetude. That it will ever again be a popular form of composition I do not expect, but there is no reason, it seems to me, why even in this busy age allegories should not occasionally be produced. We have seen how they owed their origin to a natural tendency in the direction of personification and simile, and human nature in its elements remains the same.

As a method of conveying unpleasant truths in religion or politics in such a manner that their authors might escape the anathema of the Church or the sword of the State they are no longer required. The press is not chargeable with an overplus of reticence, yet prosecutions for sedition or blasphemy are happily rare. Should a writer wish to "hedge," he has other artifices than allegory at his disposal, and even in theological controversy allegorical interpretation—the refuge of the early Fathers—has become discredited. As Huxley remarks, the allegorical pit is too commodious. It swallows up more than one wants to put into it. One curious tendency of the age is the seeing of allegory where none is intended. Many have credited our poets with a double meaning which probably exists but in their own imaginations. They have thought that because a poem was so simple it necessarily concealed a mystery. Thus a modern writer on Shakespeare allegorises the "Midsummer Night's Dream," making Oberon "Reason" and Titania "Lawless Desire."

As a rule, I think we may take it for granted that the poet will give us due notice when he intends to be allegorical.

Some few points remain to be considered in conclusion. The code of rules which governs the allegorist is a curious one. In choosing his field and time of action he always prefers islands to continents, and May mornings to less favoured seasons of the year. The fair sex might perhaps congratulate themselves that the cardinal virtues are always represented as beautiful women if the mortal sins were not sometimes found under the self-same garb. Why the panther should have been found a beast so peculiarly susceptible of allegorical significance as to represent such varied originals as our Lord, the City of Florence, Pleasure, and the Church of England, is somewhat of a mystery; whilst it is a tribute to the versatility of the Anglican communion that it should be figured as an old gentlewoman, a beast of prey, a spotted mouse, a Red Cross knight, the boy Martin, and the White Queen's pawn. The Church of Rome is variously depicted as a lovely lady, a hind, the mistress of a house, and a froward boy. The Ten Commandments are compared to a ford over a river, a croft, a barrow or burial-mound. Life becomes a bridge, religious experience a journey overland, love's hopes and fears a voyage by sea. War is transmuted into a lawsuit, the human body into a kingdom, and the months of the year into a procession of damsels. With such an endless range of comparison and scope of similitude, such adaptability of form to every variety of subject,

it cannot be a matter for wonder that the allegory was so successful in gaining and keeping the popular fancy for so long. Dr. Morell's dictum, that "the best thing to do with an allegory is to let it alone," is not of universal application. Allegory, like rebellion, is justified by success. Let your story be interesting, your substituted subject easily aki[illegible], your narrative animated with human passion and sympathy, your parallelism close and sustained, your eye keen for fresh resemblances, and your fancy teem with new felicities, then, if you are born an allegorist, you may depend on writing a successful allegory. Above all, be brief, for brevity is the soul of allegory as it is of wit.

Finally, as we cannot contemplate an ancient cathedral without a sense of admiration and delight, so, when we are brought face to face with this temple of allegory in its hoary antiquity, its arches and pillars still stout and firm, its embellishments so varied and pleasing, and think of the glorious train of literary architects who have built up, storey by storey, its diaphanous walls and luminous pinnacles, we cannot but feel that an idle hour spent within its portals is not entirely without its reward.

APPENDIX.

Definitions.

Allegory.—Latin *allegoria*, Greek ἀλλεγορία; literally, speaking otherwise than one seems to speak, from ἄλλος, other, and ἀγορία, speaking; description of a subject under the guise of some other subject of actively suggestive resemblance. Word used by Wycliff in 1382, by Puttenham ('English Poesie') in 1589.

Simile.—In rhetoric, the likening of two things which, however unlike in other respects, have some strong point or points of resemblance.

Metaphor.—Transfers a word from an object to which it properly belongs to another in such a manner that a comparison is implied though not formally expressed.

Emblem.—Represents one thing to the eye and another to the understanding.

Fables, apologues, parables.—Short allegories having one definite moral.

(See Dr. Murray's 'New English Dictionary,' Dr. Annandale's 'Dictionary,' Vapereau's 'Dictionnaire Universel des Litteratures.')

Authorities.

Winckelmann, 'Essaies de l'Allégorie' (Dresden, 1766); J. G. Sulzer, 'Discours sur l'Allégorie'; Courthope's 'History of English Poetry'; Professor Saintsbury's 'Flourishing of Romance,' etc.; Professor Morley's 'Introduction to English Literature'; Chambers' 'Encyclopædia'; the 'Dictionary of National Biography'; Isaac Disraeli's 'Amenities of Literature'; Lecky's 'History of Rationalism'; Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets'; the works of Spenser, Bunyan, Swift, Arbuthnot, and other authors mentioned.

Allegorical Interpretation.

For early examples see especially Lecky's 'History of Rationalism in Europe.' The tendency was turned into ridicule by Ulrich von Hutten, Rabelais, and others. For later allegorisations see the works of Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charterhouse, chiefly 'Archæologia Philosophica' (1692); and those of Thomas Woolston, ecclesiastical lecturer in the University of Cambridge (early eighteenth century).

Political Allegories.

For use of allegory as a political expedient by Roger Williams, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, see J. H. McCarthy's 'History of the United States,' p. 50.

Lord Macaulay tried his hand at allegory in "Some Account of the Great Lawsuit between the Parishes of St. Dennis and St. George-in-the-Water" ('Miscell. Writings,' vol. i, p. 274, April, 1824).

An 'Allegory' published by A. M. Piggott, 228, Kennington Park Road, in 1872, "shows how the citizens of a once happy country found out that in listening to Squeales and Pugnacious Mob-law they had exchanged lawful freedom for galling anarchy," etc.

See also 'John Bull and his Wonderful Lamp' (1849). John Bull is persuaded by a wicked magician, Co-ab-deen (Cobden), to exchange his wonderful Lamp of Protection for the gaudy Lamp of Free Trade, etc., etc.

Dryden's 'Hind and the Panther.'

The great absurdity of the poem arises, not in the fact that the animals discuss theology *quâ* theology, but that they discuss a matter which does not come within the purview of their experience. Turning to the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments' we find there the story of a cock and a dog who discuss their master's marital affairs with perfect propriety. The cock, in suggesting that his master should administer to his wife a sound drubbing as a cure for his domestic infelicity, is speaking as the lord of an extensive harem where disobedience is unknown. Successful in the management of his own affairs, he is undoubtedly within his province in expressing an opinion on those of his master.

Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

See curious remarks in Macaulay's 'Biographical Essays' ("John Bunyan") as well as his famous essay on "Southey's Edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

Miscellaneous Allegories.

Sir Richard Steele's allegorical contributions to the 'Spectator' were only two in number—on August 12th, 1712, on "Education" (No. 455); on October 20th, 1712, on the "Homes of the Muses" (No. 574). Budgell sent one on July 8th, 1712, on the "Seasons of the Year" (No. 425). Parnell contributed one on August 18th, 1712, on "Vanity." Byrom wrote No. 587 (August 30th, 1714), on "The Examination of Hearts."

Tickell in 1722 published an allegorical poem on 'Kensington Gardens.'

Dr. Fordyce not only commended allegories in his 'Sermons' but wrote them himself.

Dr. Alexander Pennecuik reprinted in 1715 a collection of his poems, the chief of which is an allegorical rhyme entitled "Truth's Travels."

Defoe published in 1720 "Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," according to which the popular nursery narrative was but an allegory of the writer's own history.

A controversy arose on the subject of the authorship of the 'History of Prince Titi: a Royal Allegory' (1786) between Macaulay and Croker.

Erasmus Darwin's botanical allegorisings in the 'Loves of the Plants' provoked George Canning's parody on the 'Loves of the Triangles.'

For collections of allegories in volume form see:

'Allegories for Young Ladies,' G. Pearch, London (1769).

'Allegories and Visions,' R. Harrild (1814).

'Allegories,' by Rev. F. W. Farrar.

'Sacred Allegories,' by Rev. W. Adams.

'Twelve Allegories,' by Miss K. H. Green (John Lane).

'The Pilgrim's Way,' a musical allegory by "D. Elliot."

A considerable number of works of a more or less allegorical character dealing with imaginary commonwealths has appeared from time to time from an early date, but since when once the reader has been landed on the shores of the Utopia, or strange country by whatever name it may be called, all disguise of narrative is thrown off and the reader is treated to the author's views on political or social economy (with or without a satirical reference to the condition of his own country), it appeared more suitable that the consideration of such works, standing as they do in a class by themselves, should not be included in the present paper.

Similarly the books of 'Emblems' of the early seventeenth century merit separate treatment.

In France during the eighteenth century allegory flourished as in England; *e. g.* Diderot wrote "The Sceptic's Walk," Rousseau "Envy." A very fine allegory is "Du Pays de Tendre," by the Abbé D'Aubignac. Other examples are cited in Vapereau's 'Dictionary.'

COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, AND THE AMERICAN BOTANIST WILLIAM BARTRAM.

BY ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, HON.F.R.S.L.

[Read May 23rd, 1906.]

POETRY cometh not by observation nor without it either. It is ever a passionate voice provoked or evoked by observation of the world without or by the "goings on" of the world within, the soul of man. Hence it is that poets, being amateurs, or lovers of the beautiful and marvellous, have been the receivers and transmitters of travellers' tales, and have married them to immortal verse. Let me give you by way of preface or prelude to my essay three well-known instances of a poetical rendering of some unknown traveller's tale. Homer, in the Seventh Book of the 'Odyssey' describes, doubtless at second hand, the orchard plot or garden-pleasaunce of the King of the Phæacians. I have, for my own amusement and for yours, paraphrased or travestied those well-known lines, in doggerel verse, not forgetting the unapproachable excellence of Mr. Lang's poetic prose, or of Philip Worsley's Spenserian stanzas, but because, for the ear, though not for the critical taste, the sorriest rhyme, of itself, begets anew the passion of the original.

"A stone's throw from the castle-gate
There rose a garden ground
Four plough-gates square in strength and state,—
And it was walled around.

"Full many a tree was spreading there
Its blossoms to the sun:
Apple and pomegranate and pear,
Sweet figs and olive dun.

"And these were spreading to the sun
Their blossoms red and white,
And those against the sky were dun,
Or green as chrysolite.

"And through and through the blossoming
The trees their fruitage bore;—
Winter and summer, spring to spring,
Ripe fruit for evermore.

"The west winds blow, ripe apples grow,
And pears on every tree;
Sweet figs and grapes in clustered row,
As ripe as ripe could be.

"Close by the garden's utmost bound
There lies an acre bare,
Where ripened grapes are parched and brown'd
In hottest noontide air;

"And in the vineyard's midmost ring
Knee deep the treaders tread,
And still there is grape-gathering
And still the grapes are bled.

"But in the vineyard's foremost lines
What wondrous sight is there!
Sweet fall the blossoms from the vines,
While purpling grapes gleam fair.

"And 'twixt the vinepoles and the wall,
Skirting their outmost row,
Green herbs are set, for use withal,
A trim and goodly show.

"But oh! these two bright founts that are
The joy of that fair place;
One spreads its waters near and far
In swift and sinuous race,

"To keep that garden green,—and one,
Forgetful of its mate,
Dancing and sparkling in the sun
Flows 'neath the castle gate

"To where the fountain-head lies still,—
And folk, at morn and even,
Their thirsty pitchers oft refill:—
This grace the gods have given."

Still more familiar to us is the Psalmist's impressionist sketch of a storm at sea. He writes as a landsman rehearsing the tale of some "ancient mariner":

"They that go down into the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters. These men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For, at his word, the stormy wind ariseth; which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep: their soul melteth away because of their trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end." *

This, I take it, is not the record of a personal experience, but the poetical rendering of the "natural language," as Wordsworth might have put it, of

* "Are at their wits' end" may perhaps be more correctly rendered, "And all their cunning is sucked down into the waters"—they, as yet, are not drowned, but their seamanship is drowned—an omen of their impending fate.

Phœnician sailors, a lyrical ballad sung to the harp of Zion—some years before the awakening of the harp of Quantock.

A third instance of a poet's use of other eyes than his own may be taken from Milton's description of the banyan-tree or *Ficus religiosa*, a description characterised by Coleridge as "creation rather than painting, or if painting, yet such, and with such co-presence of the whole picture flashed at once upon the eye, as the sun paints in the *camera obscura*."

"The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High over-arch'd and echoing walks between:
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade."

Relying on these august precedents, or of their own sweet wills, both Wordsworth and Coleridge, not yet labelled Lake Poets, sought and found, in books of travel, "stones of price, for garniture of the edifice" of their metrical fabric. Coleridge, who was ever a devourer of folios, had already in pre-Wordsworthian days illustrated his "Religious Musings," a theological essay in blank verse, with tropes and metaphors drawn from the pages of the Moravian missionary David Crantz and from a Latin work by Knud or Canut Leem, *De Lapponibus*; and, as we all know, it was because Wordsworth happened to read Shelvocke's "Voyage" that the "Ancient

Mariner" shot the albatross to *his* undying remorse and our unspeakable gain. Shelvocke was in Wordsworth's hands some time in October, 1797, and then, or a little after, William Bartram's 'Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, the Cherokee Country,' published in Philadelphia in 1791 and in London in 1791 and 1794, found its way to Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey. It was not, so far as I am aware, in the Bristol Library to which Coleridge had access—at least, it is not among the books for which he signed his name, and, though documentary proof is wanting, it may be inferred, I think safely inferred, that his introduction to the remarkable volume was in this wise. ("Happy," says the Roman poet, "is he who has been able to ascertain the causes of things," and happy indeed is the biographer or critic if he can put two and two or one and one together and piece out some shattered fragment of the past. The 'Book of the Dead,' like the marvellous strip of papyrus which the King has given to the British Museum, is written in hieroglyphic, but it is worth the labour of a lifetime to decipher and to understand what is written for our learning.

Will you go with me backwards and forwards whilst I piece together some scattered fragments, one poor *half-sheet*, not of thrice-secular papyrus, but of eighteenth century note-paper?)

In 1734 or thereabouts, when George II, who hated "boetry and bainting," was king of these realms, the colony of Georgia, named after him, was founded by General James Oglethorpe, a native of

Godalming, in Surrey, who undertook, with the support of a band of one hundred adventurers, to wrest the soil from its legitimate, natural, and rightful owners, the Indians. There was no Colonial Office in those days, but a Board of trustees were appointed, or appointed themselves, who sat in London and received reports from the man on the spot. Prominent on this Board, its Chairman or President, I suppose (he was titular President of Georgia), was Sir John Perceval, first Earl of Egmont, a painstaking official and author of a still famous genealogical treatise. His son John, the second Earl, was Lord High Admiral and Postmaster-General, and by this or by that built himself a huge castle at Enmore in Somersetshire, distant some seven or eight miles from Nether Stowey; and *his* son, John James, the third earl, who reigned from 1772 to 1822, was lord by inheritance of Enmore Castle, and also of large plantations in Amelia Island, a long strip of fertile soil off the coast of East Florida. How he came by these plantations, from his grandfather the President of Georgia, or his father the Lord High Admiral, I have no knowledge, but his they were, by might or by right, and thereby—I mean by these plantations in Amelia Island—hangs my tale.

And now I must ask you to jump back some seventy years or more and to recross the Alantic Ocean. In 1728, six or seven years before General Oglethorpe undertook to persuade the poor Indians that their territory had been bestowed by Providence upon King George II, and was rightly named Georgia, a young Quaker named John Bartram, whose grandfather had migrated from Derbyshire to

the American colonies, founded a botanical garden on the banks of the Schuykill, near the city of Pennsylvania. He was one of the pioneers of modern science, devoting his long life to the discovery, the collection, and classification of rare plants and flowers. Linnæus hailed him as one of the greatest naturalists of his day, and George III, before that unfortunate misunderstanding about the tea-chests, appointed him to the somewhat vague and general post or chair of American Botanist. He was a dutiful, laborious, tender-souled, nature-loving, God-fearing man—an Israelite without guile. I am afraid that he was but a poor denominationalist, and would not have benefited by a "four-fifths clause"; for the people called Quakers very gently put him out of their Society; and, though he continued to keep their rules, he inscribed this distich beneath his study-window: "Tis God alone, Almighty Lord, The Holy One by me adored";—and some there were who scented heresy, and who took those beautiful and pious words amiss. He was almost a teetotaler, confining himself to small beer, or—think of it, ye children of dyspepsia!—to cider diluted with milk. None the less, or all the more, he lived to be close on eighty, and when his time came passed away with only a moment's pang. He was the author of more than one botanical work still worth studying, but it was reserved for his fifth son (fifth or sixth child, for he was a twin) William, who took up his work as a botanist, to put his humanitarian precepts into practice and to bear witness to the passionate but undogmatic faith which he had learned from his father's lips. Of William we know but little save that in 1770, at the request of Dr.

Fothergill, the Quaker physician who founded the famous Friends' school at Ackworth in Yorkshire, he undertook to explore the Floridas and the western parts of Carolina and Georgia, with a view to "the discovery of rare and useful productions of Nature, chiefly in the vegetable kingdom." Now, as it happened, one of his hosts and entertainers who helped him to prosecute his researches was a certain Mr. Egan, agent and manager of Lord Egmont's plantations on Amelia Island; and it is surely a pardonable guess that it was through a certain Mr. Cruikshank, Lord Egmont's agent at Enmore Castle, that so costly a book as William Bartram's 'Travels' got down to Nether Stowey, and remained for a while in Coleridge's hands for perusal and transcription. For not only was Enmore Castle a show place in the immediate neighbourhood, but John Cruikshank, the agent's son and assistant, lived at Stowey, next door to Coleridge. The two young men were friends and neighbours, and were constantly in and out of each other's houses. It was John Cruikshank's dream of a ship manned with skeletons which suggested the phantom ship in the "Ancient Mariner" and it was in honour of a Cruikshank baby that Coleridge wrote some other verses which, I dare say, were regarded by Mrs. Cruikshank as the greater achievement of the two.

"This day among the faithful placed,
And fed with fontal manna,
O with maternal title graced
Dear Anna's dearest Anna!"

What a pity it was that he could not always write in this exalted strain!

Now, it was in the winter of 1797–1798, when he was in daily intercourse with Cruikshank, that Coleridge became acquainted with Bartram's journals. The first intimation of his knowledge of such a book is to be found in a note to some lines headed "This Lime Tree Bower, My Prison," which were written in July, 1797, but published three years later. Charles Lamb and William and Dorothy Wordsworth were guests at the cottage, how quartered or domiciled I know not, and as ill luck would have it Coleridge, who was lame from a scalded foot, could not wander with his friends over the Quantock Hills. One day from the lime-tree bower in the orchard at the back of his cottage he had been watching the homeward flight of the last rook, and had in his enforced confinement consoled himself with the reflection that as it "flew creeking o'er" his head Charles Lamb had seen and heard it too:

> "My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last rook
> Beat its straight path along the dusky air
> Homewards, I blest it! deeming its black wing
> (Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
> Had cross'd the mighty orb's dilating glory
> While thou stoodst gazing; or when all was still,
> Flew creeking o'er thy head, and had a charm
> For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
> No sound is dissonant that tells of Life."

The expression is a strange one; and, mindful perhaps of what he elsewhere calls "compositors' emendations," he quotes Bartram's description of the flight of the Savanna crane as an independent testimony to the accuracy of his observation. The note runs as follows:

"('Flew creeking') (*sic*). Some months after I had written this line it gave me pleasure to find that Bartram had observed the same circumstances of the Savanna crane: 'When these birds move their wings in flight, their strokes are slow, moderate, and regular; and even when at a considerable distance or high above us, one plainly hears the quill feathers; their shafts and webs upon one another creak as the joints or working of a vessel in a tempestuous sea.'"

Coleridge's theory of poetical license applied to the dates and occasions of his poems as well as to the poems themselves, and all that we can gather with any certainty from the note is that about the time when he wrote the lines to Charles Lamb he read a description of the flight of the Savanna crane. There is, however, unimpeachable evidence which tends to show that his first acquaintance with Bartram belonged rather to the end than to the earlier part of 1797, that the last rook "flew creeking" some months before the Savanna crane had floated into his ken. In a private notebook which Coleridge kept at this time, and which is known as the "Gutch Memorandum Book," there are several extracts from Bartram's 'Travels.' It is impossible to fix the exact date when these extracts were made, but their relative position to other entries affords some clue. The first extract (Note-Book, p. 31, Bartram, p. 127), a description of the alligators of West Florida, follows some disjointed scraps of poetry. Among these scraps occur the lines:

"Behind the thin
Grey cloud that cover'd but not hid the sky,
The round full moon look'd small"—*

* Gutch, 'Note-book,' p. 59.

a variant of a line in "Christabel." Half way through the extract we come upon an incident in Hartley Coleridge's babyhood :

"Hartley fell down and hurt himself. I caught him up angry and screaming—and ran out of doors with him. The moon caught his eye—he ceased crying immediately—and his eyes and the tears in them, how they glittered in the moonlight!"

A poetical rendering of this story is to be found in "The Nightingale," which was written in April, 1798. The account of the alligators is copied almost verbatim, but in Coleridge's version of the following sentence we see the poet at work. "About noon," says Bartram (p. 138), the weather became extremely sultry, not a breath of wind stirring, hazy and cloudy, with very heavy distant thunder, which was answered by the crocodiles. It was a presage of a storm." The note-book puts it thus: "The distant thunder sounds heavily, the crocodiles answer it like an echo." Then follows a lengthy description of the Loblolly Bay, or Gordonia Lasianthus, of which more anon. The last entry which has any reference to Bartram is not an excerpt, but embodies the substance of his narrative and contains the germ of a poem that was to be (Note-Book, p. 36): "The life of the Seminole (*sic*), playful from infancy to death, compared with the snow, which in a calm day falling scarce seems to fall, and plays and dances in and out to the very moment that it touches the ground." Now, the frontispiece of Bartram's 'Travels' is a portrait of Mico Chlucco, the Long Warrior, King of the

Siminoles, and it was the word "Seminole" which gave me the clue to the meaning of the note, and, indeed, to the source of the other extracts which are inserted without any reference to their origin.

With this hitherto mysterious fragment the references to Bartram come to an end and Coleridge returns to poetical jottings for "The Nightingale." So, then, after at least one line of "Christabel" had taken shape and whilst "The Nightingale" was on the stocks Bartram was read and digested. The entries in the note-book were probably made in the spring of 1798, nine or ten months after Charles Lamb came to Stowey and "The Lime Tree Bower" was written. Nothing is more tempting to the minute critic than the discovery of resemblances between the book which a poet is known to have read and the poems which he afterwards produces, but such resemblances are often fanciful and misleading. There are, however, passages in Bartram's descriptions of the Great Sink, Alligator Hole, and of intermittent springs in the land of King Talahasochte near the river of little St. Juan which may have suggested the imagery of the mysterious dream-fountain in "Kubla Khan." Let me pick out a few of Bartram's sentences (Chap. VII) descriptive of the Great Sink, Alligator Hole, etc., which may have rested on and in Coleridge's consciousness before they took visionary shape in his exquisite dream poem. He speaks of waters which "descend by slow degrees through rocky caverns into the bowels of the earth, whence they are carried by subterraneous channels into other receptacles and basons." He travels for several miles over "fertile

eminences and delightful shady forests." He is enchanted by a "view of a dark sublime grove"; of the grand fountain he says that the "ebullition is astonishing and continual, though its greatest force of fury intermits" (note that word "intermits") "regularly for the space of thirty seconds of time: the ebullition is perpendicular upward, from a vast rugged orifice through a bed of rock throwing up small particles of white shells." He is informed by "a trader" that when the Great Sink was forming there was heard "an inexpressible rushing noise like a mighty hurricane or thunderstorm," that the earth was overflowed by torrents of water which came wave after wave rushing down, attended with a terrific noise and tremor of the earth," that the fountain ceased to flow and "sank into a huge bason of water"; but, as he saw with his own eyes, "vast heaps of fragments of rock" (Coleridge writes "huge fragments"), "white chalk, stones, and pebbles had been thrown up by the original outbursts and forced aside into the lateral valleys." Now listen to "Kubla Khan."

"KUBLA KHAN.

"IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
  Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

"But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing.
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and vale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

"The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

"A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!

And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, 'Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.'"

I pass from these manifest coincidences of imagery and phraseology to a less verifiable but no less suggestive coincidence of moral feeling or sentiment. One of Bartram's tales is that during the night he went many times to a spring to fetch water, and that on revisiting the spot by daylight he perceived that the fountain was guarded by a huge rattlesnake. Inasmuch, however, as the "generous snake" had spared him and his companions, so would he spare the snake. If Coleridge read this passage no doubt he read it with approval, and still more must his sensitive and devout spirit have been stirred by the prayer in which the traveller, roused by the morning song of birds, "the gentle monitors of mead and grove," dedicates himself to the high service of Nature.

"Ye vigilant and faithful servants of the Most High! ye who worship the Creator morning, noon, and eve, in simplicity of heart! I haste to join the universal anthem.

* * * * *

"O Universal Father! Look down upon us, we beseech thee, with an eye of pity and compassion, and grant that universal peace may prevail in the earth, even that divine harmony which fills the heavens, thy glorious habitation! And, O Sovereign Lord! since it has pleased thee to endue man with power and pre-eminence here on earth, and

establish his dominion over all creatures, may we look up to thee, that our understanding may be so illuminated with wisdom, and our hearts warmed and animated with a due sense of charity, that we may be enabled to do thy will, and perform our duty towards those submitted to our service and protection; and be merciful to them even as we hope for mercy."

Is not this the moral and the spirit of the "Ancient Mariner"?

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

No doubt when Bartram first fell in his way Coleridge took notes with a view to future poems. As Crantz and as Leemius had supplied similes and illustrations for "Religious Musings" and the "Visions of the Maid of Orleans"; as Shelvocke's 'Voyages,' and 'Purchas's Pilgrimage' had fed his imagination with still richer and more delicate food, so he hoped and intended to wed Bartram's dreamlike narrative to immortal verse. Alas! in the autumn of 1798 he turned his steps to Germany, and "turned no more" to the "soft ideal scenes" of nature and of fairyland. But the good seed which Bartram had dropped fell into good ground. In respect of poetical capital Wordsworth and Coleridge had, as we know, gone into partnership, and though they soon found that it was impossible to work at the same loom they shared the raw material in common. At the same time that Coleridge was making extracts from Bartram Wordsworth must have studied the book

still more carefully, and as it turned out, to more enduring purpose. In the snowy winter of 1798–1799 which he passed at Goslar, instead of perfecting himself in the German tongue or learning to distinguish between the *reason* and the *understanding*, Wordsworth among other lyrical pieces produced "Ruth." In the second edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' which was published in 1800, and in subsequent editions of his poems, certainly as late as 1820, a brief note was appended to the tenth stanza of "Ruth" in which the magnolia and the scarlet flowers of Georgia are introduced. The note runs thus:

"The splendid appearance of these scarlet flowers, which are scattered with such profusion over the hills in the southern parts of North America, is frequently mentioned by Bartram in his 'Travels'" ('Lyrical Ballads,' 1800, vol. ii, p. 106).

The purport of the note was merely to explain the allusion, and in after years, when the *magnolia grandiflora* and other American plants were no longer rarities, it was omitted as superfluous. But, as a matter of fact, the stanzas descriptive of the scenery of Georgia are a closer rendering of Bartram than the note seems to imply.

It may be interesting to place the words of the traveller side by side with those of the poet, and the poet must be allowed to take precedence.

"There came a youth from Georgia's shore
A military casque he wore,
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest."

Bartram's description of the Indian headdress is as follows (p. 499):

"A very curious diadem or band, about four inches broad, and ingeniously wrought or woven, and curiously decorated with stones, beads, wampum, porcupine quills, etc., encircle their temples, the front peak of it being embellished with a high waving plume, of crane or heron feathers."

Mico Chlucco, King of the Siminoles, whose portrait adorns the frontispiece, wears just such a military casque as Wordsworth describes. He is armed with a tomahawk and spear, and his top-knot consists of three nodding plumes. If he was a typical Seminole that "playful" race must have been much more formidable than flakes of falling snow. To return to "Ruth":

> "He told of girls, a happy rout!
> Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
> Their pleasant Indian town,
> To gather strawberries all day long;
> Returning with a choral song
> When daylight is gone down."

And this is what Bartram saw in the Vale Keowe, near to the Jore mountain and the Tan[illegible] river in the country of the Cherokees:

"A vast expanse of green meadows and strawbe[illegible] fields; a meandering river gliding through, saluting in various turnings the swelling, green, turfy kn[illegible] embellished with parterres of flowers and fruitful stra[illegible] berry beds; flocks of turkeys strolling about them, he[illegible] of deer prancing in the meads or bounding over the hi[illegible] Companies of young innocent Cherokee virgins, some b[illegible]

gathering the rich fragrant fruit, others having already filled their baskets, lay reclined under the shade of floriferous and fragrant native bowers of magnolia, disclosing their beauties in the fluttering breeze and bathing their limbs in the cool fleeting stream, while other parties, more gay and libertine, were yet collecting strawberries, or wantonly chasing their companions, tantalising them, staining their lips and cheeks with the rich fruit."

This "sylvan scene of primitive innocence" led to an "innocent frolic" on the part of Bartram and his young companions, but for his naïve account of this Arcadian junketing I must refer you to the work itself. Again to quote from "Ruth":

> "He spake of plants that hourly change
> Their blossoms, through a boundless range
> Of intermingling hues;
> With budding, fading, faded flowers
> They stand the wonder of the bowers
> From morn to evening dews."

In Coleridge's note-book (p. 33) occurs the following extract from Bartram (p. 159).

"Describe 'the never bloomless furze,' and the tra[illegible]tion) to the Gordonia Lasianthus." (The furze was described in 'Fears in Solitude'.)

"Its thick foliage of a dark green colour is flowered over with large milk-white fragrant blossoms (on long, slender elastic peduncles, at the extremities of its numerous branches, from the bosom of the leaves) and renewed every morning, and that in such an incredible profusion, that the tree appears silvered over with them, and the ground beneath covered with the fallen flowers. It, at the same time, continually pushes forth new twigs, with young buds on them; and in the winter and spring the third year's leaves, now partly concealed by the new and perfect

ones, are gradually changing colour from green to a golden yellow, from that to a scarlet, from scarlet to crimson, and lastly to a brownish-purple, and then fall to the ground. So that the Gordonia Lasianthus may be said to change and renew its garments every morning throughout the . . . year."

Again, in the two next stanzas of "Ruth" the allusions to the magnolia, the cypress-spire, the *hibiscus coccineus*, and the "green Savannahs" were, as the note acknowledged, suggested by Bartram:

"He told of the magnolia spread
High as a cloud high overhead,
The cypress and her spire,
Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues and seem
To set the hills on fire.'

"The youth of green Savannahs spake
And many an endless, endless lake
With all its fancy crowds
Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds."

The story of Ruth was "suggested," says Wordsworth, "by an account I had of a wanderer in Somersetshire," but the conception of the irresponsible, light-hearted, half-savage "youth from Georgia's shore" owes something to Bartram's poetical description of the "Life of the Playful Seminole," which Coleridge compared to the flakes of falling snow. Like snow, too, which melts as it falls, was Coleridge's dream of writing an Indian poem. With "The Brook" and "The Epic on the

Origin of Evil," it passed into the limbo of might-have-beens, but the impression which Bartram had left on his mind was deep and lasting. In 1815 or 1816, when he composed his famous criticism of Wordsworth's poetry for his 'Literary Life,' he found an "analogy a sort of allegory or connected simile and metaphor of Wordsworth's intellect and genius," in one of Bartram's magniloquent sentences: 'The soil is a deep, rich, dark mould on a deep stratum of tenacious clay, and that on a foundation of rocks, which often break through both strata, lifting their backs above the surface. The trees which chiefly grow here are the gigantic black oak, magnolia grandiflora, fraxinus excelsior, platane, and a few stately tulip trees'" (B. L. 'Works,' vol. iii, p. 61); and twelve years later Coleridge has not forgotten his early favourite. The 'Table Talk' for January 27, 1827, records the following dictum: "The latest book of travels I know, written in the spirit of the old travellers, is Bartram's account of his tour in the Floridas. It is a work of high merit in every way."

Some years before this he had picked up on a book-stall or been presented with a copy of Bartram's 'Travels.' The title-page of the volume which lies before me bears the following inscription: "S. T. Coleridge, Highgate, April, 1818," but contrary to his wont he has added no more. The Marginalia which enriched his own books and those of his friends are nowhere to be found. But on the flyleaf, scrawled in pencil by a female hand, are these pathetic lines, which, slight as they are, can surely have been written by no other than S. T. C.

"Oh, Christmas Day! oh, happy Day!
A foretaste from above,
To him who hath a happy home,
And love returned from love.

"Oh, Christmas Day! oh, gloomy Day!
The barb in memory's dart!
To him who walks alone thro' life
The Desolate in heart."

These are sad words, but the days when Coleridge made extracts from Bartram, and thought to compare the "life of the Seminole to falling snow" were days of radiant hope, of friendship, love, and liberty. There are some beautiful lines in "The Nightingale" which owe nothing to Bartram, but have their connection with my story because they were written, as I divine, after a visit to Lord Egmont's agent at Enmore Castle. The "castle huge" has been supposed to refer to Alfoxden and the "hospitable maid" has been identified with Dorothy Wordsworth; but, as the argument is long and tedious, you must accept my dogma that the nightingales sang at Enmore, and that the gentle maid who "dwelleth hard by the castle" was the agent's daughter and sister to Coleridge's neighbour, the immortal dreamer of the ship of skeletons.

"And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,

In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift 'jug jug,'
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half-disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright
and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.
"A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their
notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perch giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head."

It was with something more than a scholar's felicity that Henry Nelson Coleridge subscribed as envoy or epilogue to the Preface of 'Table Talk'

those exquisite and pathetic words of the Greek poet Callimachus—Αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες—words which have been translated or, as it were, canonised by the author of "Ionica."

"They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tired the Sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

"And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake,
For Death he taketh all, but these he cannot take."

away

THE CITY OF PRAGUE.

BY COUNT LÜTZOW, D.LITT.(OXON.), HON. F.R.S.L.

[Read June 15th, 1906.]

It has always been to me a subject of great regret that Prague, the capital of my country, should be so little known in England. It was therefore with great pleasure that I recently read a brief but brilliant sketch of Prague from the pen of the gifted author who writes under the name of Vernon Lee.

Many circumstances contribute to the undoubted fact that Prague is little known in England, and indeed in many continental countries. I am fully aware of the salutary rule that excludes politics from the proceedings of our Society, and I will therefore limit myself to the statement that the authorities of the Austrian railways do nothing to facilitate travel in Bohemia. While Prague therefore is less known than neighbouring cities such as Nuremburg, whose historical record is compared to Prague but a provincial one, the city has always greatly appealed to those travellers who chanced to visit it.

The greatest admirers and lovers of Prague, however, have always been its citizens, and indeed the inhabitants of Bohemia generally. "The hundred-

towered golden city," the Slavic Prague, "the mother and head of all Bohemian cities," are but a few of the names that have been given to Prague by Bohemian writers at different periods.

It is certain that Prague is of very ancient origin, and that inhabited spots existed where the town now stands almost at the earliest period known to history. It is, however, very difficult to reconstruct the earliest history of Prague, and indeed of Bohemia generally, and the attempts to do so that were made when the language and literature of Bohemia were revived at the beginning of the nineteenth century have not always been successful. The only authorities are the scanty and often conflicting notices of the country that we find in the works of ancient Greek and Latin writers. I have dealt with this subject in an article that will shortly appear in the 'British Historical Review,' and therefore will not here refer in detail to this subject. It, however, deserves mention that recent archaeological research has proved almost to a certainty that the theory generally accepted in the last century according to which Slavic tribes and the Cechs in particular first entered Bohemia about the year 451 after Christ is incorrect. It now appears certain that almost from the earliest historical period at least part of Bohemia was inhabited by Slavs. Whether this applies to the district in which Prague is situated cannot at present be stated positively. It is equally impossible to decide whether the Bojohemum, afterwards Marobudium, mentioned as the capital of Bohemia by some classical writers, was situated on the spot

where Prague now stands. The geographical situation of the city, which lies in the centre of Bohemia on both banks of the Vltava or Moldan, and not far from the spot where that river joins the Elbe—the other great river that traverses Bohemia—renders this at least probable.

The earliest inhabited settlement within the circumference of the present city of Prague was undoubtedly situated on the hill known as Vyšehrad (that is to say the "higher castle" acropolis). That hill is the legendary residence of King Crocus and his three daughters, Kazi, Teta, and Libussa. To Libussa, the youngest of the three daughters, and the wife of the legendary peasant-prince Prěmysl, from whom all rulers of Bohemia claim descent, is attributed the foundation of a second settlement at Prague on the Hradčany hill on the left bank of the Vltava. The ancient chronicler Cosmas, of Prague, tells us that Libussa, while standing on a high rock on the summit of the Vyšehrad in the presence of her husband Prěmysl and the elders of the people, pointed to a wooded hill on the opposite bank of the river and foretold the glory of the city that would arise there. She sent some of her followers to this spot, where they found a man who was working at a door-sill (in Bohemian "prah") for a house. When Libussa was informed of this she said—"As even mighty lords bend before a low door, so from this event will you call the city Praha. They then built on this spot Prague, the mistress of all Bohemia. Though this account of the foundation of Prague is probably only legendary, yet it is very ancient.

We find it in the chronicle of Cosmas of Prague, who lived in the eleventh century, and was, with one doubtful exception, the earliest historian of his country.

It will be obvious to all who have visited Prague that the older settlement on the Vyšehrad, and the later one on the Hradčany, were divided by a vast space—in fact, almost the whole extent of land on which the modern city of Prague is situated. The manner in which the town gradually grew up to the period when the whole vast space between the two hills was covered with buildings can, though very interesting to us, have but little interest for dwellers in other lands. It is therefore sufficient to mention here that soon after the foundation of the settlement on the Hradčany a certain number of buildings sprang up on both banks of the Vltava, which from an early period were connected by a wooden bridge—the first predecessor of the celebrated bridge of Prague, which is still admired by all visitors to the city. The more important settlement, that on the right bank of the river, was largely peopled with German immigrants, and the "old town" (staré město as it was called) long had a somewhat more German character than the other parts of the city; this continued up to the period of the Hussite wars. The old town was surrounded by walls during the reign of King Wenceslas I, probably about the year 1235. These walls, starting from the river, followed the lines of the present Elizabeth Street, and then of the Graben or Příkopy, the principal thoroughfare of modern Prague, which indeed thence derives its name that signifies

ditch or trench. These fortifications included the interesting ancient Jewish town, but additional walls and gates that were closed every evening separated the Jewish dwellers from the other inhabitants of the old town.

The greatest enlargement of Prague, however, took place during the reign of Charles I—the German Emperor Charles IV—the most popular of Bohemia's rulers, whose memory is still venerated by the people. He enclosed the whole circumference of land between the limits of the old town and the Vyšehrad with walls, and within this space in an extraordinarily short time the "new town" arose that includes the largest part of the modern city of Prague. Charles was a great benefactor of Prague, and has been called the "second founder" of the city. A great number of the most important buildings, including the famed bridge, are due to him, but time is not sufficient to enlarge on these matters; besides, the details can be found in many works, among others in some of my own. I should, however, mention the foundation of the University, which henceforth plays so great a part in the history of Prague. Here as elsewhere I think that an account of the events that befel in Prague, given in the words of contemporary native chroniclers, is the more interesting. One of these chroniclers, Beneš of Weitmîl, writes:

"The University became so great that nothing equal to it existed in Germany, and students came there from all parts—from England, France, Lombardy, Poland, and all the surrounding countries, sons of nobles and princes, and prelates of the church from all parts of the world."

It is mainly in consequence of the foundation of the University at a time when universities were few in number that Prague became the centre of the Hussite movement, and in consequence obtained for a time a world-wide importance. Though Charles IV was strongly opposed to the luxury and immorality of the Bohemian clergy, yet the great prosperity for which the country was indebted to his rule had a very deteriorating influence on the Bohemian priests. It is unnecessary to go into details, but I may quote the quaint contemporary saying which stated "that it was easier to find on the bridge of Prague a stag with golden antlers than a worthy priest."

It is, however, doubtful whether the movement in favour of church reform would have obtained its world-wide importance had it not been for the striking personality of John Hus, the greatest of Bohemians, and one of the greatest of all Slavs. John Hus was born in Southern Bohemia about the year 1373, and arrived in Prague towards the end of the fourteenth century. He took the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Divinity, and Master of Arts between the years 1393 and 1396. In 1401 he became Dean of the Faculty of Arts, and in the following year, at an unusually early age, Rector of his university. I cannot attempt even to outline here the momentous events that happened at Prague during the stay of Hus. He soon became preacher at the newly-founded Bethlehem Chapel, and was from the first an ardent Bohemian patriot. Many of his sermons have been preserved, and bear witness to his patriotism. Thus when German troops

under the margrave of Meissen invaded Bohemia Hus, preaching at the Bethlehem Chapel, declared that—

"The Bohemians are more wretched than dogs or snakes, for a dog defends the couch on which he lies, and if another dog tries to drive him away he fights with him, and a snake does the same. But us the German oppress, seizing all the offices of State, while we are silent. Bohemians should, in the kingdom of Bohemia, according to all human laws, indeed, also, according to the law of God, and according to the natural order of things, be foremost in all the offices of the Bohemian Kingdom; thus the French are so in the French Kingdom, and the Germans in the German lands. Therefore, should a Bohemian rule his own subordinates, and a German German subordinates. But of what use would it be were a Bohemian not knowing German to become a priest or bishop in Germany? Assuredly he would be as useful as a dumb dog who cannot bark to a herd! And, again, equally useless to us Bohemians is a German, and knowing that this is against God's law and the regulations, I declare it be illegal"!

The stirring words of Hus, which, in spite of the lapse of five centuries, appear very modern to a Bohemian, are well worth notice, as they bear witness to a fact that has often been neglected, that is, that Hus played a great political part in the history of his country. The questions of opposition to the Germans and the question of church reform were, of course, closely connected, for, in consequence of the unfair regulations that then—probably contrary to the intentions of its founder, Charles—ruled the university almost all ecclesiastical benefices were in German hands.

The activity of Hus did not immediately cause a

conflict between him and his ecclesiastical superiors. He, indeed, continued for some time on good terms with the Archbishop. It was only when he began to study the teaching and adopt the views of Wycliffe that he incurred the censure of the ecclesiastical authorities. On the other hand the university in which a recent decree of King Wenceslas had assured supremacy to the national party now favoured the views of Hus. When, by order of Archbishop Zbyněk, the works of Wycliffe were publicly burnt in Prague troubles broke out in the city. A contemporary chronicler writes:

"Instantly a great sedition and discord began. Some said that many other books besides those of Wycliffe had been burnt, therefore the people began to riot, the courtiers of the King were incensed against the canons and priests; many opprobrious songs against the Archbishop were sung in the streets."

In consequence of these troubles Hus left Prague, and henceforth only visited the town for a short period before he started on his fatal journey to Constance.

The news of the death, or, as the Bohemians deemed it, the murder of Hus, necessarily caused fury and indignation in Bohemia. The knights and nobles of Bohemia and Moravia met at Prague on September 2nd, 1415, and issued a protest against the murder of Hus that was couched in the strongest language, and stigmatised the execution of the martyr as "an iniquitous deed committed out of hatred of the Bohemian people, and the Slavic race." The firm attitude of the Bohemian people, all ranks

and classes of which were united—unfortunately a rare occurrence—for a time intimidated the Germans and other partisans of the Roman church. During the life of King Wenceslas no attempt was made to conquer Bohemia by force of arms. The King's health had been failing for some time, but events that occurred in the "new town" of Prague hastened his death.

On July 30th, 1419, when the Hussite priest, John of Zělivo, was—as had now become customary—carrying the sacrament while leading a procession through the streets, stones were thrown at the Hussites from the windows of the town hall of the new city. The exasperated people, lead by John Žižka, of Trocnov, one of the King's courtiers, who afterwards became the famous Hussite general, stormed the town hall, and threw from the windows the mayor and several town councillors, to whom the outrage was attributed. This "defenestration"—I have ascertained that the word is recognised in the English language—marks the beginning of the religious wars in Bohemia, just as the better known "defenestration" of 1618 precedes, but by two years, the end of the Bohemian struggle for religious liberty.

On receiving news of this event King Wenceslas was immediately seized by a slight apoplectic fit. A second severer attack caused his death on August 16th. Renewed riots broke out in Prague, and the partisans of church reform obtained possession of the city, though the royal troops continued to hold the castles of Hradčany and Vyšehrad.

Through the death of Wenceslas, his brother

Sigismund, King of the Germans and King of Hungary became heir to the Bohemian throne, though, as at that period, and, indeed, during two further centuries, it was doubtful whether the crown of Bohemia was hereditary or elective, his claim was a doubtful one. Sigismund's firm adherence to the Papal cause, and his dislike to the Bohemian nation, which he took little trouble to conceal, would, at any rate, have made it doubtful that he would be recognised as their sovereign by the Bohemians, but when, through his instigation, Pope Martin V proclaimed a crusade against Bohemia, the whole nation rose in arms against Sigismund. In an appeal to the people issued jointly by the nobles and by the citizens of Prague, it was declared that no Bohemian should obey the orders of Sigismund, King of the Germans, and King of Hungary, who was the enemy of the Bohemian nation, and who had not been crowned as King of Bohemia. Shortly afterwards an army of "crusaders" collected from all parts of Europe invaded Bohemia. They appear to have been very numerous, for Monstrelet, a contemporary writer, states:—"Il arriva tant de gens zu à peine se pouvaient ils nombrer." These vast bands of adventurers have for ever discredited the name of crusaders, and it would be impossible to even indicate the cruelties which they committed in Bohemia. Sigismund, who was the leader of this vast army, arrived at Prague on June 30th, 1420, and took up his quarters at the Hradčany castle that was still held by his adherents.

The Praguers, who had been joined by a Taborite force commanded by Žižka, confidently awaited the

attack of the Romanists. As I have written elsewhere, to them, as afterwards to the Puritans, absolute confidence in scripture rendered despondency impossible. No man or woman of Prague doubted that the Lord, who had once struck down the forces of Sennacherib, would now strike down the forces of Sigismund.

Sigismund had decreed that a general assault on Prague should be made on the 14th of July, and that simultaneous attacks on the city should be made from the Hradčany and Vyšehrad castles, while a third force should attack the Vitkov (now Žižkov) hill, that assured to the Hussites their communications with the open country. This hill was held by Žižka with a small force of Taborites—but among the Taborites all—men and women, as well as children, were soldiers. The contemporary chronicler writes that, in spite of the heroism of Žižka, his troops were for a time beaten back. One of the small earthworks was held for a long time by only twenty-six men, two women, and one girl, who long braved the attacks of several hundred Germans. When they were at last obliged to retreat, one of the women refused to leave her post, saying that a true Christian must never give way to Antichrist. She was immediately cut down by the Germans. I mention this incident as evidence to the indomitable religious enthusiasm of the Bohemians, which, for a time, enabled them to resist the attacks of almost all Europe that was at war against their city.

Shortly after the Bohemian victory on the Žižkov Sigismund abandoned the siege of Prague, though his troops continued to occupy the two castles. At

the end of October he attempted to aid the besieged garrison of the Vyšehrad, and a very sanguinary battle took place in the fields between the castle and the neighbouring village of Pankrác. Picturesque though these early battles for religious freedom appear to us, a lengthy account of them would, I fear, appear tedious to an Englishman. The Hussite wars were at last ended by the so-called compacts, which conceded to the Bohemians at least some of their demands. Thus they were granted the right to receive communion in the two kinds, a privilege that they retained up to the suppression of Bohemian independence in 1620.

In 1526 Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, a brother of the Emperor Charles V, was chosen as king by the Bohemian Estates. The unwritten, but almost unbroken, alliance between the house of Habsburg and the Roman See was then already in existence, and Ferdinand and his successors constantly endeavoured to curtail the religious freedom which the Bohemians had obtained at the price of so much bloodshed. Prague was the scene of many stirring events during this struggle, but time prevents me from attempting even to outline them.

I shall limit myself to referring to the events of the years 1618 to 1620, which had a decisive effect on the fate of Prague and, indeed, of Bohemia generally.

We have a very safe guide in the writings of Pavel Skála ze Zhoře, a contemporary and an eye-witness of many of the events he records. As previously I shall quote from these little-known writings. In 1611 the weak Emperor Rudolf, King of Bohemia, had granted the so-called letter of

majesty, which considerably enlarged the rights of the Bohemian Protestants. The officials of Vienna and the influence of the Spanish Court, however, constantly endeavoured to limit the rights of the Protestants. The Bohemian nobility, then almost entirely Protestant, opposed the Vienna authorities, and this opposition finally led to the famed defenestration of Prague on May 23rd, 1618. Of this event Skála writes, after describing the negotiations between the Bohemians, nobles, and Martinic and Slavata, the Austrian officials:

"No mercy was granted them, and first the lords of Smečno (Martinic) were dragged to the window near which the secretaries generally worked, for Kinsky was quicker and had more aid than Count Thurn, who had seized Slavata. Then they were both thrown, draped in their cloaks, and with their rapiers and decorations just as they had been found in the councillors office, one after the other, head foremost out of the western window into a moat beneath the palace, which, by a wall, was separated from the other deeper moat. They loudly screamed 'alas, alas,' and attempted to hold on to the window-frame, but were as last obliged to let go as they were struck on their hands."

Equally graphic are Skála's descriptions of the executions of the Bohemian patriots that followed the disastrous defeat of the White Mountain, but I fear to obtrude on your patience.

The period that followed the battle of the White Mountain is one of decay in Bohemia generally, and in Prague in particular. It is only occasionally that we meet with a mention of the once-famed capital, now apparently an Austrian provincial city. Thus Lady Mary Montague writes:—"The ladies of

Prague followed the fashions of the ladies of Vienna but somewhat as the ladies of Exeter follow the fashions of London."

I have often spoken and written of the revival of the Bohemian language and literature in the nineteenth century. It would be almost impossible to do so here in a few words, nor would it be possible entirely to exclude politics, which I am determined to ignore. I should also state that Prague now has a fine national theatre, museum, and university, and that all these institutions, of course, have greatly contributed to extend the importance and value of the national language. Yet I think I should mention the fact that the Bohemian national language, which appeared nearly extinct a century ago, is now a flourishing one with a rapidly increasing literature is a very exceptional, almost unique one. It would be very tempting to enlarge on this subject if time permitted.

Prague is gradually recovering its ancient importance, and is, indeed, one of those towns that require but to be known to be loved. I confidently hope that these few words that I have ventured to address to you will contribute to making that beautiful city better known in England.

'UMR KHAYÀM.

BY A. ROGERS, M.R.A.S.

[Read November 28th, 1906.]

In a paper which is meant to rehabilitate in the opinion of the English reading public the character of the well-known astronomer-poet of Persia, 'Umr Khayàm, it will be well to give a slight sketch of his life from particulars gathered from his own works and what has been left on record by his contemporaries, in order, as far as possible, to counteract the impression that has been generally created —chiefly by the perusal of what purports to be a translation, although it is in reality little more than a paraphrase, of a small portion of his writings, that has come down to us in the present day in the poetry of the late Edward Fitzgerald. This poem is couched in such fascinating diction that it has fairly taken the public, both in England and America, by storm, and any attempt to place before them a different version is met at once by the simple reply, "Oh, it is of no use; Fitzgerald holds the field." It is the purpose of this paper to prove that, as the consequence of this predilection for rather a fascinating English poem, a very erroneous opinion has,

as it were, become stereotyped in the public mind, an opinion that, however it may have arisen, is one-sided, and to the detriment of the true character of the man to whom it relates. Whether by accident or design, the quatrains selected for translation by Fitzgerald contain but little that does not relate to the vanity and emptiness of earthly things, the entire absence of any look-out for the future, as everything after death seems an absolute void from which there is no possibility of return, with the resultant advice that it is the best philosophy to make as much as possible of the day with wine, women, and sensual pleasures. In the midst of all this, however, there are not infrequent references to women of *Húri*-form, which, as *Húris* are the celestial damsels that are appointed to wait upon the faithful in the Mussulman Paradise with wine and other enjoyments, prove that the author had some ideas of pleasures to be enjoyed after mortal death, as well as mentions of hell (*dúzakh*), and punishment, and a Day of Judgment, which undoubtedly show he knew there would be some kind of final reckoning.

Out of what number the particular quatrains translated by Fitzgerald were selected, or whence they were taken, does not appear from his introductory remarks, but it is quite certain that there are in existence a very large number either really composed by 'Umr himself or by a variety of other poets at different times and attributed to him, which in the course of centuries have become included among the so-called *Rubaiyát*. Many of these, as will be presently seen, contain unmistakable proofs of the bent of 'Umr Khayàm's mind, and in forming

a judgment as to its general nature must in all fairness be taken into consideration when we estimate his character. But before proceeding to such details it would be as well to make a few remarks as to the method adopted in translating the comparatively small number included by Fitzgerald in his translation. The incidents of Khayàm's life will be alluded to hereafter.

It has for long been a disputed point as to whether translations from a foreign language, especially from foreign poetry, into English should be literal or free. Much, it seems to me, must depend on the end which such translations are meant to serve and the class of persons whom it is proposed to interest in them. I think it will be generally admitted that the imitation should be as close as possible, not only as to style, but also as to sense and sentiment, and that, as a rule, prose is better rendered into prose and verse into verse. The order in which the words in the former must be arranged must to a great extent follow grammatical rules, as they do in speaking, to be properly intelligible; whereas a greater flexibility may be allowed in the latter, as practical forms of expression in these may vary according to the genius and bent of mind of those employing them more than in the bare asseveration of ordinary straightforward statements of facts or ideas meant to be conveyed in plain prose writing. There are little *nuances* or turns of expression that may be more easily caught in cases where a transposition of words is allowable than in those, for instance, where the nominative case must come before the verb according to strict grammar and the

accusative follow it. Not only so, but the ability to transpose the position of words frequently adds to the ease with which the rhymes necessary to complete lines in poetical compositions can be found.

I have been led into these remarks by a critical comparison of several versions adopted by Edward Fitzgerald, Le Gallienne, Whinfield, and others, in their methods of paraphrasing the now celebrated quatrains of 'Umr (or as commonly written "Omar") Khayàm. Of these so-called translators Whinfield was the only one who really knew something of the original language, Persian, in which the quatrains were composed, as Fitzgerald's knowledge of it was very slight, and the result has been that they have been obliged to have recourse to translations by others, in paraphrasing which they have adopted to a great extent their own ideas in place of those of the author himself. One glaring instance of this occurs in the fourth quatrain to Fitzgerald's version, which runs thus:

"Now the New Year reviving old desires,
The thoughtful soul to solitude retires,
Where the White Hand of Moses on the bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires."

The word rendered here as "solitude" is *sahrá*, which has the double meaning of a *desert* and an *open plain*. From the former Fitzgerald, considering with European ideas solitude the most suitable place in which melancholy reflections might be indulged, has given the sentiment of the verse a morbid interpretation, whereas the poet's own idea

was that at the coming of spring the white hand of Moses, typified by the white down appearing on the bough of the willow and other trees when the young buds are about to burst forth, brings gladness into the heart of the beholder and draws him towards the open plain, where he may realise the beauty of the fresh verdure that is about to cover the earth.

There are other instances in which those quatrains of Fitzgerald's that are presumed, from his having selected them to illustrate the ideals of 'Umr Khayàm's philosophy, to contain the leading ideas of the latter, are misleading; and it is not exactly correct to say, as the former does in the preface to his book, that 'Umr Khayàm only diverted himself in bitter or humorous jest with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last. There is a far more devout spirit shown, for instance, in the following quatrains taken from among those in the Bodleian MS. and others in the larger number contained in Whinfield's edition of nearly five hundred. The mere fact that Fitzgerald has only taken seventy-five out of a far greater number proves that he failed to take a fair view of 'Umr's character, and passed very lightly over the more philosophical and serious aspect of it. The following relates to forgiveness of sins:

"Pardon by tens my faults: each virtue reckoning give:
All of my sins do thou, for love of God, forgive.
Let not the wind and air light up thy rancour's fire,
But by the tomb of Allah's Prophet now forgive."

The next relates to the instability of life:

"Since constant in this world we cannot now remain,
Lover, cupbearer gone, food even gives us pain:
How long shall old or new traditions last, wise man?
Once gone, in new or old worlds, what would be my gain?"

And this to penalty for offences:

"In loving thee reproach I bear in many a way:
My promise if I break, the penalty I pay:
And if my life to thy oppression I should yield,
I should bear less than this until the Judgment Day."

The following, again, is in direct contradiction of the sensuous spirit conveyed in most of the quatrains quoted by Fitzgerald:

"The form of being and not being, both I know
As I discern the inwardness of high and low.
Of my own learning still may I be now ashamed,
Of drunkenness, the true condition, when I know."

In Quatrain 125 we have:

"O Darvísh, now of form the garment throw away,
Nor for form's sake thy own self give away:
Upon thy back of poverty the old rug throw:
Beneath it as a king the drum thou mayest play."

In Quatrain 145:

"O heart, if from the body's dust thou canst be free,
Thy naked soul to heaven may rise and flee.
The Empyrean is thy habitation: shame to thee
That thou should'st come a denizen of earth to be."

It is evident, from these and other quatrains which

would be too numerous to quote, that 'Umr Khayàm was by no means the mere voluptuary he is generally supposed to have been. He was a man of science, an astronomer of no mean repute, as well as a reformer of the Calendar, having compiled the astronomical tables known as the Zij-i-Malikshàhi, reformed the old Persian Calendar, named the era of Yazdijird, an account of which will be found in Note C in the appendix to Whinfield's edition of the quatrains. It is thus evident that he was a hard-headed, matter-of-fact man, and that the manner in which he, so to speak, let himself loose in some portions of his verse in his occasional warm references to the pleasures of the senses may be ascribed, not to his liking for mere scenes of conviviality, as conveyed by Fitzgerald, but to a reaction against the dulness of ordinary Mussulman religious life. The assemblies in those days, in which wine was somewhat largely consumed, were in fact the nurseries of the intellectual life of the times, and served to counteract that dulness to a certain extent. They were in reality not connected with their religious spirit.

'Umr Khayàm, whose full name was Abul Fath 'Umr bin Ibráhím, or the son of Ibráhím, adopted the *Takhallus*, the poetical name, or, as we shall call it, the *nom de plume* of Khayàm, the tent-maker, in accordance with the fashion of the age, in the same manner that Faríduddín Attar, the perfumer, from *Atr*, the barbarous English "otto" of roses, the former from having at one time been a maker of tents, and the latter from having dealt in perfumes or essences. He was an inhabitant of the town of

Naishápúr in the Province of Khorásán, and lived in the latter end of the eleventh and beginning of the twelfth century of the Christian era. His history has been related by Nizám ul Mulk, Vazír of Alp Arslán, the son, and Malikshah, the grandson, of Tughral Beg, the Tartar, who founded the Seljukian dynasty, and who finally were instrumental in causing Europe to undertake the Crusades. This Nizám ul Mulk was a fellow-student of 'Umr Khayàm and Hassan bin Sabáh at Naishápúr under the Imám Muvaffak at that place, the latter having a great reputation for his knowledge of the Korán, to the extent that it was generally believed that any boy who studied under him would assuredly attain to honour and happiness. The trio were great friends with each other, and in the course of their friendship entered into a solemn compact that whichever of them might attain to the dignity and honour expected from their study under the Imám should share these with the other two. After some years Nizám rose to be administrator during the reign of Alp Arslán, and his two friends, having found him out, came to claim the fulfilment of their youthful compact. This the Vazír generously agreed to. Hassan obtained a place in the administration, and finally appears to have founded the sect of the Ismailians or Assassins, but with his history we have nothing further to do in this place. 'Umr Khayàm, on the other hand, had no ambition to serve in high places, but begged that he might be allowed to sit under the shadow of the Vazír's fortune, to spread the advantages of science, and pray for his patron's long life and prosperity.

When the Vazír found that he was sincere in refusing preferment he forbore to press him, but granted him a pension of 1200 mithkál of gold from the treasury of Naishápúr.

Whatever may have been the general opinion in his own country of his poetical talents, Professor Brown, in his lately published 'Literary History of Persia,' has come to the conclusion that he cannot be ranked above even the third class. It is well understood by Persian scholars that a very large number of the quatrains attributed to him have been ascribed to other writers. It might be supposed that some difference in the literary style of poets of earlier or later dates might have afforded a clue by which to distinguish his writings from those of others, but the fact is that all Persian poetry runs very much in grooves, and there is nothing exceptional in that of 'Umr Khayàm. The author of the 'Labúhalbáb,' the oldest biographer of Persian poets, who wrote in the early part of the 13th century, makes no mention of 'Umr Khayàm; and Darlatshah, another biographer, only incidentally.

Different opinions appear also to have been held with regard to his general character. In the "Mirsádul Ibód" (Observatory of God's servants), composed in 1223, he is described as a fervent Súfi mystic, an unhappy philosopher, atheist, and materialist, reproaching the Creator, in proof of which is quoted the following quatrain:

"He who endures has all these creatures named:
Why has He cast them down as if ashamed?
If they are excellent, why should he rend?
If evil, who must for those forms be blamed?"

After his refusal of the government of Naishápúr, as mentioned above, he continued his study of astronomy, and was one of the eight learned men whom Malikshâh employed to reform the existing Calendar. Although loaded with favours by this Sultán, he was dreaded and hated by the Súfis, whose practices he ridiculed, as in the following quatrains:

"Darvísh, cast off the cloak of outward show;
Give for your appearance not your life, but go,
Don the old rag of genuine poverty,
And drum of empire beat that rung below.

"Fools who of prayer-mats make such great display,
To vain hypocrisy a tribute pay;
Strange! under cover of this saintly show
They live like heathen, and the Faith betray."

Notwithstanding the bad opinion held of him by many, however, the great theologian, Abú Hamid Muhammad al Ghazáli relates that shortly before his death he wrote: "O God, verily I have striven to know Thee according to the range of my powers, therefore forgive me, for indeed such knowledge of Thee as I possess is my (only) means of approach to Thee."

It is thus abundantly evident that Fitzgerald has greatly misled the public as to the true character of 'Umr Khayàm. It is not as if the old poet had in any way endeavoured to conceal it or explain it away; for in the midst of apparently cynical sayings as to the nothingness of earthly things and the advisability of enjoying the present day as one that will never return, the following quatrain, which is not one included in Fitzgerald's solution, clearly

proves that at the bottom he had a very definite sense of everlasting love, and the appreciation of it that is incumbent on human beings.

"To thee my own state will I now explain
In two short words that shall its pith contain;
In passion for thee I'll go down to dust
And raise me in thy love from dust again."

Nor does he in any way minimise the evil of the potations which are so highly belauded and inculcated in the very variable sentiments contained in what has at all events been credibly attributed to him:

"Of those who of pure wine the goblet drain,
Nor in the *Mehràb* from night-prayer refrain,
Nor on the land, nor in the water lie,
One only wakes; all else in sleep remain."

Having thus vindicated the title of my paper, I propose to quote from other portions of the quatrains not contained in Fitzgerald's version a few of the golden opportunities of which he appears not to have availed himself to enhance the value of what even as it is is a striking and beautiful composition. All of these I cannot vouch for as having been written by Khayàm himself, for there are few authors, either in Persian or in other languages, whose approved writings have been more added to or amplified in the course of time than this. In fact, it has been credibly stated that large numbers of quatrains that were mere commentaries on or enlargements of the original stanzas have, through the errors of copyists, become embodied in what are supposed to be 'Umr Khayàm's writings.

"This day is thine, to-morrow may not be;
To-morrow's thought may bring but woe to thee.
Though sane thy heart, this moment do not waste;
What thy life's future is thou canst not see.

"If in pursuit of passion thou must go,
Wretched, I tell thee, soon shall I thee know;
See who thou art and whence thou hast arrived:
Know what thou dost and whither thou wilt go."

That 'Umr Khayàm duly appreciated the beauties of Nature will be seen from the following quotations:

"At dawn, when dews bedeck the tulip's face,
And violets their heavy heads abase,
I love to see the rose's folded buds,
With petals closed against the world's disgrace.

"The rose's season, river's bank and meadow side,
One or two others and a *Húri*-shape beside.
Bring forth the wine-cup—those who drink the morning draft
May scorn the mosque and leave the church aside.

"The rose's skirt rent by the morning breeze behold,
And at its charms the nightingale in song that's bold,
Sit in the rose's shade, for through wind many a rose
Dust has become, as in the earth down it was rolled."

I will conclude this paper with a few quatrains, also not chosen by Fitzgerald, that show the general scope of 'Umr Khayàm's philosophy.

"We come, we go: what profit is there left?
In Being's warp where for our life's the weft?
In the sky's circle many bodies pure
Turn to dust, burning, but of smoke bereft.

"We constantly both old and new wine buy,
And sell the world for two grains by and bye;
Where after death thou goest dost thou know?
Bring me more wine, and where thou wouldest hie.

"Light comes from Thee to the ant's narrow eye:
Thou givest to the goat's weak foot stability:
All qualities unfitting from Thee far,
Thy Being's counted fit alone for majesty.

"Be not, friend, troubled at thy destiny,
Nor at time's futile sorrow weary be.
The raiment of thy life must go to rags:
Then what will deed, or work, or blemish be?

"O thou who hast not good, but evil done,
And on God's grace dost rest thy hope alone,
Trust not in pardon: never can be done
That which undone is left, or done undone.

"Have I or not? For this how long shall I bear woe?
And whether happy shall I spend my days or no?
Whether this swallowed breath I breathe again,
Fill, then, the wine-cup full; this none may ever know.

"To grief for unjust Fate give not thou way;
Grieve not in memory for those who've passed away.
To Pari-born one's lips yield ever thou thy heart;
Have ever wine, to wind thy life nor throw away."

Submission to the will of the Almighty, generally typified under the name of "Fate" or "Time," was evidently the leading features of 'Umr Khayàm's philosophy, as shown in the following:

"Thou in whose service are both great and small,
In both worlds thy throne's service best of all;
Take by Thy excellence, O God, or give;
Thou can'st give good, or fortune ill recall.

"Upon Thy mercy we alone rely,
Apart from worship and iniquity;
Where'er Thy favour comes, there let it be:
Count undone done, let done as undone be."

Even where on a casual reading of a quatrain pure drinking and love of the wine-cup seems to be inculcated it will be found that some moral or explanatory clause is tacked on to the sentiment which greatly modifies the impression at first created by the constant repetition of the words "bring wine," "drink wine," etc., as, for instance:

"Cupbearer, all those who have gone before,
Now lie asleep upon pride's dusty floor,
Drink wine, and go and learn from us the truth;
All they have said was said, and nothing more.

"You who in carnal lusts your time employ,
Wearing your precious spirits with annoy,
Know that these things you set your heart upon
Sooner or later must the soul destroy."

Whilst, however, submitting on the whole to the Divine Will, Khayàm has not hesitated in some places to insinuate that things might have been very different if that Will had been exercised in such a way as to hold man under some proper control and not allowed him more than a reasonable exercise of the free will given him. Look, for instance, at the following quatrains from Whinfield's edition (Nos. 126, 311, and 471).

"He who endures has all these creatures framed:
Why has He cast them down, as if ashamed?
If they were excellent, why should He rend?
If evil, who must for these forms be blamed?

"My clay and water Thou hast mixed—what can I do?
What lies with me? My wool and silk Thou'st woven, too.
All good and bad I to existence bring,
Thou on my brow hast writ—what can I do?

"All things for quick and dead dost thou resolve:
This wandering sphere Thou makest to revolve:
Though I am bad, this slave's own master Thou;
In his own sin dost Thou each one involve."

It seems to me that I cannot sum up 'Umr Khayàm's character more concisely or correctly than Whinfield has in the introduction to his translation, and with this summary I will therefore close this paper:

"He regards life as a very doubtful blessing, and at times, like Job, he expresses his hatred of it. If he had the choice he would never have accepted it, and yet now he is here he is hardly willing to fly from the evils he knows to others whose extent he cannot gauge; for:

"'I had not come had in *my* hand my coming been:
If "being" had been mine, I never should have "been."
It had been well for me if in this world of dust
I'd never come, nor had become, and never been.'

"The problems and paradoxes of life so bewilder and overwhelm him that he often relieves his overwrought feelings by what Ruskin calls the grotesque treatment of the subject. In sheer despair he breaks out into bitter jesting and grim or flippant levity. He is always dwelling on the base uses to which imperial Caesar is put when turned into clay. He likens men to a company of pots, speculating as to their own origin and destiny, pronouncing some of their numbers to be vessels of honour and others vessels of wrath, and drawing such conclusions as they may as to the motives and designs of the great

Potter. But for all his levity and his flippancy, it is quite a mistake to class him with mere *frondeurs* like Voltaire and Heine. They warred against religion in every form, while 'Umr's revolt was only against what he regarded as the excrescences and misconceptions of religion. At bottom he was essentially religious, while they were essentially anti-religious."

On the opposite side, Fitzgerald sums up 'Umr's character:

"Omar, more desperate or more careless of any so complicated system as resulted in nothing but hopeless necessity, flung his own genius and learning with a bitter or humorous jest into the general ruin which those insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, pretending sensual pleasure as the serious purpose of life, only diverted himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last."

I shall have failed in my purpose if I have not conveyed to my audience that I lean to the former of these two estimates of 'Umr Khayàm's character, and that Fitzgerald has failed in his selections to convey a true impression of that character.

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY DEVOTION: THE "GOLDEN LITANY OF THE HOLY MAGDALEN."

(DOUCE MS. XLII)

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read January 23rd, 1907.]

SOME years ago I bought from a bookseller what professed, and rightly, to be a transcript of a MS. in the famous collection of Dr. Farmer. The matter contained in the MS. was a collection of prayers which it was asserted had been revealed to "an holy woman named Mawdlin" by Jesus Christ. On a careful examination it was clear that the transcriber had made some blunders, but more recently I have been able to identify his original. The Farmer MS. passed into the possession of Francis Douce, and was, with the remainder of his collection, bequeathed by him to the Bodleian Library. It now forms Douce XLII, and is thus described in F. Madan's 'Summary Catalogue of Western MSS. in the Bodleian Library' (vol. iv, p. 502):

In English, on parchment: written in the 15th cent., 5½ × 4 in., 50 pages. "Here begynneth the 'Golden Letany off the Lyeff and Passion of Cryste . . .,' as revealed to St. Mawdlin, with her vision prefixed, translated out of Latin presumably by J. S. ("quod J. S." on fol. 45); a prayer in English follows the litany. The Vision *beg.*

"Ther was an holy woman namyd Mawdlen." The name of "Willam Edgson" is on fol. 42 v (seventeenth century).

There is another copy of the "Golden Litany" in the Lambeth MS., 546 (29) which is printed by Maskell in his 'Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiae Anglicanae' (ii, 244), omitting, however, the very curious Introduction in which the vision of Magdalen is described. The Lambeth MS., which contains also the XV Os and other prayers, was apparently written by Robert Davenport, whose name is at the end of the Litany, but there is no further clue to his identity. Nor do we know anything of J. S., who subscribes the Douce MS. Can he have been Sir John Shirley, who is recorded in Bradley's 'Dictionary of Miniaturists'?

There is a sufficient difference between the two versions in the Lambeth and Douce MSS. to make it desirable to print the latter, which is the fuller of the two.

* THer was an holy woman namyd mawdlen of good and lawdabulle lyff with chaste maners or werkys indued and fulfylled euer with effecte of herte and bronnyng desyer of deuocion prayeng god that he of heis infenite grace wold wochesaue to shew and open to heir with what prayer or seruyce sche myghte hym best serue and please to the most profyte and helthe of heir soule. owre Lorde grounde off alle goodnes fro whome nothynge is hidde knowyng and vndirstondyng the grete feruent loue and desyer of this woman hauyng and brennyng touarde hym and heis passion and he hath graciosly herd heir prayer and peticion and to heir vpon a tyme hath openly aperyd and shewyd heis most

* T: illuminated letter with large red heart in the middle; poorly drawn. The letters underlined are expressed by contractions in the MS. The transcript has been carefully verified for me by Mrs. A. F. New, of Oxford.

precious woundis sayng vnto heir on this maner. "O thou swet mawdlen for that I haue perceyued and knowen thy herty desyre and feruent love that thou to me and my passion of longe season beforne hast had and born so take thou here this wrytyng or letters wherin thou shalte fynde wretyn a syngular goode prayor of the remembraunce of my lyeff and bitter passion that I sufferd for the and alle mankynde whiche shalbe named or called the golden letanye. ffor as golde aboue alle other metalles is most precious in valeure and goodnes rythe so this present prayour is to me most acceptabull aboue all other prayours or orysons that be in the wold vsed. ffor as oftyn os thou or ony other wythe hertty deuocion wull say or reed this golden letany havyng mynde of my passion so ofte doiste thou anoynte my woundis with swete salues and precious oyntmentys in suchewyse that I can not denye nothyng that thou ryghtfully desyrest of me for thy selfe or for ony other of thy frendis leuyng vpon erthe or for ony soules lyeng in the peynes of purgatory oute of the whiche I shalle delyuer and brynge them to my blysse euerlestyng by the vertu of the seyde prayer and in signe and token of the very trowth heroff thou shalte fynde and haue the markys of my .v. woundis duryng thy lyeff vpon thi handis feett and syde, and euery ffryday the wounde opon thy syde shalle renne or flowe wyth bloode so as my passion be euer in thy mynde and rememberaunce, and os many as sey or reed deuoutly this golden letany wyth the rememberaunce of my passion shalle gete and haue off me many specialle gracis and gyftes. ffor I shalle take fro them alle tribulacions sorowes and plages that thei in this world for ther synnes and offences haue deseruyd to suffyr, and mercyfully I shalle forgyff them and take them to my grace as thou thei had me neuer offendid and I wulle that this my grace be nott hyde but that thou shewe it to euery persone to the intent that for defaute of knowlege þeroff thei shalle nott do excuse ther ignoraunce but that thei in redyng and sayeng dayly this golden letany may haue in mynde and

repente themselffe of ther sinnes wyth doyng warkys and dedis of satisfaccion for aboue alle other prayours itt plesith me most." This holy woman oute of the helfulle and most blissed vision commynge to heir mynde ageyne fonde as weell heir handis and feete wounded as in heir syde a wound wete with bloode of the whiche she had an vnspekabul Ioye and Ioyed in oure lorde that he of heis infenyte goodnes had visitte herewithe so moche of heis grace and vertu and dayly aftyrwarde here mynde and deuocion grewe more and more thinkyng on the passion of owre lorde in reding and sayeng this golden letany and euery fryday the wounde in heir syde habundantly flowed and ranne on bloode accordyng to the forseyd vision to her shewed and after the deth of the seyd holy woman wer founde vpon heir body the tokens of the .v. woundis and in the wounde in her syde was founde a lynen clothe alle wete of bloode þe whiche ȝett in to this day is holden and kepte in grete reuerens and worshyppe into the conformacion of the seyd mirakylle the whiche wer alle to longe to rehers. Also euery creature that shal sey or reed this golden letany at the ende of euery verse must say iff he praye for hym selphe haue mercy on me or on vs yff he name more than oone o lorde haue mercy on that sowle or sowles which as he wulle name or praye fore. Here begynneth the golden letany off the lyeff and passion of cryste in the same maner and forme that he hym selffe hath sheuved to the saluacion of alle crysten people.

* Lorde haue mercy on vs—Cryst haue mercy on vs. lorde haue mercy on vs and graunte vs vertu of soule and mede in erthe and aboue erthe that we maye serue the after the plesure of thy wylle. God euerlestyng and father by youre heuynly vertu haue mercy on vs. The sone of god redemar of the world haue mercy on vs. The holy gost by thy goodnes haue mercy on us. God þe increat and

* L: red letter. There is no space between "people" and "LOrde." Against the words, "LOrde haue mercy on vs" a later hand has written in the margin, "ye latyn begynns."

vndeuided trinite haue mercy on vs. Be thy deuyne vnasens haue mercy on vs. Be thy deuyne nature haue mercy on vs. Be thy infenyte mekenes haue mercy on vs. By thy selffe and alle goodnes that in the thou beheldyst haue mercy on vs. By the creacion of hevyn and erthe and alle thyngys that in them are haue mercy on vs. By thy goodnes that thou createst aungels haue mercy on vs. By thy loue that thou haddist whanne thou createst man thyne owen similitude haue mercy on vs. By the grete loofe that thou hadde to redeme man after heis falle haue mercy on vs. By that inestimabulle loue that thou hadde whanne thu chase that worthy virgyn mary to be thy modyr haue mercy on vs. By maries holy name that descendyd frome the hey troone of þe trinite and efflowed alle the world haue mercy on vs. By the concepcion of the virgyn thy modyr the whiche was sanctifyed in heir moderis wombe haue mercy on vs. By the holy natiuite off heir haue mercy on vs. By the perfite pouerte and mekenes haue mercy on vs. By the most humylle affecc[i]on the whiche she toke of the by the lappe of the fadir in hir virgyne wombe haue mercy on vs. By the mekenes of thyne hey maieste þat thou denyest not to dissende into the wombe of the virgyne mary haue mercy on vs. By the freylle nature off oure that it plesid the te take for oure synne not aborryng haue mercy on vs. By thy holy natiuite that thou woldist wochesaff to be borne of a mayde haue mercy on vs. By thy inestimabulle ioye whiche thy modir had in thy byrthe haue mercy on vs. By thy colde crybbe in the which with vyle clothes thou ware woune putt and noryshed wyth maydens mylke haue mercy on vs. By the ioy of schepherdis whiche honored the in the crybbe haue mercy on vs. By thy peynfulle circumsycion and shedying of thy precyous blood and by thy holy name ihesus and by alle thy holy sayntis haue mercy on vs. By the oblacion and prayor of the thre kynges haue mercy on vs. By the oblacion that thou were offerd in to the tempulle haue mercy on vs. By thy

fleying in to Egypte and by alle thi necessite that thou sufferdiste there with the virgyne thy modyr haue mercy on vs. By thy goyng ageyne fro Egypte in to nazareth and the obediens that thou were vndyr thy parentis haue mercy on vs. By thi humylle and meke conuersacion that thou hadde in erthe the space of xxxiij^{ti} yeris thou were conuersaunte haue mercy on vs. By thi meke obediens and paciens haue mercy on vs. By thy holy meditacions in worde and warke haue mercy on vs. By thi baptym and apperyng of the holy Trinite haue mercy on vs. by the holy fastes contemplacions and knelynges and ouercomyng of the fendis temptacion in the desert haue mercy on vs. By thi thirst and hunger colde and heet wiche in this vale of mysery thou sufferdist haue mercy on vs. By thi grete pouerte and contemplacion haue mercy on vs. By the obtractacion that thyne enemys detracte the haue mercy on vs. By thi wetcheynges and prayers haue mercy on vs. By thy holsome doctryne and benefy3ttes and strenght of resistyng that thou graunted not to thyn enemyes haue mercy on vs. By thy tokens wondirs and miracles that thou deed haue mercy on vs. By thi holy teeris and thi meke enteryng in to iherusalem on palme sonday haue mercy on vs. By the sherewed councelle in whome the peruerted Iewes conspired the in to dethe haue mercy on vs. By thi inflamate desyre þat thou had to redeme vs haue mercy on vs. By the meke waschyng of thy discyplis feet and Iudas thy traytore haue mercy on vs. By the most institucion of the worthy sacrament of thy blyssed body and blood haue mercy on us. By thi profounded loue that thou sufferdist thi discypul iohn to reste on thi breste in thy laste sopar haue mercy on vs. By the pees that thou gaue to thy discipuls haue mercy on vs. By thy holy wordis and sermons haue mercy on vs. By thy huge and grete henynes that thou had whan thou prayed to thy fadyr in the yerde nye the mounte of olyuet haue mercy on vs. By

the vertue of thy prayer that thou shed oute thre tymes haue mercy on vs. By thy peynfull and ferefull dethe haue mercy on vs. By that agony that thou offerdist thi selphe wilfully to deth in obeyng thy fadyr haue mercy on vs. By the shedyng of thi blod for angwyshe haue mercy on vs. By thy mekenes that thou woldist be conforted of the aungelle conforte me in alle tymes and haue mercy on vs. By thy tryumphant wylle that thou had whan thou went to mete them that sowte the in to dethe haue mercy on vs. By thy ferefulle taking and the vyolent leyeng on handys of the Iwis haue mercy on vs. By thi inmutabulle goodness that thou refused not the kysse of Iudas thi traytoure and that thou helid the eer of the bysshoppis seruaunte þat was strekyn of haue mercy on vs. By thy holy bondys in the whiche thou were takyn and led with breaydis in the whiche thou wert made wery that nyght haue mercy on vs. By the buffettys which thou sufferdist in the sight of annas the bysshoppe and other vnknowen haue mercy on vs. By þe loue and charite that thou haddiste whanne thou werte led bounden before bysshoppe cayphas haue mercy on vs. By the fals wittenes and lyes vpon the and vnjustly dampned haue mercy on vs. By the vyle spittinges and Illusyons haue mercy on vs. By þe buffettis and strypes haue mercy on vs. By the blyndfellyng of thy holy eyne and other reproues that thou sufferdist that nyght haue mercy on us. By the gracious beholding that thou beheldist petyr and by alle that laboure and secret vnknowen torment which thou sufferd alle that nyght haue mercy on vs. By thi presentacion and accusacions whiche thei browte ageyns the before pylate the Iuge haue mercy on vs. By the dyspisyng and Illusyons þat thou sufferd before Herrod and the white vesture in the which he sente the to pylate haue mercy on vs. By alle confusion and vnknowen laboure that thou sufferdist in goyng frome on Iuge to a nother have mercy on vs. By the schamefulle pullyng of thy clothes and hard byndyng

of thy body to the pyller haue mercy on vs. By the harde betyng of skorges haue mercy on vs. By the innumerabulle woundis of thi precious body hugely shed oute with blood have mercy on vs. By alle thy peyne doloure colde schakynge and the gladde thyrstynge oute of thy blood haue mercy on vs. By thy purpulle vestment and the croune of thorne thirsted to thi blyssed hed with vyalens haue mercy on vs. By that vnmesurabulle peyne that thou were tormentyd whanne thei smote the croune of thornes withe the kynges septure and by the grete effusyon of thi precious blood haue mercy on vs. By the skornefulle honoryng and salutyng of the Iewis that whanne they sayed heylle thou kynge of Iewis haue mercy on vs. By ther vyle spittyng in thi dyuyne face to gether with harde strokes haue mercy on vs. By alle the peyne and heuynes of hert that thou had whanne pylate led the oute to the people berynge the croune of thorne and the purpulle vestment and seyd beholde this man haue mercy on vs. By that dredfulle sentens of dethe and euylle name ledyng the vn to the hey mounte of Calvary haue mercy on vs. By the loue that thou bare the crosse to the place of peyne on thi backe haue mercy on vs. By the laborous angwische schame and betynge thou sufferdist by the way haue mercy on vs. By alle thy harde steppis whanne thou bare the crosse and wentist to thi deth haue mercy on us. By the grete heuynes of thi shulders on the whiche thou bare the crosse vn to þe tyme thou fayled for weykenes haue mercy on us. By the compassyon of thyn hert that thou had in metyng of thi sorowfulle mother in beryng thy crosse haue mercy on vs. By thi heuy lokynges and assendyng vp the hey mounte of caluary in whiche thou shuldist be crucyfied haue mercy on vs. By the spoylynge of thi clothes in moste confusyon of the syght of the virgyn thi modyr and alle the people haue mercy on vs. By that settyng that thou were naked fulle of woundys and sattyst with grete sorow with colde of the wynde sufferyng tylle the

crosse were made redy haue mercy on vs. By thy heuy steppis whan thou wentyst nere to pe crosse and ther on fastened with boystous nayles haue mercy on vs. By the eekyng of thy peyne and thy wepyng haue mercy on vs. By the ache off thy veynes and senowes and by alle thi membris on the crosse haue mercy on vs. By the thyrlyng of thi ryght hande and sheddyng of thi precious bloode lorde make vs clene from alle sinne and haue mercy on vs. By the thyrlyng of thi lefte hande and by thi holy wounde of the same and thy holy bloode saue us and haue mercy on vs. By the sore dryuyng of the nayles and by the holy feete and by the woundis of the same and by thy precious bloode frome the sheddyng purge vs and Illumynate vs and reconsile vs to thi fadyr and haue mercy on vs. By the lyftyng vp of thy moste holy body on the crosse and by thy vyolent peyse of ytt and of alle thy holy membris were rewfully peyned haue mercy on vs. By the heuynes of thyne herte and alle the strengthes of thi soule saue and defende me and haue mercy on vs. By the dyuysion or partyng of thy vesture and the lotte wiche they caste on thy coote withowtyn seem thou seyng itt haue mercy on vs. By the looue that thou hanged thre owres on the crosse a lyeffe haue mercy on vs. By the repreuys breydys and confusion full of wordys that thou harde hangyng on the crosse haue mercy on vs. By the blasphemyng sorowes and confusions that thou sufferd hangyng on the crosse haue mercy on vs. By alle the doloure that thou sufferd in thy rybbys heepys and shulders crucifyed haue mercy on vs. By alle the peyne that thou hadde spred on the crosse in thi senowes veynes feet and alle thy membris haue mercy on vs. By thy grete meknes that thou prayed to thi ffadyr for thyne enemyes haue mercy on vs. By the mercy that thou promysed the theiffe paradyse haue mercy on vs. By the charge thou hadde to thi modyr in thi turment commendyng heir to iohn thy beloued discyple haue mercy on vs. By the swerde of sorow that wente to

thi modyrs herte and the compassyon of terys that she the reed wounde of itt and thy precious bloode lorde thirle oure herttys withe the spere of alle thy loue and haue mercy on vs. By thi precious blood and water that rane oute of thi holy herte wasshe and make cleene vs in the same holy water and blood frome alle our synnes and haue mercy on vs. By the mercy that thou shewdist on the crosse to senturio and alle the mercy that euer thou shewdiste to man haue mercy on vs. By the descendynge of thi holy soule to limbo patrum haue mercy on vs. By the vertu of thi holy soule þat thu brakest the gatis of helle and delyuerdist oute the soulis of thi frendis haue mercy on vs. By the takyng doune of thi holy body of the crosse and the solempne sepulture of it and lamentyng of the virgyn thy modyr and mary mawdlen and other of thi frendis haue mercy on vs. By alle the laboure werynes sorow and heuynes that thou sufferd fro the day of thi natiuite vnto the owre of the departyng of thi sowle fro thi body haue mercy on vs. By thy glorious and vertuouse resurrexion in body and soule haue mercy on vs. By thi inestymable ioye of thi modyr and other of thi frendis and the glory of thi resurrexion haue mercy on us. By the grace that thou aperedist to mary mawdlen and other women and to thi disciplis in thy impassyble body after thi resurrexion haue mercy on vs. By thy meruelous and gloriouse assencion comforte vs lorde in alle oure nedys and haue mercy on vs. By thy dyuyne and consolacion sendyng of the holy goste vn to thy discipuls gladde vs sanctifye vs and strenght vs in feyth hope and charite and haue mercy on vs. By thy glory and dyuyne maieste and the vertu of thy holy name helpe vs gouerne vs nowe and euerlestynge and haue mercy on us. By thy loue in thy godhede to gedir in thy manhede hydde haue mercy on vs. By the ioye that thy selffe ware haue mercy on vs. By thi selphe and alle goodnes and meryttes that in the and thy modyr thou beheldiste haue mercy on us. By thy

mynysters mychael and gabriel kepars depute to me and alle other thy celestyalle spirites haue mercy on vs. By the intercession and merites of seynt petyr and poule Iohn the Euaunngelyste and other thyne apostyls haue mercy on vs. By the merytes and intercessions of thy holy martirs laurens and steuyn and alle other haue mercy on vs. By the vertues and merytes of the holy fadirs and confessours ffraunces Austyn antony and alle other have mercy on vs. By the merytes and prayers of the holy seynt Anne kateryne barbara and alle other holy virgyns and holy wedows and chaste women haue mercy on us. By the merytes and prayers of alle thi chosen seyntes that are were and that are for to come in heuyn and in erthe haue mercy on vs. Socoure vs swete ihesus in the tremelyng and streyte daye of Iugement and graunte vs in this exile and transitory lyeff tho thynges that be necessary to the helthe of oure body and soule and after this lyeff to lyeffe in Ioye and blysse with the euerlestyng withe owtyn ende.—Amen.*

Lorde here graciously my prayour and that my cry may com to the pray we Lorde gyfe to the qwyke grace to the ded rest in especyalle for them that I am specyally bounden. And to the Chirche holynes pees and concorde and that thou wochesaffe to take this prayer to the honor and glory of thy holy name whiche thou wochesaffe to haue mercy on vs and to redeme vs by thy peynful dethe and to forgyeffe vs alle oure synnes and graunte euerlestyng þat we may perseuer in alle goodnes and that we may serue the and after this lyeff so doyng here by thy grace that we may deserue to reygne withe the in euerlestyng glory and there to lyeffe with owten ende.—AMEN.

quod I. S.

Who was the "holy Mawdlin"? In the long list of stigmatics compiled by Imbert-Gourbeyre the

* A later hand after "Amen" adds "ye latyn endis."

only one that corresponds to the age of our MS., and bears the name of Magdalen, is Magdalen Beüttler, who was born at Brisgau, July 21st, 1407, and lived in the convent of the Clares at Freiburg. The details of her life are scanty. She would sometimes fast for eight and even fifteen days. In her visions she was present at the scenes of His Passion, and even shared in some of His sufferings. One Maundy-Thursday she felt the agony of Jesus so that the blood gushed from her hands and feet. Magdalen is recorded to have had frequent miraculous communions. She died December 5th, 1458.*

The manufacture of apocrypha was a not unknown industry in the Middle Ages. In one of the illuminated horae in the Fitzwilliam Museum there are five Latin prayers which a French rubric declares were made by "monseigneur saint Johan l evangeliste" in honour of the Virgin Mary, and to which Christ is represented as attaching certain privileges (Searle's Catalogue, Fitzwilliam Museum, p. 100). Maskell, after instancing the Psalter of S. Jerome and the XV Os of S. Brigitte, observes: "But it will be a most unwise course immediately to condemn the Prayers or Litanies which may be so recommended, for these are generally of much earlier date, and the legend was superstitiously attached to the prayer and not the prayer to the legend" ('Monumenta,' ii, 244).

The "Golden Litany" emphasises the veneration

* 'La Stigmatisation,' par Dr. Antoine Imbert-Gourbeyre, (Clermont-Ferrand, 1898, t. i, pp. xxv, 108.) He cites as his authority Greiderer: 'Bavaria Franciscana,' 1781. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi (died 1607) and Maddalena di Trino (died 1503) are too late in date.

of the Five Wounds of Christ. This was a popular devotion in England in the sixteenth century. The insurgents in the Pilgrimage of Grace carried with them the banner of Five Wounds.* The "Litany" follows the Vulgate in speaking of the "white vesture" in which Christ was draped by order of Herod. The authorised English version has "gorgeous apparel." The Greek text might also be rendered "bright," or "shining."

The "Golden Litany" was translated from the Latin, as appears by the marginal notes in two places of the Douce MS. Apart from its interest as a vernacular devotion the "Golden Litany" is worthy of consideration as a specimen of the English language of the fifteenth century.

APPENDIX.

The difference in the style of the two MSS. is well shown in the introductory portion which is here given from the Lambeth MS. 546 (29):

I.H.S. Maria BIRGITA

Here folowith a fayre miracle or shewyng of the golden letany of the lyfe and passion of our lorde ihu crist.

Ther was an holy woman namyd mawdlene of good and lawdable lyf and whyth chaste manners hyr workes indued and fulfylyd. And euer wt effecte of hert and breynge desyre of deuocyon pyng god yt he of hys ifynite gce wolde vouchsaue to shewe and open vnto hyr wt what pyers or

* A paper on "The Symbolism of the Five Wounds" was contributed by the present writer to the 'Transactions of the Lancashire Antiquarian Society,' vol. x.

seruyce she might hym best serve and please, and to ye moste profyte and helth of hyr sowle. Our lorde ihu cryst ground and ancto^r of all goodnes, from whom nothyng is hyd, knowynge and vnderstondyng ye grete feruent loue and desyre of this woman havynge and berynge towarde hym and hys passhon: hath herde hyr pyer and peticion, and to hyr upon a tyme hath openly aperid and shewede hys most pciouse woundes saying vnto hyr. All thys O Mawdlene for that I have sene and known thy herty desire and feruent loue y^t thou to me and my passion of long seson heretofore hast had and borne: so take thou here this wryttyng or letter whereyn thou shalt fynde a singuler good pyer or medetacon of the remembrens of my passyon lyf and bytt passion y^t I sufferyd for thee and all mankynde y^t whyche shalbe namede or callede the golden letanye. Ffor as golde for hys pryce and fayrnes is moche acceptable and plaesande vnto men, euen so is this pyer veyry pleasande and acceptable to me. Ffor as often as you or any other whyth herty devocion saye or rede thys goolden letany havyng mynde on my passion: so often thou dost anoynte my wondys w^t swete salues and pciouse oyntementes in such wyse y^t I can not denye nothyng y^t you ryghtfully desyryst of me for thysylf, or for any other of thy frendes lyvyng vpon erth or for any soulys lyong in the paynes of purgatori, oute of ye whych I shall delyuer and breyng yem to my blysse eulastyng by vtu of the sayde prayer. And in syngne and token of very trouthe hereof, thu shalt fynde and haue the markes and tokens of my fyve wondes duryng thy lyfe vpon thy handes fete and syde. And euy Fryday the wonde vpon thy syde shall rene and flowe whyth blode: so as my passion be eu in thy mynde and remebras and as mony as say or rede devoutly this goolden letany w^t ye remebrans of my passion shall gete and haue of me many speciall gracis and gyfts. Ffor I shall take from them all tribulatons soros and plagis y^t they in ys worlde for ther synnes and offensis have deserued to suffer and mcyfull I shall forgyfe y^em and take

y^{em} to my grace: as though they had neu synned or trespaside. And I wyll y^{t} y^{s} my gce be not hidde, but y^{t} thou shewe it, and open y^{t} to euy man, to ye entent y^{t} for defaute of knowlige thereof, they shall not mowe excuse ther ignorans, but that they in redyng and sayng dayly this goolden letanye may haue in mynd and repent yem self of ther synnys w^{t} workes and dedis of satisfacon. Ffor amoge all other y^{is} prayer dothe specially please me.

This devoute and holy woma oute of ye helthfull and moste blyssid vision comyng to hyr mynde agen, found as well her handis, and fete wounded as in her side a wonde wete of blode of ye whych she had an vnnarrable and an vnspekeble ioy and ioyed in o^{r} lorde god. and he of his ifinite gce and endles goodnes had visite hir w^{t} so much of his gce and vtue. And daylye afterwards hir mynd and deuocon grewe more and more thynkyng vpon ye passion of oure lord in redyng and sayng ye sayd goodess (*sic*) latanye. And euy Fryday ye wounde in hir side habundantly flowed and ran w^{t} blode. And after ye deth of ye sayde holy woman were founde vpon her body the tokyns and signes of v. wondes and vpon ye wonde on hir side was founde a lynen clothe all wete of blode. whych yet to this day is hold and kepet in grett reuerens and worship, in to ye confyrmacon of ye sayde miracle, whych were all to long to rehers or wryte. Also euy creature y^{t} shall say or rede y^{s} golden letany, yf he at ende of euy verse must sey. yf he pray hymself. Lord haue mcy on me, or on us yf he pye for moo y^{en} hymselfe. And yf he pye for freude lorde haue mcy on hym or them yf he name moo than oon. or lorde haue mcy on that soule or soules whyche as ye wylle name pye fore.

BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY OF BEN JONSON.

BY ROBT. W. RAMSEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read Jan. 23rd, 1907.]

No one can give any time or thought to the works of Ben Jonson without being struck with the vast extent of his reading and the way in which ancient literature of all kinds is pressed into his service. He seems to have read and assimilated everything. "He held the prose writers and poets of antiquity in solution," writes J. A. Symonds, "in his spacious memory. He did not need to dovetail or weld his borrowings into one another; but rather, having fused them in his own mind, poured them plastically forth into the mould of thought." "If," wrote Dryden, "Horace, Lucan, Petronius Arbiter, Seneca, and Juvenal had their own from him, there are few serious thoughts which are new in him. But he has done his robberies so openly that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him." Thomas Carew, his friend and contemporary, addresses him in the same strain:

"If thou overcome
A knotty writer, bring thy booty home,
Nor think it theft, if the rich spoil so torn
From conquer'd authors be as Trophies worn."

But Jonson was not only a reader and assimilator of books, he was also a book collector. Selden in the preface to the first edition of his 'Titles of Honor,' published in 1614, tells us how he wanted to use a passage out of the 'Orestes' of Euripides:

"Having not at hand the scholiast (out of whom I hoped some aid) I went for this purpose to see it in the well-furnisht Librarie of my beloved friend that singular Poet, Mr. Ben Jonson, whose speciall worth in Literature, accurat judgment and Performance, known only to that few which are truly able to know him, hath had from me ever since I began to learn, an increasing admiration. Having examind it with him, I resolvd upon my first opinion."

How far can we trace what books filled the shelves of this "well-furnisht Librarie"? The subject is not without interest and value in the study of Ben Jonson, for he drew from everything he touched, and stamped his personality on his books as on everything else.

We are met at the outset by two difficulties. Jonson himself told Drummond of Hawthornden that "sundry tymes he hath devoured his bookes—*i. e.* sold them all for necessity"; so that, although his friend Lord Pembroke sent him £20 every New Year's Day for the purchase of books, his library was from time to time changing in character. But the most serious difficulty in our way is the accidental fire which at some time prior to 1625 destroyed the staple portion of his books and manuscripts. The 'Execration against Vulcan' preserves the memory of this catastrophe.

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, writing for Mr. Bernard

Quaritch's 'Contributions towards a Dictionary of English Book-Collectors,' has put together a list of such books belonging to Ben Jonson as he has been able to trace. He enumerates twenty-five works, covering rather a wide field.

Of English works we have the folio Chaucer of 1602; the folio Spenser of 1617; Chapman's Homer, 1598; the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, 1633; of Samuel Daniel, 1602;* of John Marston, 1633; two works of his friend Selden, 'De Diis Syris,' a history of the idol deities of the Old Testament, 1629, and the 'Titles of Honor' of 1614;† the 'Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Hours' of James VI of Scotland, 1591; Archbishop Parker's version of the Psalms; and George Buchanan's 'Rerum Scoticarum Historia,' Edinburgh, 1582, the last containing the autograph of Drummond of Hawthornden, and having apparently been given by him to Jonson.

The others comprise Florio's Montaigne, 1603; Guicciardini's History, translated by Fenton, 1599; two curious works bound together relating to the intended Spanish marriage of Prince Charles, a Valerius Maximus, a volume of Catullus Tibullus and Propertius, which Mr. Hazlitt notes has been "injured by damp and may have been a salvage from the fire," and the following less familiar works: Arrianus, Porphyrius, Heliodorus,

* This is, I think, the work which appeared again at Christie's, on December 5th, 1906, "The Civile Wares betweene the Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, in six books," title-page wanting, but the text scored and containing numerous marginal notes in Latin and Greek.

† These are the two works of Selden mentioned by Jonson in his 'Conversations with Drummond.'

Oppianus, etc., 'de Vitâ et naturâ Animalium,' 1533; Conrad Gesner's 'Historiae Animalium,' in four vols., and 'Mithridates,' 1555; Christopher Oclandus Anglorum Praelia,' 1582; 'Melissi Meletematum,' Libri viii; Eustathius' 'De Ismeniae et Ismenas Amoribus,' 1617; Daniel Heinsius' 'Aristarchus Sacer,' 1627; John Stobaeus' 'Dicta Poetarum,' 1624.

Of some of these a few words may be said. Conrad Gesner, a Professor in the University of Zurich in the sixteenth century, was a prolific writer on medicine, botany, and natural history as well as an editor and translator of various classics. His 'Historiae Animalium' is a comprehensive natural history. His 'Mithridates,' a quite small work in comparison, is a study of languages, "De differentiis linguarum, tum veterum tum quae hodie apud diversas nationes in toto orbe terrarum in usu sunt." Both were published in Zurich. The collection of classic authors, 'De Vita et Natura Animalium,' belongs to a similar field of research.

Christopher Ocland's 'Anglorum Praelia' is the Latin hexameter poem on the history of England which Queen Elizabeth ordered to be read and taught in every grammar and free school within the kingdom, "for the removing of such lascivious poets as are commonly reade and taught in the said Grammer Schooles," and was probably familiar to Jonson from his youth. Hallam quaintly characterises it as "not exceedingly bad, but still farther from good."

Eustathius' 'De Ismeniae et Ismenas Amoribus'—'The Loves of Ismene and Ismenias'—was a favourite

Greek novel which has been translated into French, Dutch, and Italian, and of which there is an English translation from the French, published in 1788. The industrious Daniel Heinsius' 'Aristarchus Sacer' belongs to another field of study. The 'Dicta Poetarum' of John Stobaeus was one of various anthologies collected by this writer and well known to literary men of the time.

Four of the books above mentioned—the Montaigne, Chapman's Homer, and the two brochures on the Spanish marriage—are in the British Museum. But Hazlitt has by no means exhausted the list. Besides these, the museum possesses at least five other volumes from Jonson's library. There is a volume of the songs of Giovanni Baptista Pigna, the Court poet of Alfonso II, Duke of Ferrara, with songs of Celio Calcagnini and Ariosto, published at Venice in 1553; a work of the same year, 'Joan à Wouver de Polymathia Tractatio' with an autograph inscription by one Marius, "Eruditissimo viro B. Jonsonio"; a fine copy of the famous 'Hypnerotomachia' of Poliphilo from the Aldine Press, 1545; Clement Edmondes' 'Observations upon Caesar's Commentaries' [1609 ?] (Jonson addressed two epigrams to Edmondes on this work); and a curious collection by Sebastian Hornmoldus of 1000 epigrams 'In crapulam pro Sobrietate,' published at Basle in 1619, and containing contributions, not only from the classics, but from such varying sources as Boetius, Calcagnini, Scaliger, Erasmus, Beza, and Melanchthon. A biting couplet, to which the name of Peter Martyr is attached, may be cited as a specimen of this collection:

"Non hunc Elysii campi nec tartara condunt,
Haec loca sunt hominum; cantharus iste fuit."

Jonson inscribed his books characteristically. At the top right-hand corner of the title-page he wrote "Tanquam explorator," a phrase which suggests his own 'Explorata' or 'Discoveries.' Towards the foot of the page he wrote "Sum Ben Jonsonii." This curious and striking mode of inscription affords, of course, a valuable means of identifying books from his collection, but Mr. Hazlitt laments that the autographs have in several instances been mutilated or effaced. In his list of twenty-five the double inscription occurs in eight cases only, but it is found also in the Pigna, the Poliphilo, and the Hornmoldus in the museum.

The Royal College of Physicians has Jonson's copy of the works of Marolois, published at the Hague, 1614–1616, in three volumes—'Mathematics,' 'Geometry,' and 'Perspective.' In two volumes the signature has been torn out, but in the third the double inscription remains, and the book has been closed while the ink was wet, so that it is reproduced on the fly-leaf. Mr. George Stephens, writing from Cheapinghaven, in Denmark, to 'Notes and Queries' in 1865, describes a title-leaf in his possession of M. Beumlerus' 'Nova Latinae Linguae Grammatica,' published "Tiguri [Zurich] apud Johannem Wolphium, 1595," as having the double inscription, thus showing that it comes from the same source.

To this list there are some more to be added. There was sold at Sotheby's on March 31st, 1906, Ben Jonson's Bible. It was a quarto copy of the

Vulgate from the press of John Moretus, of Antwerp, 1599, in an old English morocco binding with gilt leaves. On the back of the title-page was written, in Jonson's hand, "Beniamin Jonsonius ex dono D. Thomae Strange, 1605," and below he had written "Benedicā Dominum in omni tempore, semper laus eins in ore meo: Ps. xxxiii." It was sold to Mr. Ryley for £320.

Four other books of Ben Jonson's were sold at Sotheby's on July 23rd, 1906, none of which are in Mr. Hazlitt's list. His Lucretius 'De Rerum Natura,' an Amsterdam edition of 1620, bound in the original calf and damaged to some extent by ink, had the double inscription on the title-page and some notes on the fly-leaves. 'Melanthe Fabula Pastoralis acta coram Jacobo Mag. Brit. Franc et Hibern Regis Cantabrigiae,' 1615, had merely the signature on the title-page, and the margin had been cropped so that part of it had been cut off. A rare tract of eighteen leaves, 'Ephemeris Expeditionis Norreysii and Draki in Lusitaniam,' 1589, had Jonson's signature on the title-page and some Latin notes in the margin which were very probably his. The fourth was the most interesting. It was Selden's 'Jani Anglorum Facies Altera,' 1610, in its original limp vellum, and was the copy Selden himself had given to Jonson. It bore on the title-page "Tanquam Explorator," and below "Sū Ben: Jonsonii Liber ex dono authoris mihi chariss." It sold for £61.

The most interesting of all the books from Ben Jonson's library with which I am acquainted calls for comment at greater length. The Trentham Hall

Library dispersed at Sotheby's in November, 1906, contained Jonson's Martial, 'M. Val. Martialis, nova editio ex museo Petri Scriverii, 12mo, Lugduni Batavorum, Jo. Maire, 1619,' bound in the original calf. By the kindness of Mr. Sabin, who purchased this at the sale for £100, I have been permitted to examine this exceedingly interesting volume. Not only does it bear on the title-page the motto and autograph, but the book throughout is scored, underlined, and annotated in the poet's handwriting. Often every line of an epigram is underscored, and there will be a line drawn down the margin as well, with a little hand with outstretched finger pointing to the commencement. Sometimes there is a reference to another epigram of similar character. Thus the fifty-third epigram of the eleventh book, the "Invitation to Julius Cerealis," has a note "*Vide* Lib. x, Ep. xlviii," the "Preparation for a Banquet," which Jonson imitated in his "Inviting a Friend to Supper." Against an epigram to Sabellus (ix, 19) he notes that some have attributed it to Statius. Against one to Turanius (v, 78) he sets a quotation from the sixth satire of Juvenal. The margins of the thirteenth book, 'Xenia' (the two-line epigrams written to accompany gifts of delicacies) are filled with the English names of the dainties referred to in the text. Thus "Murices," "A kind of shel fish, but greater than ye periwinkle: yt makes ye purple." "The Lamprey," "The guilthead, the sturgeon, the wild bore, Fallow deare, asparagus, quinces, sausedges, Partrick, pickle of anchovies, a stick of thrushes," ending with wines, "wine of Alba, wine of Surrentū and cups of Sur-

rentū, wine of Arragon, wine of Marseilles," and "a gyrland of roses." Another note is still more interesting. We know the quarrel that broke out between Jonson and Inigo Jones, and how he applied to Jones an imitation of Martial's epigram to Ligurra (xii, lxi). The twenty-seventh epigram of the fourth book, addressed to Domitian, reads thus:

> "Saepe meos laudare solas, Auguste, libellos.
> Invidus ecce negat: non minus ergo soles.
> Quid, quod honorato non sola voce dedisti
> Non alius poterat quae dare dona mihi?
> Ecce iterum nigros corrodit lividus ungues,
> Da, Caesar, tanto tu magis, ut doleat."

Against this Jonson has written the significant word "Inigo."

It would be an interesting study to trace the influence of Martial on Ben Jonson. He recommended him to Drummond of Hawthornden, and classed him with Juvenal, Persius, Horace, and Pindar "for delight." Besides the translations which we find amongst his own epigrams he quotes him in the 'Discoveries' and elsewhere. In the loveliest stanza of the 'Triumph of Charis' we detect an echo of Martial's lament over the little Erotion (Lib. v, xxxvii), and it is interesting to find that every line of this epigram is underscored, and that it has a line down the margin its whole length with a pointing hand and stars, two of which are against the line

> "Nivesque primas liliumque non tactum."

His charming epitaph on little Salathiel Pavy

borrows its daintiest touch from Martial's epigram on Scorpus (Lib. x, liii):

> "Invida quem Lachesis raptum trieteride nona
> Dum numerat palmas, credidit esse senem."

It is of Martial he is thinking in his epitaph on his "First Son" (xii, 34):

> "Si vitare voles acerba quaedam
> Et tristes animi cavere morsus,
> Nulli te facias nimis sodalem,
> Gaudebis minus, et minus dolebis."

And beyond express references we catch the reflection of that tender fancy which characterises the Latin poet when he is writing of children, the exquisite touch which, for example, made him see in the snow falling on Domitian at the games the work of Caesar's little dead son playing in the sky.

It was not through this 1619 edition of Peter Scriverus that Jonson first became acquainted with Martial. Probably he had been familiar with him from his early days in Westminster School. In 1615 Thomas Farnaby in the Preface to his first edition of Martial acknowledges his indebtedness to Ben Jonson, and Jonson gave a copy of this edition to Mr. Briggs in 1623, with a letter of praise.

Mr. Sabin also possesses the original edition of Montaigne's 'Essais,' published at Bordeaux in 1580 in two small volumes, the title-page of each volume bearing Jonson's motto and signature. Jonson thus had Montaigne both in French and English, and a paragraph in the 'Discoveries'

attests his familiarity with him and the rank he assigned him.

"Some [there are] that turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers; that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice. By which means it happens that what they have discredited and impugned in one work, they have before or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the essayists, *even their master Montaigne.*" *

Another book of Ben Jonson's was sold at Christie's on December 5th, 1906, which is interesting as showing Jonson's use of anthologies. We have already seen that he had the 'Dicta Poetarum' of John Stobaeus and the epigrams collected by Sebastian Hornmoldus. Here is a collection of epitaphs: 'Selectae Christiani orbis Deliciae ex urbibus, templis, Bibliothecis et aliunde, per Franciscum Sweertium,' published "Coloniae Agrippinae, 1625. Editio auctior." † It is a comprehensive work, drawing its examples from all parts of Europe, including sundry inscriptions from Westminster Abbey, old St. Paul's, and the Temple. The volume had no marginal notes, but it bore on the title-page the motto and autograph in the familiar form. In 1811 it belonged to Francis Wrangham, whose autograph also appears on the title-page.

I have myself been fortunate enough to be able to add another to the list of books known to have belonged to Jonson's library. There is at Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham, a once famous school known as the Kepier School, founded by

* 'Discoveries,' lxv, nota 6.

† There is an earlier edition of 1608 in the British Museum.

Bernard Gilpin, Rector of Houghton in the reign of Elizabeth. Here is preserved a collection of old books, mostly of the eighteenth century, but some dating back much earlier. Amongst these is a 'Diodorus Siculus'—'Diod. Siculi Bibliothecae Historiae,' Libri xv de xl, studio et labore Laurentii Rhodomani Cherusci Hanoviae. Typis Wechelianis apud Claudium Marnium et haeredes Joannis Aubrii, 1604.' The volume bears the well-known device of the printers, the winged horse above the clasped hands holding a caduceus. It is 13¾ inches by 8½, and the text is Greek and Latin in parallel columns. The title-page bears the unmistakable sign-manual of Ben Jonson. At the top he has written "Tanquam explorator," towards the foot "Sum Ben Jonsonii." The autograph, which is very clear and firm, corresponds most closely, so far as those I have compared, with that in the 'Hypnerotomachia' in the British Museum, a marked peculiarity in the commencement and form of the line drawn underneath the autograph corresponding exactly.

It is tempting to try and connect the presence of this book in the old schoolhouse at Houghton with Jonson's pilgrimage to Scotland. We know he was at "Darnton" (Darlington), and the North Road passes within a few miles of Houghton. But I am afraid it is more probable that the volume formed part of the collection of Thomas Griffith, who was Master of the school from 1738 to 1776, and left a large number of books to it. The covers of the book, which would have had Griffith's book-plate if left by him, are wanting, but there is in the collection a 'Dion Cassius' of 1606 from the same press,

corresponding in size and style in which this bookplate is found.

The books above enumerated are, of course, a mere handful out of the poet's stores; no doubt there are others existing in private collections, and we have the means of tracing a few other works which belonged to Jonson, although we cannot trace their ultimate fate. Gifford, indeed, says he has seen scores of books given by Jonson to various persons, and although he is so desperate a champion of his hero that we are fain to discount the "scores," he cites a copy of Casaubon's edition of 'Persius' inscribed by Jonson to his friend Sir John Roe with a Latin compliment: "D. Joanni Rowe, amico probatissimo. Hunc amorem et Delicias suas, Satiricorum doctissimum Persium, cum doctissimo commentario sacravit Ben Jonsonius et L.M.D.D. Nec prior est incipi parens amico"—"To Sir John Roe, his most approved friend, this, his love and delight, the most learned of satirists, Persius, with a most learned commentary, is consecrated by Ben Jonson, who willingly deservedly gives and dedicates it. Nor is a parent more to be preferred by me than a friend," and the copy of Farnaby's Martial, on the fly-leaf of which Jonson wrote a Latin letter, "Amico summo D. R. Briggesio," dated August 10th, 1623. He also quotes from Warton a reference to a copy of Vossius' 'Greek Historians' in the upper library of Trinity College, with a series of MS. notes, and a Latin memorandum by Dr. Bathurst that the book originally belonged to Jonson, who gave it to Dr. Langbaine, and mentions a volume of miscellaneous poetry formerly in the possession of

Dr. John Hoadley, son of the Bishop of Winchester, with a rhymed inscription in English by Jonson: "To my worthy and deserving brother Mr. Alexander Glover, as the token of my love and the perpetuating of our friendship."*

We have seen that Selden came to Jonson's library to consult the scholiast, and a reference to Selden's pages shows what the precise work was. It was the 'Scholia in septem Euripidis tragoedias' of Arsenius, Archbishop of Monembasia or Malvasia, of which one edition was published at Venice in 1534 and another in 1544.

We know also that Jonson had a collection of grammars, no doubt as a preparation for the grammar he himself wrote. Howell wrote to him that "according to his desire he had with some difficulty procured Dr. Davies' Welsh grammar to add to those many which he already had," and Sir Francis Kynaston speaks of "a most ancient grammar, written in the Saxon tongue and character, which I once saw in the hands of my most learned and celebrated friend Master Ben Jonson."

It is not necessary to say anything in conclusion on the genius or character of Ben Jonson. He has suffered from the zeal both of detractors and of champions. Much less read, in all probability, than he deserves, it needs but little acquaintance with him to impress one with the massive genius, the tremendous learning, the dominating and yet very human personality of the man, and at the same time to make one wonder and lament that there should

* I omit any mention of copies of Ben Jonson's own works given by him to his friends, as they do not come within the scope of this paper.

emerge so seldom from all his pomp of learning and invention the perfect flower which reminds us of his own "bright lily before rude hands have touched it," or the lovely phrase of a later poet: "All the charm of all the muses flowering in a lonely word." If, however, his circle of readers is less than in an earlier time, it has been left to the present age to sum up in the magnificent eulogy of Mr. Swinburne and the more measured judgment of John Addington Symonds the greatness of Jonson and his abiding place in English literature:

"No giant," writes Swinburne, "ever came so near to the rank of the gods; were it possible for one not born a god to become divine by dint of ambition and devotion, the glory would have crowned the Titanic labours of Ben Jonson."

"Those," writes J. A. Symonds, "who have most deeply studied Jonson and most truly felt his power will hesitate the longest before pronouncing a decisive judgment on the place he occupies among the foremost poets of our literature. One thing, however, can be considered as certain in any estimate which we may form. His throne is not with the Olympians, but with the Titans; not with those who share the divine gifts of creative imagination and inevitable instinct, but with those who compel our admiration by their untiring energy and giant strength of intellectual muscle. What we most marvel at in his writings is the prodigious brainwork of the man, the stuff of constant and inexhaustible cerebration they contain. Moreover, we shall not be far wrong in saying that of all the English poets in the past he alone, with Milton and Gray, deserves the name of a great and widely learned scholar."

NOTE ON BEN JONSON'S BOOKS.

BY ROBT. W. RAMSEY.

I AM permitted to embody in a note particulars of some further books from the library of Ben Jonson which have been brought to my notice, with the view of making my paper on the subject more complete.

Sir Edward Brabrook informs me he possesses a copy of Juvenal and Persius 'D Junii Juvenalis Satyrorum Libri v. preterea A. Flacci Persii Satyrorum Liber unus cum Commentariis Eilhardi Lubini,' (4to Hanoviae typis Wechelianis 1603), which bears on the title-page in Jonson's handwriting the motto "tanquam explorator" and the signature "Sū Ben Jonsonij Liber." This volume belonged in 1750 to Mr. N. Ring of Merton College, Oxford, and was purchased by Sir Edward Brabrook (as a duplicate) from Lincoln's Inn Library in 1868. It was exhibited by him to the Society of Antiquaries, December 2nd, 1869.*

Mr. Sidney Lee informs me that he procured for the Shakespeare Birthplace Library in 1904 a copy of Savonarola's 'Triumphus Crucis,' which had been presented to Jonson by Sir Kenelm Digby, and he has very kindly sent me a tracing of the title-page. 'Hieronymi Savonarolae Ferrariensis Triumphus

* See Proc. Soc. Ant., 2nd S. IV, 383.

Crucis, sive De Veritate Fidei. Libri iv. Recens in lucem editus. Lugduni Batavorum. Ex officina Joannis Maire, cIↃIↃ CXXXIII.' Jonson has written at the top right-hand corner "tanquam explorator." and lower down, "Sum Ben Jonsonij, ex dono perillust. Equitis D. Ken: Digboeij." The very curious preliminary strokes to the lines under the motto and signature correspond closely with those in the 'Diodorus Siculus' and other books.

To a charming paper by Mr. Percy Simpson (one of the Editors of the Clarendon Press Ben Jonson now in preparation) on "Jonson's method in the 'Discoveries,'" which appeared in the 'Modern Language Review' for April, 1907, I owe a reference to the Dyce Library at the South Kensington Museum, which contains three books which have been the property of Jonson. (1) Marston's 'Tragedies and Comedies, collected into one volume' London, 1633, inscribed on the title-page "Ben Jonson" and doubtless the copy mentioned by Hazlitt. (2) J. J. Scaliger's 'Epistola' Lugduni Batavorum Ex officina Bonaventurae & Abrahami Elzevir. Academ. Typograph cIↃIↃc XXVII. This has both motto and signature characteristically inscribed on the title-page and has a few marks and underlinings in the text, and in one or two places some Latin names from the text written in the margin in a handwriting which may be Jonson's. (3) 'Jos Justi Scaligeri Julii Caesaris a Burden Filii Opuscula, varia ante hac non edita, nunc vero multis partibus aucta,' Francofurti apud Jacobum Fischerum, anno MDCXII. The title-page is inscribed "tanquā explorator" and "Sū Ben Jonsonij,"

and the volume suggests vividly its use by Jonson, for many parts are marked and underlined not only in ink but in pencil, and quite unmistakably by him. The 'Notitia Gallae,' the 'Confutatio Stultissimae Burdonum Fabulae,' and parts of the 'Epistola' are extensively marked, mostly in pencil, and with every sign of rapid reading, the marks comprising a quick stroke, a cross, a Greek letter, or a hastily-drawn hand with pointing finger. On p. 282, where reference is made in the text to "Gulielmus Gilbertus Glocestrensis Philosophus & Medicus Londinensis," Jonson has underlined "Glocest." and corrected in the margin "Colcest."

Mr. Percy Simpson has also drawn my attention to two books in the British Museum, which had escaped my notice: 'C. Barthi Fabularum Aesopiarum. Libri v. Phœnix. Psalmi xvii, etc. Francofurti. Typis Wechelianis sumptibus Danielis ac Davidis Aubriorum & Clementis Schleichij, anno MDCXXIII' —which has the motto and signature; and Tuttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie' (London, Field, 1589), a copy in the Granville Collection of exceptional interest as containing four cancelled leaves after p. 84.

To the above may be added a copy of Lucian, 'Luciani Samosatensis Dialogi Octo, etc.' Lutetiae in Vico Jacobaeo, apud Christianum Wechel, sub scuto Basileiensi, 1530—inscribed on the title-page, "Sum Ben Jonsonij," which was offered for sale by Messrs. Hodgson on March 20th, 1907.

ON THE NUMERICAL SYMBOLS USED BY THE GREEK HISTORIANS.

ON THE NUMERICAL SYMBOLS USED BY THE GREEK HISTORIANS.

BY PROFESSOR J. P. MAHAFFY, C.V.O.

[Read April 10th, 1907.]

As is well known, the Greeks were in possession of two very distinct systems of notation for numbers. The first may be called the lapidary or inscriptional, the second the papyrus or literary system. This latter, as might be expected, was much more compendious, and was therefore used by practical men for their business. I copy the description of them from Roberts and Gardiner's introduction to the 'Epigraphy.' Vol. ii, p. 44, gives the lapidary; p. 473 gives the latter.

p. 44 **Remark iii.** *On Attic numeral signs.* The six ground-forms of the decimal system in Attica were as follows: I = 1, Π = *πέντε*, Δ = *δέκα*, H = *ἑκατόν*, X = *χίλιοι*, M = *μύριοι*. The numerals 1—4 were denoted by the required number of vertical strokes. Compendia formed of Π and the next four ground-forms denote multiples: ⊓ or ⊓ = 50, ⊓ = 500, ⊓ = 5000, ⊓ = 50,000. All values not represented by the above 10 signs are denoted by way of addition, the higher stages preceding the lower: ΠI = 6, ΔIIII = 14, HΠ = 105, XXXX⊓HHHH⊓ΔΔΔΔΠIIII = 4999. This method of numeration is attested by Attic inscriptions from 454 onward.

p. 473

A = 1	I = 10	P = 100
B = 2	K = 20	Σ = 200
Γ = 3	Λ = 30	T = 300
Δ = 4	M = 40	Y = 400
E = 5	N = 50	Φ = 500
C = 6	Ξ = 60	X = 600
Z = 7	O = 70	Ψ = 700
H = 8	Π = 80	Ω = 800
Θ = 9	ϙ = 90	ϡ = 900

This table only gives one form for each letter, whereas there are considerable variations in our early papyrus documents. A often has the first line looped A. Δ is sometimes a mere oval, and so is B. Z is generally I, and Θ very small, so ⊙. Ω is never so, but nearer to a very flat ω.

They tell us that the former is found on the Attic inscriptions of the fifth century B.C., and that the latter appear on inscriptions of the Roman imperial age. In this they understate the antiquity of the second system; it occurs in lapidary texts of the Ptolemaic time, in the second century B.C.

But as regards the literary use of this more compendious system, they only tell us what is obvious: that the use of obsolete letters in this notation proves it to have been invented at an early age—Larfeld thinks at Miletus as early as 800 B.C. The same argument applies to the use of the alphabet for numerical notation. There also we find a very archaic alphabet employed.

I am here only concerned to show that as this compendious notation was certainly known in the Greece of the fifth century B.C. so it was commonly used by the historians when writing their books, and this first appeared to me in a curiously indirect way. I found that manifest mistakes in the figures of our historians were to be explained and corrected as errors easily made in mis-reading and mis-writing this notation, and not the other. Thus, when Thucydides is made to say (III, 50) that the ringleaders of the revolt at Mytilene, whom Paches had sent to Athens, and who were there put to death, numbered more than 1000 (ὀλίγῳ πλείονς χιλίων), this absurdity and enormity, that the Athenians should massacre 1000 "ringleaders" out of a population of perhaps 4000 is abolished when we perceive that the copyist read ο\ for λ, two letters often undistinguishable in papyri, and then when "a few more than one" made nonsense, added a flourish to the top of the ο\,

thus: $\bar{\partial}\backslash$, which made it 1000. The ringleaders were obviously thirty odd, according to the correct reading.

Similarly, when the brave Brasidas, who shunned no danger himself, offered (Thucyd., IV, 116) a reward to the first soldier who mounted the wall of Lekythus, a little fort in the Chalkidike, it was not the absurd thirty minae of the text—a competence for the rest of the soldier's life—but four, Δ and not Λ, and this correction brings the text within the bounds of common sense.*

Thus, also, the voyage from the Syrian corner of the Mediterranean across Asia Minor to the Black Sea, which we read in Herodotus is a journey of five days for an active man, is really fifteen—IE for E—and the foregoing ANΔPI makes the loss of an I a very likely mistake.

There must be numerous other instances, which will be discovered when commentators have these facts before them, *e.g.* the seventy minae which Alicibiades paid for his dog (Plut., 'Vita. Alc.,' 9) is so absurd a price that I believe the real figure was a Δ, which every decipherer of papyri knows to have been sometimes written in cursive hands just like O (70), and this reduces the extravagance of Alicibiades within the bounds of sanity. Had any high prices ever prevailed for dogs in Greek society we should have known it. In Xenophon's tract on hunting there is not one allusion to the expense of buying hunting dogs, and they were certainly the most valuable.

But these are trifling matters in comparison with the case which I shall now discuss. In recounting

* It has been adopted in Mr. G. Rutherford's edition of this book.

the destruction of Plataea in the Peloponnesian war, Thucydides is quoted as saying (III, 68) that this destruction happened in the ninety-third year after the alliance made with Athens. This brings us back to the year 519 B.C., when Hippias was tyrant of Athens, and is in clear conflict with the account of the affair given by Herodotus (VI, 108), who, describing the appearance of the Plataeans in full force at Marathon, tells us how the Spartan king, Cleomenes, who happened to be passing Plataea, advised the citizens not to seek an alliance with Sparta, which was far off and a slow helper, but rather with Athens, which was near and ready; and this he did in order to embroil Athens with Thebes.

It was seen long ago by Grote that all this could not fit into the days of Hippias. He is not mentioned by Herodotus in the story, but "the Athenians" as the dominant force of the city which makes the treaty. Hippias was friendly both to Thebes and Sparta, as is clear from the action of both when he was driven out of Athens. Moreover, the date, 519 B.C., seems to me too early for Cleomenes, who probably did not reign so long as from 520 to 492. But this I shall not discuss. Accordingly, Grote assumed a mistake either of Thucydides or his copyist in the figure, and put the date of the alliance ten years later—in 509 B.C.—just after the expulsion of Hippias. This is adopted by Mr. R. Macan, in his excellent edition of Herodotus, IV—VI, with the addition that he accounts for the mistake by assuming that Thucydides wrote MΔΔΔIII, and that the copyist added another Δ by mistake.

As I do not believe that this notation was ever

used in books, I do not accept that correction as a just use of palaeography. In Thucydides' text the symbols were ϙΓ for 93, and what we have to consider is the easiest correction which will bring the alliance with Plataea into the frame of Attic history. Now, the simplest correction is to suppose that ϙ* was written for O, and that the number may have been 73. That would bring us to the year 499 B.C., and requires us to recast the whole received arrangement of dates from 509 to 492 B.C. It is, however, acknowledged by every competent historian that the order of the events which are referred to this period is very vague, and that the data for fixing their sequence is quite insufficient. Perhaps the misdating of the Plataean alliance has been one cause of this confusion. Let me first show that the revised date of Grote and Mr. Macan (509 B.C.) fits the facts we know no better than 519. What were the relations of Sparta, Thebes, and Athens in 509–508 B.C.? It was the year after the expulsion of Hippias, when Cleomenes had first gone to Athens with the object of making Isagoras head of the State instead of the democratic Cleisthenes. But being driven out along with Isagoras, Cleomenes, considering himself insulted both in word and deed by the Athenians, gathered an army out of all Peloponnesus, not telling them the object of the campaign, but intending to make Isagoras, who had escaped with him from the Acropolis, tyrant. So Cleomenes came with a great army as far as Eleusis, and the Boeotians, by agreement with him, seized Oenoe and Hysiae, the frontier denes of Attica, and the people of Chalcis, from the

* The oldest form was ϙ, for which the cursive ϙ is common.

other side, ravaged the land of Attica. Then the Athenians, being attacked on all sides, determined to deal with the Boeotians and Chalcidians by and bye, and set their army at Eleusis against the Peloponnesians (Herod., V, 74). But dissension among the allies, and the refusal of the second king Demaratus to support Cleomenes, brought about the retreat and dissolution of the Peloponnesian army. Then (c. 77) the Athenians, determined to punish the Chalcidians, sent an army against them, and the Boeotians march to help the Chalcidians to the Euripus. The Athenians determined to deal with the Boeotians first, and, attacking them, completely defeated them, and, having slain many, took 700 of them prisoners. And, crossing the strait the same day, they conquer the Chalcidians and settle 4000 cleruchs on the lands of the rich men there. [Here, again, I think we have a wrong figure; 4000 is far too great a number for the Athenians to spare for the colonisation of Chalcis. I suggest not ᗡ, but Ȧ(1000)]. And after some time (χρόνῳ) they ransomed the prisoners, whom they had kept in prison, for two minae each, and the fetters which had bound them they hung up in the Acropolis, with an inscription which Herodotus saw and quotes.

In all this narrative there is not a single mention of Plataea, yet, had the alliance with Athens been already made, we must have heard of it when the Thebaens seized the villages of Oenoe and Hysiae, quite close to it. We can only interpret this silence, and the utter silence regarding any help given by Plataea in this war, by the fact that Plataea still counted as Boeotian.

The whole tenor of Herodotus' narrative implies that the Athenian victory brought about a settlement for some years. It must have required time to settle even 1000 cleruchs at Chalcis, nor would Athens have dared to do it were the Boeotians still in arms. But the possession of 700 prisoners as sureties made Athens safe. They were kept as such for some time, probably admitted to ransom gradually, so that the last of them may not have been liberated for some years. During this time Athens was shaping her new democratic constitution and consolidating her forces. I take this also to have occupied some years.

Meantime Cleomenes, brooding over his double failure to coerce Athens, took the new step of sending for Hippias and having a congress of allies at Sparta to discuss his restoration. This may have happened about 502 B.C., or even 500 B.C. The discussion in presence of Cleomenes and Hippias came to no result. Herodotus represents the Corinthian envoy Socles, speaking out violently against the re-imposing of a tyrant over Athens. So Cleomenes' third venture against Athens failed.

It was after this, probably about 501–0, that another opportunity arose of damaging the enemy. This is told by Herodotus in connection with the appearance of the Plataeans πανδημεί, at Marathon (Herod. VI, 108). "For the Plataeans had given themselves over to the Athenians, who had already suffered frequent troubles on this account. For the Plataeans, being worried by the Thebans, offered themselves first to Cleomenes and the Lacedaemonians, who *happened to be there* (παρατυχουσι). But these

would not accept the responsibility, saying they dwelt far off, and could not bring help in time in any emergency, but advised the Plataeans to join Athens, a neighbouring city, and not bad at helping others. This the Lacedaemonians did, not out of good will to Plataea, but wishing to embroil Athens with Boeotia." No doubt some time elapsed, during which there were anxious discussions, before the Plataeans made their public and solemn offer at Athens, and were accepted. Herodotus goes on to tell how the Thebans and Athenians met in hostile array at Plataea, and were about to engage when the Corinthians mediated on the principle that the Thebans must not coerce such towns as did not choose to belong to their league. Yet after this agreement the Boeotians attacked the Athenians, and were so worsted that they had to cede more than the territory given to Plataea by the arbitration of the Corinthians, and henceforth the Asopus became the boundary for Plataea and Hysiae. This latter town had, therefore, been recovered by Athens. "Thus, then, the Plataeans handed themselves over to the Athenians, and came there with their whole force to help at Marathon." This last sentence seems to me to imply that it was the first occasion on which the Plataeans brought their aid, though the Athenians had already had much trouble about them, and if the alliance did not take place till 499 B.C. then that supposition is true. For what were the repeated troubles the Athenians had undergone for them during the years 499–90? Herodotus tells us, but in such a non-chronological way that he has been completely misunderstood. Like most historians,

when he is on the topic of the wars of Athens and Thebes, he pursues the subject down to a period from which he has afterwards to revert. This is the great difficulty of all Greek history, which runs in so many separate strands. So having told the war of 509–7, or thereabouts, and the complete success of the Athenians, which implies, as I have indicated, a peace for some years, the historian goes on. *Subsequently* (μετὰ ταῦτα) the Thebans sent to the god to know how they might pay off the Athenians. How long subsequently? Many of the events in the following account of the feud between Athens and Thebes, which turned into a war of Athens and Aegina, are subsequent to 500 B.C. This Mr. Reginald Macan has established in his discussion of the question, though the origin of the war with Aegina is referred by Herodotus, not to a sudden outbreak, but to an old feud. I see no objection to putting all the events* of the irregular (ἀκήρυκτος) war after 500 B.C., and therefore after the date when the acceptance of Plataea by Athens gave the Thebans a new *casus belli*.

Here, then, is my suggestion. When the restoration of Hippias proved impossible, Cleomenes had but one shaft left, which was put into his hands by a lucky chance, as he happened to be passing by. For Plataea was quite near the main road from the

* Herodotus, indeed, places the invitation of the Thebans to Aegina before the Spartan congress about Hippias, and says the Athenians were delayed in going to war with Aegina by this danger, but then he also says that Athens had an old spite against Aegina, so that the war would have resulted even without Thebes. I think, as Mr. Macan does, that the real war did not begin till 499, and that the attack of Thebes on Plataea, and the diversion of the Attic army thither, gave the Aeginetans their opportunity.

isthmus of Corinth to Delphi, and the Plataeans, from their high position overlooking the Boeotian plain, could see travellers coming by way of Cororea and Heliartus towards the passes of Cithaeron. Of course, Cleomenes was making frequent visits to Delphi; he was all his life "practising" with the priests of Delphi, and a Spartan king would go with a retinue of Lacedaemonians. He gave the momentous advice, and it was taken. Then followed the attack of the Thebans, after the Corinthians had in vain arbitrated; then followed the raiding of Attic coasts by Aegina, from which the Athenians suffered much loss and trouble, and therefore the Attic ships sent to help Aristogoras at Miletus were promptly recalled. But during these eight or nine years, up to Marathon, the only duty left to the Plataeans was to defend their city and the passes of Cithaeron against Thebes; and this, no doubt, they did. The Athenian forces were very busy on sea, with which the Plataeans had no intercourse. The Thebans did not attempt another pitched battle with Athens after 499–8, and so the campaign of Marathon was the first in which the Plataean forces could be of service to Athens after nine years of harassing naval war and raids of their coast. If these things be so, then the emendation 73 for 93, which is palaeographically the simplest we can make, brings at least some order into a period whose dates are hitherto hopelessly confused.

ROGER BACON AND FRANCIS BACON: A COMPARISON.

BY HOWARD CANDLER, M.A.

[Read May 29th, 1907.]

THE "Dark Ages" had an uplifting in the thirteenth century. It was a flight of swallows before the spring. It was a reformation of religion before the Reformation; a gleam of true poetry before the later great outburst of song; a re-awakening of artistic feeling before the era of the great painters; a renaissance before the Renaissance. It was the century of the most famous "schoolmen," and, though scholasticism lingered on for a couple more centuries and died hard, no names of great eminence arrest the attention after that of William of Ockham, in the early years of the fourteenth century. The memory may be assisted by the subjoined list. In it we have placed the names of some of the great men who adorned the period; those ushering in the century to the left, those witnessing its close to the right, while the others occupy the middle space:

Adelard of Bath, mathematician and natural philosopher.

Averrhoes, Arabian physician.

Roger Bacon.

Edmund Rich, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln.
St. Francis of Assisi.
St. Dominic.
Bonaventura, first General of the Franciscans.
St. Elizabeth of Hungary.
St. Louis (IX) of France.

Duns Scotus, Alexander of Hales, Raymond Lully, Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, William of Ockham.	Schoolmen.

Matthew Paris, chronicler.

Niccola Pisano, Giovanni Pisano.	Architects.
Cimabue, Giotto, Van Eyck.	Painters.

Wickliffe.

Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer, Gower, Langland,	Poets.

Boccaccio, first writer of Italian prose.

On Roger Bacon's life, except so far as it illustrates his character and the character of his works, I do not propose to dwell. The man who wrote 'De Nullitate Magiae' was known throughout the Middle Ages as Friar Bacon of the Brazen Head, as a master of the Black Art and a familiar of devils. He who was a Franciscan monk and was protected and nurtured by the Franciscans, was also kept in

confinement by them because of the freedom of his opinions—"*proper quasdam novitates suspectas.*" He who was persecuted by a Pope (Nicholas IV, Jerome of Ascoli) was urged by a Pope (Clement IV, Guy de Foulques, an enlightened Frenchman) to write his great treatises, and send them to him "secretly and privately," and not to obey the strict prohibitions of his immediate superiors. He who had his training at Oxford and Paris, the homes of the schoolmen, inveighed against them in bitter diatribes—against their methods, their jargon, their ignorance of Greek, their barbarous terminology, their long-drawn-out syllogisms, their conclusions false because founded on unproved or false premises, the idle baselessness of the whole system.* He who had a clear conception of the true spirit of the inductive system of reasoning, though without the nomenclature of a later day, was the slave of many of the superstitions of his time. His name and fame died before his death. After his death he had a spurious fame as master of the magicians. In modern times his true work has been recognised; his prophetic insight into the possibilities of science under improved methods of research revealed. We will consider these particulars in greater detail.

* They were *sine arte ullâ Artium Magistri—sine doctrinâ Doctores.* They believed (he says) that the magnetic power was the influence of the star *Nautila* (scil., Nautica—the pole-star). They believed that the diamond could be fractured by goat's blood. They had disquisitions in which they asserted that *Ego credit* was correct Latin, and maintained the proposition that *Contradictoria possunt esse simul vera.* John Locke, it will be remembered, instanced the opposite of this as an innate idea.

Bacon the Freethinker.

It is hard for us to conceive how difficult it was for a man of scientific pursuits in Bacon's day to take any step unauthorised by his generation in discovery of what was new or in condemnation of established errors. The Church and the religious foundations of the Universities which were the guardians of all the libraries, were also the custodians of the keys of knowledge. No man could overpass the jurisdiction of the Church except under peril of imprisonment and excommunication —even death, as in the case of Cecco of Ascoli. Gregory the Great, the founder, it may be said, of papal supremacy, the writer of 'Magna Moralia,' and other great tomes, despised learning, scorned the claims of pure Latinity and correct grammar, and punished his clergy for teaching it. And in Bacon's time, the study of Aristotle, later on a chief prop of the Church, was forbidden till 1237, because he taught the eternity of the world and the practice of divination, and sowed the seeds of atheism. Francis d'Assisi refused to allow his monks books, even religious books: "I am thy breviary." Bonaventura, the first General of the Franciscans, says (In Sentent.): "The man of real faith, should he know all science, would rather lose it all than lose or deny a single article of belief, whereby he seals his adherence to the accepted truth." Louis IX, the gentle saint, writes to Joinville—we retain the quaint French—"L'omme lay, quand il ot medire de la loy Chrestienne, ne doit pas deffendre la loy Chrestienne, ne mais que de l'espee, de quoi il doit

donner parmi le ventre dedens, tant comme il peut entrer." And the fierce, black Dominic, the first Inquisitor-General, conducting the cruel crusades against the Albigenses of Provence and Languedoc, destroyed, as far as he could, the sweet and chivalrous cult of early French poetry of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which had interpenetrated Italy, the south of France, and the north of Spain, and had done so much to encourage humane sentiments.

Now, what could the solitary Bacon do in such a state of affairs? The "admirable doctor" was out of his element among the schoolmen of Paris, but there at least he was free. Later on he was in close confinement for ten years under Bonaventura, not allowed books or writing materials. After an interval of eighteen months, under the secret protection of Clement IV, during which he wrote his 'Opus Majus,' his 'Opus Minus,' and fragments of his 'Opus Tertium'—in which, among other things, he bitterly attacks the clergy for their vices, their ignorances, their enmity to science—persecution began again at the death of Clement. He asked leave to appeal to Pope Gregory X, but it was denied him. Again he was in prolonged confinement under Nicholas IV. He died at Oxford, a free man, but in obscurity—"unheard, forgotten, buried." The enemies of his life-time were the subtle schoolmen of the Universities, with their webs of futile dialectics; the ignorance and apathy of the Church and laity; the religious instincts of all classes; the fears and distaste of the friars, both black and grey; and the ecclesiastics. Roger Bacon, the protest against his times, no less than Athanasius, the

product of his times, was marked out as *contra mundum*.

How was it that this early renaissance failed so speedily and so completely? It is sadly true that it contained the seeds of decay within itself. As Danton said of the French Revolution, "it was devoured by its own children." Its enemies were, apart from the jealous tyranny of the Church and the unspeakable wrongs of the Inquisition, first the "divine" teacher (Aristotle), next the "angelic" doctor (Aquinas), and lastly, the "divine" poet (Dante).

Aristotle, mis-translated into Latin through Hebrew and Arabic mis-translations, was nearly worthless. Bacon complains of the egregious blunders of men who did not understand what they read, and, indeed, could not understand when they were ignorant of Greek and science. To understand an author, he says, one must have a knowledge of the language in which the author writes, a knowledge of the meaning of words of the language he himself speaks, and some true conception of scientific matters. He complains that Aristotle was a name to conjure by, and not a master to be understood. And the whole literature of ecclesiastical and learned Europe for centuries afterwards contains long proofs of the chains of servitude with which free thought was bound by the name and absurd authority of a misunderstood and ill-translated Aristotle.

St. Thomas Aquinas, the Dominican, stands forth confessedly the greatest of the schoolmen—a brilliant thinker and a profound logician. His logical conclusions, arrived at by a wearisome syllogistic process,

were irrefragable. But so were the opposite conclusions of his adversaries, the followers of Duns Scotus, the Franciscan. It was not a question of conclusions, but of premises and definitions; and the premises and definitions were in the air—baseless. Moreover, the deductive method could never advance anything really new, as, strictly speaking, the conclusions were bound up in the premises.* And further, the stuff of the schoolmen's disquisitions was frequently so far removed from all human interests, moral or intellectual, that the results arrived at, as they were incapable of demonstration or even palpable illustration from known fact, so also were, initially and finally, futile and barren. What wise thing could ever be adduced by mortal man about the order of angelic virtues and the hierarchy of Heaven, if he had a sea of ink and a continent of paper? It is perhaps fair to say that science and literature would have advanced with greater strides if it had not been for Aquinas and his congeners, and that the voice of Roger Bacon might have had a chance of being heard if it had not been drowned in the blatant clamour of the learning of the Universities.

As for Dante, his influence over free thought was even more disastrous. He was one of the great poets of the world—claiming for himself the honour

* This perhaps expresses the facts too baldly. It is doubtless true that the whole of pure mathematics is the outcome of Euclid's definitions, "axioms," and "postulates," and of others like them. But to write down the equation to an epicycloid, and to trace the resulting curve, compared with propositions about the elementary properties of a circle, present a very definite advance from the known to the unknown.

to be the sixth,* and his fame was the heritage of all Europe. And he threw the glamour of his imagination and the power of his intellect as a viscous net over the intelligence of mankind and ensnared them in his fatal web, enslaving them to the worst side of mediæval Christianity. If hell was created "eternally" in preparation for the later "creation," and was created such as Dante describes it, so artificial, so inappropriate, so ineffably inept, and yet so terrible, by the "Creator," the "Divine power," the "highest Wisdom and Justice and pristine Love," so much the worse for "Justice and Love." And if men accepted this without demur as a reasonable representation of eternal verities, so much the worse for men. If Dante had not been a *poet* whose words had long fingers, whose phrases were flaming darts, whose thoughts took possession of the hearts of common men; if he had not sat in the seat of the mighty as a master in Israel and a teacher having the counsel of the Highest; if he had only been a *philosopher* known by the learned, no great mischief would have ensued—only a few more dusty folios. But he was a power on the threshold of the cottage and at the hearth of the peasant, and, as the angel of the Apocalypse bound the devil with a great chain for a thousand years, so he, by a reverse process, bound Christendom for three centuries.

* The other five were Virgil, "l'altissimo poeta," Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan. Why exclude so many whom Dante, even in the desolation of Greek literature, must have known? And why not include Lucretius, whose atheistical tendencies were not more pronounced than those of Aristotle—a man the poet honours with a principal place in his "Castello"? Statius is not included because, having embraced Christianity, he expiated his sins in purgatory.

Bacon, the Man of Science.

Bacon saw how useless were the pursuits and the methods of his day. He wanted books, but he could not even procure the works of Seneca and Cicero. The gates of knowledge were through Arabic, but Bacon complains to Clement that the necessary Arabic treatises were not to be had, though, now and again, a book might be got hold of at the sack of the house of some rich Jew. Moreover, though Dante places Avicenna and Averrhoes in the "noble castle" in the first circle of the "Inferno," the study of Arabic was prohibited as dangerous. He saw the necessity that teachers should know Greek, and only Grosseteste and two or three others in England knew Greek. He wanted "tables," but they were the work of a later day—of Tycho Brahé, of Kepler, of Regiomontanus, of Napier. "Better tables," he says, "are necessary; they are worth a king's ransom." He wanted instruments. "Instruments are not to be found among the Latins, and could not be made for £200 or £300." He "often attempted to make them," but was stayed by want of money, though he spent all his private means—£2000. Moreover, they were broken by "folly of his assistants." He writes: "The neglect of mathematics for nearly forty years* hath nearly destroyed the entire studies of Latin Christendom. For he who knows not mathematics cannot know any other sciences; and, what is more, he cannot discover his own ignorance or find its

* Adelard, of Bath, had brought over Euclid from abroad and translated it from the Arabic.

proper remedies." He laments over the statement of the philosophers that philosophy was a "completed" science. He complains that the Latin versions of the Bible were incorrect, and that, such as they were, they were neglected for the 'Sentences' of Peter Lombard, syllogised by Hales. He points out in telling words that experiment is necessary if, to the known, we wish to add the unknown; if learning is to be progressive and more than a matter of mere phrasing: "There are two methods of acquiring knowledge: through argument and through experiment. Argument brings our inquiry to an end, but it does not remove our doubts, so that the mind should rest in clear vision of the truth, unless experience is brought to bear. Many can argue rightly on matters of knowledge, but because they do not make use of experiments, their arguments are not convincing—they neither avoid what is hurtful nor follow up what is good. Now, if any man who never saw fire proved by sufficient argument that fire burns and destroys things, never for all that would he convince a hearer. Nor would he avoid the fire until he had placed his hand on something which burns in the flame, to prove by experience what the argument had advanced. But, after experience of burning, the mind rests satisfied of the true nature of fire. It is not argument, but experience, which is the proof." The thought here, though not the language, is quite that of Francis Bacon. It is exactly the note of the aphorisms quoted below.

But what a lesson this would have been to his generation if they would have taken it to heart!

Augustine denied that there were any Antipodes because such a notion would be contrary to the Scriptures. He says that the flesh of a peacock does not putrefy. He does not try the experiment as Sir Thomas Brown (in 'Vulgar Errors') does, but argues that it was the power of God that endowed the flesh with this property as a proof of immortality.

Galen, in error, said that there was a hole in the *septum* of the heart.* As a matter of fact there is no communication through the *septum*, and, if it occurred, the circulation of the blood would be interfered with. But Galen's authority induced succeeding physicians to find this hole which did not exist, and to prove the necessity of its existence. There was this excuse, that the human body was considered sacred; and, among others, Boniface VIII, in 1297, forbade the sacrilegious act of dissection, and the anatomist had to wait till the time of Vesalius—1538—to find out the most elementary truths.

There are unnecessary lines in some of the diagrams of the Greek text of Euclid's 'Elements of Geometry.' These lines are reproduced with slavish uniformity in all succeeding texts in Arabic and the various tongues of Europe, from Euclid's day until now that his 'Elements' have ceased to be studied.†

Because water rises in a tube void of air, the

* The fossa ovalis in the septum of right auricle indicates a hole in the foetal structure.

† Boethius' 'Euclid' consisted of the enunciations only, with the exception of the demonstration of Book I, i. Roger Bacon says the boys of his day could not be got to learn the 5th Prop. of the first book, "though whipped and beaten."

verbal explanation was given (which explains nothing) that "nature abhors a vacuum." It would have been easy to prove the falsity by an experiment with mercury, but it required centuries to build up the men to make it. The 'Vulgar Errors' contains scores of instances of common belief held implicitly and with argument sufficient ("*argumenta sufficientia*"), of which simple experiment demonstrates the folly.

Against these fatal proclivities of human nature Bacon makes vigorous warfare. He lays down four principal causes of error, which he calls the *offendicula*, or stumbling-blocks. They are (1) authority; ("Galen, Aristotle, said so, so it must be true," "*hoc exemplificatum est per majores*"); (2) custom; (grandam talk; proverbial philosophy; "everybody says so"; "we must not remove the ancient landmarks; new paths are dangerous," "*hoc consuetum est*"); (3) the opinion of the many; (*vox populi vox Dei*; eccentricity must be avoided; "*hoc vulgatum est*"; and he adds the caution, "*ergo timendum*"); (4) self-deception arising from phantasms of the mind conceived as realities.

On this last point Bacon is insistent. There must be no "blessed word Mesopotamy." In mathematics a man cannot be ignorant without knowing he is so. Inexactness is its own immediate punishment. Mathematics is the alphabet of philosophy. Language must be exact and words used with clearly defined meaning. Definitions and postulates must be exact and clearly expressed. No book in a foreign tongue can be properly read and understood without a good text and a mastering of grammar.

Science cannot be properly pursued without experiment and observation; without the necessary tables and instruments.

Who can fail to be reminded of Francis Bacon? To some extent the *offendicula* are parallel to the *Idola Mentis Humanae*, though the Idola are much more obscure and artificial in phraseology and explanation, and seem also rather to overlap. The Idola—that is, *fallacies* or false imaginations—are fourfold. The first division (*Idola tribus*, of the race) includes false imaginations owing to the imperfections of man's nature; the second (*Idola specus*, of the cave), false imaginations owing to a man's education and surroundings, to his individuality, false lights and shades cast over the prison-house of the mind by refraction from the direct outer light—what we now denominate the personal equation *; the third (*Idola fori*, of the market-place) includes false associations of words and names with things. These associations are of two sorts. The *things* may be entities (as *moistness*). The *things* may be non-existent, as *fortune*, the *primum mobile*. The former, Francis adds, is the worse sort—a most wise remark. The fourth division (*Idola theatri*, of the theatre) includes all false systems either of reasoning or of philosophy. The last two divisions are comparable with Roger's Offendicula, though Roger's summation seems to me the simpler and more natural.

In this comparison of the Offendicula with the

* Francis contrasts the "dry light" of philosophy with the "drenched light" of passion. Compare Ruskin's "innocent eye"; the "single eye" of the N.T.; and Tennyson's "the low sun gives the colour."

Idola, two things strike one. The first is the simplicity and lucidity of Roger's classification. He chooses the simplest words, he aims directly at the object, he marks out his divisions clearly. One remembers, one appreciates, one understands. But Francis is so wrapped up in the splendour of his phraseology, in the stateliness and harmony of his periods, that by the time you have ceased to admire you have forgotten to understand. He is so enamoured of his well-rounded Graecisms, and the surprises of his recondite Latinisms, that one is apt to set a higher value on the words than on the things that lie behind the words. Who can distinguish without appreciable effort the *Idola tribus, specus, fori, theatri?* They require a dictionary and an interpreter; they are artificial and pedantic. While Roger is going through the necessary drudgery of compiling a Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Grammar, Francis is engaged in writing a Promus of elegant forms of speech.

I do not mean that Francis has not often barbed his shafts with the keenest points of wit, humour, shrewdness, and truth. His epigrammatic sentences live in the memory because they are forged in the brain and enkindled in the heart. But in many cases they are immortal, not by the inevitable word as with Shakespeare, but by the arrestive, unexpected word; and Roger Bacon has no power like this. If Roger is Paley, Francis is Butler.

The next point is, how are we to explain the curious similarity between the methods of the two Bacons, separated by three oblivious centuries, in developing their philosophies? If the later

Bacon borrowed his conceptions from the earlier, why did he not acknowledge the debt? Why, indeed? It is a point which must be considered further on.

A Comparison between the Two Bacons.

(A) *The New Instrument.*

We have already seen how both the Bacons condemned the scholastic philosophies and rejected their methods; how they pointed out the causes of errors, the one with his four *Offendicula*, the other with his four *Idola*; how they elevated observation and experiment to a supreme position for the discovery of truth; how the former, by his practical modes of working and reasoning, the second, in express words, introduced the inductive method as that which should add to the old stuff and edifice of acquired knowledge new material to work on, and new annexes to a complete building of truth; how they cast away knowledge, falsely so-called, and held to that which should profit. We may add that both *expressly* take as their province—*omne scibile:* all that can be known; also that both insist that science is one body. The Unity of Science is the burden of the 'Opus Majus.' So Francis teaches that science is a pyramid, proceeding from its base upwards as an organic whole. We have found room for some pregnant remarks of Roger with regard to productive methods of philosophy. We will here add some from Francis.

Homo naturae minister et interpres. Man must obey and find out the secrets of Nature. We do not,

as we so fondly declare, master Nature. We learn and get the mastery only through obedience.

Scientia et potentia humana in idem coincidunt. Knowledge is power.

Experientia docet.

Lucifera experimenta non fructifera quaerenda. Compare Goethe's last words: "Light, more light!" If we want what will be of use, we must strive to find out what *is*. We must seek *facts*, not profit.

Pessima res est errorum apotheosis. The worst thing that can happen is to give divine authority to error.

Things move easily in their places, violently to their places. A golden saying in physics, and in the sphere of morals, history, and theology.

In ill conditions, the best thing is not to will; the next best thing is not to can.

(B) *Discoveries.*

It is a curious fact that neither of the Bacons greatly increased our knowledge of the physical world. Roger Bacon discussed the causes of rainbows and the flux and reflux of the tides. He did some useful work in 'Perspectives,' that is, Optics, and accurately described the structure and functions of the eye. It is doubtful whether he or Alexander de Spina (1285) invented spectacles. He rightly describes the nature of a telescope, but he neither made one nor possessed one. They were not invented till two centuries later; and about 1100 A.D. the Arabian, Al Hazen, had written a treatise on how

to make a refractive telescope. Bacon tells us how to make gunpowder, but as this had been discovered and made use of by Eastern nations long before, he can only have re-discovered it—if he did as much as that—for we do not know how far he was indebted to his Arabic authors. Similar remarks apply to the burning-glass which he describes. Two things may definitely be laid to his credit. He showed how to rectify the Julian calendar, and the paragraphs he devotes to this subject were used by Copernicus in 1581 for the service of the Council of Trent. He also sums up in his geographical chapters what he could find in Aristotle, Pliny Secundus, and Seneca,* and suggests the probability of a successful voyage to the west with the object of discovering a new world or of reaching the known eastern parts of the old world. These chapters of the 'Opus Majus' were embodied whole without acknowledgment in the 'Imago Mundi' of Peter de Alliaco (1410), and were there read and studied by Columbus, who acknowledged the debt he owed to them. On the whole, we may grant that Roger Bacon, in the words of Anthony-a-Wood, was the "Emporium Optimarum Disciplinarum" of his time, and freely concede the high praise of Whewell that he was the "Encyclopaedia and Organon of the Thirteenth Century."

* I append the well-known lines of Seneca which seemed prophetical to Roger Bacon and acted as a spur on Marco Polo and Columbus.

"Venient annis secula seris
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
Tiphysque novos detegat orbes,
Nec sit terris Ultima Thule."

But the Organon, perhaps, in a practical form, is almost beyond his merits.

As for Francis Bacon, I do not know that he enlarged the area of our physical knowledge in any direction.* He was patient enough, and minute enough, but he had not the "scientific imagination."† And it was not scientific imagination only that he lacked. "Tables and instruments" is Roger Bacon's persistent cry. But Francis does not seem to feel the need of them. He writes of heat and cold, and conducts endless experiments in a sporadic sort of way—experiments excellent to dispel error, but not to build up truth. He fails to see that no fruitful and orderly investigation can be conducted without measurement of heat. The thermometer was invented by the beginning of the seventeenth century; but he does not use it, and so he dies without endowing the world with any one definite scientific discovery, while Robert Boyle, who was born in the year of his death, and who was a child of the Novum Organum, which Francis had inaugurated, enriched the world with an organised body of scientific fact for the benefit of future generations. Thus is that

* He tells us that all things are attracted to the centre of the earth, and that heat is a form of motion. But the first is hardly to be called a discovery; and the second is too informally stated to be of any scientific value. These vague, early guesses at truth of the philosophers of the pre-scientific ages seem to me in most cases to be valueless. They have to be weighed against the numberless "shots" which fail to hit the mark.

† He writes: "The poetic faculty is the resemblances of things, their differences is the logical or critical; this last is the last to ripen." The "poetic faculty" Bacon certainly had, if the stately march and measured harmony of prose, with quick insight into happy illustration, come under that definition. But the "scientific imagination" which dominated Isaac Newton had not been given him.

true which Bacon says with noble modesty: "I only ring the bell to call other wits together. . . . I scatter the seed, leaving others in later times to gather the fruit." And the harvest of the seed he sowed was indeed speedy and abundant!

(c) *Neither Philosopher Free from the Superstitions of his Age.*

Though Roger wrote the book 'De Nullitate Magiae,' he also wrote, or rather translated, 'A Discovery of the Miracles of Magic.' He believed in astrology and horoscopes, and in the philosopher's stone. And, though he was a good mathematician, and the knowledge of his time was sufficient to have prevented the error, he believed in the quadrature of the circle. He was also not above the pretences of the mountebank to possess a mysterious knowledge of secrets he would not divulge, thus involving himself in the condemnation of his fourth offendiculum.

It is clear from the "tenth century" of the "natural history" on the "force of imagination" that Francis, with his Athenian inquisitiveness, was δεισιδαιμονέστερος. He finds it difficult to boldly reject Idola which have classic authority to back them up. There are more things in heaven and earth than philosophy dreams of is excellent good sense, but it is the Hamlet, who could decide on nothing, who said it, and it must not become an entanglement to fetter the robust judgment. To perceive how Bacon's judgment was thus entangled the whole "century" should be read, but I would refer particularly to such sections as 910, 945, 958,

961, etc., 967, 991–992, 997, and especially 998. This last section is to the effect that it will heal a wound if the weapon is anointed which made the wound. This most ancient superstition, running back to the earliest history of the human race, and common among all savage tribes, persists to the present day.* Bacon, though cautious, is very exact in details, *e. g.* of the ingredients of the moss from the skull of an unburied dead man; of the powder of a blood-stone (see also § 967), etc. The party wounded need not be aware of the fact of the ointment being applied to the weapon, and "if the ointment hath been wiped off the weapon without the knowledge of the party hurt, presently the party hurt has been in great rage of pain." Francis does not implicitly accept all this, but at least he thinks it worthy of trial.

(D) *Did Francis borrow from Roger?*

Spedding says emphatically "No," and gives as a reason—a lame one—that only one minor work of Roger's was printed in Francis' time, and that he was not likely to have consulted the manuscript works buried in obscure back shelves of libraries. Charles Forster, in 'Mahomedanism Unveiled,' is as emphatic on the other side, and prints parallel passages to prove his point. Hallam holds an even balance, inclining, I think, to the opinion that the

* A labourer in Essex (Stambridge), about fifty years ago, having been wounded by a pitch-fork, anointed the fork, threw it on a dung-hill, and never dressed the wound. I got this at first-hand from the employers.

later Bacon was indebted to the former; and he points out the curious fact that Francis' "favourite quaint expression, *praerogativae scientarium*" is also to be found in the 'Opus Majus.' But, generally speaking, from two men writing on the same branches of philosophy, the resemblance in words is slight, and the simple style and phrases of Roger contrast strongly and favourably with the sententious elaborateness of Francis Bacon. But the modes of *thought* of the two men are most strikingly similar. I here transcribe parallel passages, leaving them in the Latin.

Roger Bacon: Scientia experimentalis imperat aliis scientiis sicut ancillis suis, et ideo tota sapientiae speculativae proprietas isti scientiae specialiter attribuitur.

And again: Scientiae aliae (*i. e.* not experimental) sciunt sua *principia* invenire per experimenta, sed conclusiones per argumenta facta ex principiis inventis.

And again: In istis omnibus quae sequuntur non oportet hominem inexpertum quaerere rationem ut primo intelligat; hanc enim nunquam habebit nisi prius habeat experientiam unde oportet primo *credulitatem* fieri; donec secundo sequitur experientia; ut tertio ratio comitetur.

By *credulitas* I suppose the writer means a willingness to believe. It corresponds to Huxley's "scientific imagination," which he so greatly eulogises, and to Newman's "atmosphere of faith," which is unscientific imagination. We may supply the paraphrase—a working hypothesis.

And now from the later Bacon:—Mathematica et

logica quae ancillarum loco erga physicam se gerere debeant, dominatum contra exercere praesumunt.

And again: Duo viae sunt . . . Altera . . . Altera a sensu et particularibus excitat *axiomata*, ascendendo continenter et gradatim, ut ultimo loco perveniatur ad maxime generalia; *quae via vera est, sed intentata* (untried).

I suppose that the *principia* of the earlier writer corresponds to the *axiomata* of the later, meaning *elements* or *principles*. And also that scientia *experimentalis* corresponds to *physica*. Observe the common use of the word *ancilla*. *Particularis*, *perspectiva*, *speculativa*, are also common to both. As for *intentata* (untried), this shows either that Francis did not know the earlier methods of Roger, or, knowing them, did not recognise their value. Francis Bacon, besides appropriating a story of Roger Bacon's in 'Historiae Vitae et Mortis,' which he evidently thinks unworthy of belief, only refers to Roger once, in a passage which Hallam considers disparages the earlier philosopher. With this judgment I agree, since the words *utile genus* appear to be used scornfully as belonging to the *fructifera* which are not *quaerenda*; especially as Roger Bacon wrote treatises 'De *Utilitate* Astronomiae,' 'De *Utilitate* Scientiarum.' But how could Francis know all this unless he had known the man by his writings; for to the middle ages Roger Bacon was nothing but a vulgar magician? And it would be a very unfair inference of Francis with regard to his namesake, who complains bitterly that when he tried to create an enthusiasm for his studies, he was asked, "Are they *fructifera?* What is the use of them?"

Roger, unlike Lucretius, and certain Indian philosophers of the Dhammapada, who contemplated with sombre satisfaction from their sublime heights the passions and low ideals of the struggling multitude below, laments that he could not induce the young men (? boys), whom he was so willing to teach, to accompany him to higher and nobler and graver work.

On the whole, if I might venture a judgment, considering (1) that Francis (as Coleridge observed) makes no mention of such great men of his age as Ben Jonson (his own amanuensis), Edmund Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, and the still greater Shakespeare; (2) that he does not seem to recognise the stupendous merit* of Gilbert's noble work on 'The Magnet'; (3) that he only mentions Roger Bacon once, and that slightingly, as a man of the "useful sort" who did not regard "theory"; (4) that he certainly knew something of the work of Roger Bacon; and (5) that his enunciation of the four Idola bears a close similarity with the earlier classification of the four Offendicula: I am inclined to believe that the later Bacon was aware of his debt to the earlier Bacon, but did not choose to acknowledge it.

* "Concetto tanto stupendo," writes Galileo, alluding to Gilbert's demonstration that the earth was a magnet. Bacon says, untruly and somewhat contemptuously, that Gilbert has glorified magnetism beyond its legitimate importance—that "he himself has become a magnate." He compares him with the alchemists, and with those who "have infected their doctrines with conceits which they have most admired." Plato, he says, has untruly and improperly intermingled his philosophy with theology, Aristotle with logic, Proclus with mathematics; and so "Gilbertus, our countryman, hath made a philosophy out of the observations of a loadstone."

The conclusion, however, is not certain. Bacon, who took for his province all that can be known, is singularly ignorant of the knowledge and inventions of his day. Mr. Spedding says that he was very "ill-read." Mr. Ellis draws up a formidable list of the discoveries of his contemporaries of which he was ignorant. He mentions Galileo many times and with due admiration, but always briefly, and he does not seem to have understood his methods, nor mastered his arguments. He seems to be ignorant of Napier's logarithms which came out in 1614. And, strangest of all, though he seems to incline to the Ptolemaic system of the heavens as against the Copernican, he never mentions Kepler by name, nor appears to recognise the second and third of his laws, the last of which was published in 1616. Unlike Roger Bacon, he seems to undervalue mathematics as the foundation of exact science, and speaks of Euclid as the last of the great Greek geometricians. He was too much occupied with the system of his Magna Instauratio with its "titles, articles, sections, divisions, sub-divisions," as Mr. Spedding writes, to have time to find out what other men were doing. And he may have known and understood as little of Roger Bacon as he knew and understood of Kepler.

One last word in recapitulation. Neither of these men added much to the body of human knowledge. The first suffered from want of means—he spent £2000, all he had, on his work, tables, instruments, and books, and confesses he is an "importunate beggar"—and from the general antipathy and apathy of learned and unlearned alike; the second

from want of the scientific imagination which so wonderfully aided Newton. But both taught the Novum Organum, the new method of reason, and exposed the erroneous aims and methods of their generation. While, however, the words of Roger fell on deaf ears and cold hearts, Francis scattered seed over the fruitful soil of the spacious times of great Elizabeth and of her successor, and they sprang up and yielded fruit a hundred fold.

NOTE.—It should be understood that the Francis Bacon here compared with Roger Bacon is rather the Natural Philosopher than the writer of 'The Essays' and 'The Advancement of Learning.'

DANTE'S BRITISH ALLUSIONS.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read June 26th, 1907.]

If, as one would like to think, Dante visited England, had lodgings in Cheapside, and studied at the University of Oxford, his residence in this country has left few traces in his writings, for the allusions to Britons and to matters British are very few. The most weighty testimony is that of Giovanni da Serravalle, bishop of Fermo, who at the Council of Constance was asked by two English bishops—those of Salisbury and of Bath—to translate the 'Commedia' into Latin, and who says that Dante studied both at Oxford and at Paris, and whilst in London dwelt in Cheapside. This certainly gives a touch of local colour that may help those who have the wish to believe.

The 'Convivio' (I, 7) contains an allusion to the use of Latin by the English and the Germans, and in the geographical sketch contained in 'De Vulgari Eloquentia' there are slight references to England (I, 8) and to the English ocean. The same treatise contains a mention of literature in which England could claim a share: that is Dante's expression of admiration for "the exquisite legends

of King Arthur" known to him in their French form (I, 10). This, and the passages to be cited later, at least establishes a bond of sympathy between Tennyson in the nineteenth and Dante in the fourteenth century.

Let us now turn to the 'Divina Commedia,' and pass in review the allusions to be found in it to Britain, its history and its worthies. And first we have a reference to the discord between the throne and the sons of Simon de Montfort.

[HENRY OF CORNWALL.]

"Mostrocci un'ombre dall'un canto sola,
Dicendo: 'Colui fesse in grembo a Dio
Lo cor che in sul Tamigi ancor si cola.'"
('Inferno,' XII, 118.)

The Centaur shows Dante the punishment of those who have done violence against their neighbours; some are immersed even to their brows in the boiling, crimson flood of Phlegethon. A short space beyond the Centaur halted where some were seen to emerge as far as the throat from that boiling stream.

"He pointed out to us a shade apart on one side: this is he who in God's very bosom pierced the heart that is still venerated on the Thames."

This is an allusion to a famous murder. Guy de Montfort, son of the great Earl of Leicester, a son who had taken part in the battle of Lewes, was wounded and taken prisoner at the disastrous fight of Evesham, but had escaped to France in the earlier part of 1266. When Prince Henry of Cornwall was,

on March 13th, 1271, at mass in the church of Viterbo, his cousins Henry and Guy de Montfort rushed into the sacred building and slew him. Guy, who was then Governor of Tuscany, for Charles of Anjou, was the chief actor in this tragedy. Henry of Cornwall, panic-stricken at the sudden irruption of the armed men, clung to the altar and pleaded for mercy, but none was vouchsafed; his fingers were nearly cut off and he perished, bleeding from many wounds. On coming outside of the church one of the knights asked Guy de Montfort what he had done. "I have done my vengeance," he replied. "How?" pursued the knight, "Your father was dragged about." Thereupon Guy returned into the church, and seizing the dead man by the hair dragged the corpse contemptuously forth from the church. For two years Guy remained unpunished, but in 1273 he was, at the instance of Edward I, outlawed and excommunicated by Pope Gregory X. When that Pope was at Florence, Guy appeared in his shirt, barefooted, and with a rope round his neck, pleading for mercy. He was committed to prison, but satisfied the majesty of the law with a heavy fine of a thousand ounces of gold. He was afterwards in the service of Pope Martin IV, who made him Captain-General of the Romagna. Whilst serving under Charles of Anjou he was captured by Roger de Loria, and died in prison in Sicily. Whatever griefs Guy de Montfort might have against those by whom his father was overthrown, he had no special cause for complaint against Henry of Cornwall, who was not present at the death of Simon, and had tried to bring about a reconciliation

between the English king and the younger Montforts. Guy's exclamation of "Traitor, Henry of Almaine, thou shalt not escape," may have reference to the fact that Henry, who had been a partisan of Simon, had, after a promise of neutrality, joined the King. The tragedy of Viterbo excited great horror. The body of Henry of Cornwall was sent to England, and his heart, encased in a costly vase, was placed in Westminster Abbey near the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and became one of the objects of veneration there. It has been thought that Dante's phrase meant that the heart of Henry of Cornwall was preserved in a pillar on a bridge over the Thames, but the allusion will serve very well for Westminster.

[Michael Scot.]

"Quell'altro che ne'fianchi è così poco,
Michele Scotto fu, che veramente,
Delle magiche frode seppe il gioco."
('Inferno,' XX, 115–117.)

Here amongst the necromancers:

"That other one, who is so spare in the flanks, was Michael Scot, who in very sooth understood the play of magic wiles."

A man accomplished in mathematics and Arabic was, naturally, in the thirteenth century, regarded as a magician. Tradition ascribes to him the tripartite division of the Eildon hills! He was patronised by both Pope and Emperor, though Roger Bacon records a statement of a German bishop that Michael employed

a Jew named Andrew in the work of translation, and knew neither sciences nor languages. Italy, as well as Scotland, has tales of his necromantic power, and especially of his ability to make the spirits provide a banquet for his guests—a useful faculty for a poor scholar to possess. In his case the just fame of the student and investigator has been overclouded by the fanciful reputation of the wizard. Many are the legends told of him. He prophesied, so we are told, that Can Grande would become the Lord of Padua. Another story is that he declared the Emperor Frederick would die at Firenze. That great potentate avoided Firenze and even Faenza, but met his fate at Firenzuola—"Little Florence." It is in keeping with the character of a magician that one account declares he died in Italy and another that he finished his days in his native land. His grave, at least, one of them, is in Melrose Abbey, where his magic books are supposed to be buried with him. Dante, Boccaccio, and Walter Scott have each, in turn, contributed to keep alive the fame of Michael Scot, though rather as the magician than as the man of science. The authorities of the Church of Rome were not deterred by his reputation as a necromancer from nominating him as Archbishop of Cashel. Michael Scot declined the honour on the ground that he did not know the Irish language.

[Il Re Giovane.]

When Dante comes to speak of those who have sown discord in public affairs there is a striking passage which contains an allusion to English history.

"Io vidi certo ed ancor par ch'io'l veggia,
Un busto senza capo andar, sì come
Andavan gli altri della trista greggia.
E il capo tronco tenea per le chiome,
Pesol con mano a guisa di lanterna,
E quel mirava noi, e dicea: 'O me!
Di sè faceva a sè stesso lucerna,
Ed eran due in uno, ed uno in due;
Com'esser può, Quei sa che sì governa.
Quando diritto al piè del ponte fue,
Levò il braccio alto con tutta la testa
Per appressarne le parole sue,
Che furo: 'Or vedi la pena molesta
Tu che, spirando, vai veggendo i morti:
Vedi se alcuna è grande come questa;
E perche to di me novella porti,
Sappi ch' io son Bertram dal Bornio, quelli
Che diede al re giovane i mai conforti.
Io feci il padre e il figlio in sè ribelli:
Achitofel non fe' piu d' Ansalone
E di David co' malvagi pugnelli.
Perch' io partii cosi giunte persone,
Partito porto il mio cerebro, lasso!
Dal suo principio ch' è in questo troncone.
Cosi s' osserva in me lo contrapasso.'"
('Inferno,' XXVIII, 118–142.)

Mr. H. F. Tozer thus translates this passage:

"But I remained to watch the troop, and I beheld a thing which on my own authority without further evidence I should fear to narrate, were it not that my conscience emboldens me—that trusty companion which inspires a man with confidence beneath the breast-plate of the sense of right. In sooth I saw—and even now I seem to see it—a headless body walking, like the others of that gloomy land; and by the hair he was holding the severed head suspended in his hand like a lantern, and it gazed at

us and said: 'Oh, me!' He used himself as a light to guide him, and they were two in one and one in two: how that can be, He knows who ordains it so. When he was just at the foot of the bridge he lifted his arm on high, holding the head, so as to bring nearer to us his words, which were as follows: 'Behold now my direful punishment, thou who still breathing goest thy way to view the dead; consider whether any other doom is like unto this: and that thou mayst bear tidings of me, know that I am Bertrand de Born, the man who gave the young king the wrongful encouragement. Between father and son I excited enmity; Ahithophel did not more so between Absalom and David by his malignant incentives. Because I severed persons so closely united I bear my brain severed, alas, from its origin in this trunk. Thus in my case is the law of retaliation observed.'"

There has been some controversy as to whether we should read "re giovane" or "re Giovanni," but the weight of historic evidence points to the "Young King," that is, Prince Henry, who was twice crowned in the lifetime of his father, Henry II. The "Young King" was in constant variance with his father, whilst King John did not become rebellious until the closing years of the old King. Nor is there evidence of any special intercourse between John and Bertrand de Born, who was the friend and abettor of Prince Henry. Bertrand was a famous troubadour and poet, but he put all his heart in fomenting wars, and had a special responsibility for the unhappy differences in the royal house of England. Yet Henry II, when Bertrand de Born fell into his hands, was disarmed by the troubadour's reference to the dead son—the Young King—and restored to him the lands and goods he had forfeited.

Bertrand de Born celebrated in verse the courage and knightly qualities of the "Young King," who, in part at least, by his evil influence lost all sense of filial duty and obedience.

[Was Maestro Adamo an Englishman?]

One of the most horribly grotesque passages in the Inferno is that in which Dante describes the punishment of Maestro Adamo in the tenth bolgia of the eighth circle of the Inferno.

"Io vidi un fatto a guisa di liuto,
  Pur ch'egli avesse avuta l'anguinaia
  Tronca dal lato che l'uomo ha forcuto,
La grave idropisi, che si dispaia
  Le membra con l'umor che mal converte,
  Che il viso non risponde alla ventraia,
Faceva a lui tener le labbra aperte,
  Come l'etico fa, che per la sete
  L'un verso il mento el'altro in su riverte.
'O voi, che senza alcuna pena siete
  (E non so io perche) nel mondo gramo,'
  Diss' egli a noi, 'guardate ed attendete
Alla miseria del maestro Adamo;
  Io ebbi vivo assai di quel ch'io volli,
  Ed ora, lasso! un gocciol d'acqua bramo.
Li ruscelletti che dei verdi colli
  Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno,
  Facendo i lor canali freddi e molli,
Sempre mi stanno innanzi, e non indarno;
  Che l'imagine lor vie piu m'asciuga,
  Che il male ond'io nel volto mi discarno.
La rigida giustizia che mi fruga,
  Tragge cagion del loco ov' io peccai,
  A metter piu li miei sospiri in fuga.

Ivi è Romena, là dov' io falsai
  La lega suggellata del Batista,
  Perch' io il corpo su arso lasciai.
Ma, s'io vedessi qui l'anima trista
  Di Guido, o d' Alessandro, o di lor frate,
  Per fonte Branda non darei la vista.
Dentro c' è l' una già, se l'arrabbiate
  Ombre che van dintorno diconvero:
  Ma che mi val, ch' ho le membra legate?
S' io fossi pur di tanto ancor leggiero
  Ch' io potessi in cent' anni andare un oncia,
  Io sarei messo già per lo sentiero,
Cercando lui tra questa gente sconcia,
  Con tutto ch'ella volge undici miglia,
  E men d'un mezzo di traverso non ci ha.
Io son per lor tra si fatta famiglia:
  Ei m'indussero a battere i fiorini,
  Che avevan tre carati di mondiglia.'
Ed io a lui: 'Chi son li due tapini
  Che fuman come man bagnate il verno,
  Giacendo stretti a tuoi destri confini?'
'Qui li trovai, e poi volta non dierno,'
  Rispose, 'quand' io piovvi in questo greppo,
  E non credo che dieno in sempiterno.
L'una è la falsa che accusò Joseppo;
  L'altro è il falso Sinon greco da Troia:
  Per febbre acuta gittan tanto leppo'.
E l'un di lor, che si recò a noia
  Forse d'esser nomato si oscuro,
  Col pugno gli percosse l'epa croia:
Quella sonò come fosse un tamburo:
  E mastro Adamo gli percosse il volto
  Col braccio suo che non parve men duro,
Dicendo a lui: 'Ancor che mi sia tolto
  Lo mover, per le membra che son gravi,
  Ho io il braccio a tal mestiere sciolto.'
Ond' ei rispose: 'Quando tu andavi

Al foco non l'avei tu così presto;
Ma sì e più l'avei quando coniavi.'
E l'idropico: 'Tu di' ver di questo;
Ma tu non fosti sì ver testimonio,
Là 've del ver a Troia fosti richiesto.'
'S' io dissi 'l falso, e tu falsasti il conio,'
Disse Sinone, 'e son qui per un fallo,
E tu per più che alcun altro demonio.'
'Ricorditi, spergiuro, del cavallo,'
Rispose quel ch' avea enfiata l'epa;
'E siati reo che tutto il mondo sallo.'
'E te sia rea la sete onde ti crepa,'
Disse il Greco, 'la lingua, e l' acqua marcia
Che il ventre innanzi a gli occhi si t'assiepa.'
Allora il monetier: 'Cosi si squarcia
La bocca tua per suo mal come suole;
Che s' i' ho sete ed umor mi rinfarcia,
Tu hai l' arsura e il capo che ti duole,
E per leccar lo specchio di Narcisso,
Non vorresti a invitar molte parole.'
Ad ascoltarli er' io del tutto fisso,
Quando il Maestro mi disse: 'Or pur mira,
Che per poco e che teco non mi risso.'
Quand' io 'l senti' a me parlar con ira,
Volsimi verso lui con tal vergogna,
Ch' ancor per la memoria mi si gira."
('Inferno,' XXX, 49–135.)

This is almost literally rendered by Mr. Tozer as follows:

"One I saw whose figure would have resembled a lute, had his groin been severed where the human frame divides. The grievous dropsy, which, through the moisture assimilating amiss, so disproportions the members that the face forms a contrast to the belly, forced him to hold his

lips apart, as doth the hectic patient who from thirst turns one lip towards his chin and the other upwards. 'O ye,' said he to us, 'who are exempt from punishment—though why, I know not—in the world of woe, give heed and listen to Master Adam's sufferings: In my lifetime I had my fill of all that I desired, and now, alas! I pine for a drop of water. The rivulets which from the green hills of Casentino descend into the Arno, making their channels cool and moist, are ever present to me, and not in vain, for the sight of them parches me far more than the malady which makes my face so lean. The stern justice which chastises me takes occasion from the scene of my crime to speed still more the flight of my sighs. There is Romena, the place where I counterfeited the currency stamped with the Baptist, by reason whereof the body which I left on earth was burnt. But could I behold in this place the vile soul of Guido, or that of Alessandro or their brother, for the fountain of Branda I would not exchange the sight. Already one of them is within here, if the shades that circuit madly round, speak truth; but what profit is that to me whose limbs are hampered? Were I still active enough to advance but an inch in a hundred years, I would ere this have started on the track, searching for him among this worthless folk, for all that their range is eleven miles in circuit, and not less than half a mile across. 'Tis through them that I am in such company, 'tis they who induced me to coin the florins which had three carats of base metal.'

"And I to him: 'Who are the two poor wretches lying close together on thy right side, who steams like hands dipped in water in the winter-time?' 'Here did I find them,' he replied, 'when I was flung down into this chasm, and since then they have not shifted their place, nor will do so, I ween, for evermore. One is the false woman who accused Joseph, the other is Sinon, the treacherous Greek from Troy; the acuteness of fever makes them emit such steam.' And one of them who haply was annoyed at being

named with such discredit, smote with his fist the speaker's hard paunch, which resounded as it had been a drum: and Master Adam struck him in the face with his arm, which appeared not less hard, saying to him: 'Albeit, by the heaviness of my limbs I am deprived of movement, yet for such a function mine arm is free.' Whereupon he answered: 'Thou hadst it not so ready when thou wentest to the flames; but as much and more so when thou didst coin.' And the sufferer from dropsy: 'In this thou speakest truly but thou wast not so truthful a witness, when thou wast questioned about the truth in Troy.' 'If I spake falsely, thou didst falsify the money,' said Sinon, 'and I am here for a single crime, but thou for more than any other devil.' 'Bethink thee, perjurer, of the horse,' replied he of the swollen paunch, and be it rueful to thee that it is known to all the world.' 'And thou mayst rue the thirst which makes thy tongue to crack,' said the Greek, 'and the infected moisture which raises thy belly thus like a hedge in front of thine eyes.' Thereto the coiner: 'By that saying thou openest thy mouth, as is thy wont, to thine own detriment; for, if I suffer thirst and am distended with fluid, thou hast burning fever and an aching head, and to tempt thee to lick Narcissus' mirror there would be no need of many words.' I was wholly absorbed in listening to them when my master said: 'Aye, look thy fill; a little more and I shall quarrel with thee.' When I was aware that he spake to me in anger, I turned toward him with shame so great, that even now it eddies through my memory."

Was Maestro Adamo an Englishman? He has until quite recently been regarded as a native of Brescia—"Maestro Adamo da Brescia," the Anonimo Fiorentino calls him. When Filippo degli Ugoni was Podesta of Florence, in 1252, the citizens coined a gold florin, with the lily on one side and St. John on the other, and it is suggested that as Filippo

came from Brescia he may have introduced Maestro Adamo, who is said to have coined these florins.

Afterwards, at the instigation of the Conti Guidi of Romena, he made a counterfeit, which was of only twenty-one instead of twenty-four carats of gold. The three brothers—Conte Aghinolfo, Conte Guido, and Conte Alessandro—were in this way able at the same time to put money in their purse, and to spite their Florentine neighbours, with whom they were on bad terms. The Florentines were justly jealous of their currency, which set the standard for Europe, and these false coins naturally excited indignation. According to Troya's account, the fraud was discovered by the accidental burning down of a house belonging to the Anchioni, in the Mugello, where a quantity of the base money had been stored. Another account is that Maestro Adamo's fraud was discovered one day when he was trying to pass some of the gold coins, which were of the right weight, but, of course, of inferior quality. He was arrested, convicted, and burned alive in the year 1281 at Consuma, between Florence and Romena. The castle of Romena has been destroyed, and Consuma takes its name from the burning of Adamo. When Ampère visited the district he found that, whilst his guide knew the "Monticello del Morto"—the Little Hill of the Dead Man—he was ignorant of the story. The authorities for these statements are to be found in Toynbee's 'Dante Dictionary' and in Scartazzini's 'Enciclopedia Dantesca,' and none of them treat Adamo as other than an Italian. But Mgr. David Farabulini, in a letter to Professor Giacomo Poletto, which is printed in the latter's learned commentary

on Dante, has thrown an unexpected light upon the subject.*

There is no reference to Maestro Adamo in the 'Archives of Brescia.' But there exists a document executed at Bologna, October 28th, 1277, in favour of Bonifacio, Archbishop of Ravenna, and amongst the names of the witnesses there is that of Maestro Adamo, in these terms:

"Actum Bononie in palatio Episcopatus bonon., presentibus . . . Magistro Adamo de Anglia, familiare comitum de Romena."

This is clearly the false moneyer of Dante, but it is equally clear that the notary regarded him as English. Mgr. Farabulini regards Adam as a surname, and in later centuries it was so, but in the thirteenth century surnames had scarcely been invented, and men were known by their christian names, with or without the addition of some epithet of place or quality. To that period belonged Adam Angelicus, Adam of Barking, Adam the Carthusian, Adam of Usk, and other distinguished Englishmen of that christian name. "Master" is a term that would be employed for an expert, a man distinguished in some science or craft, and, after becoming a term of respect, was supplanted by the very inferior word "Mister." But how comes Master Adam of England to be universally known as of Brescia? Mgr. Farabulini has an interesting suggestion on this head.

* I have to thank Sig. Valgimigli for calling my attention to this curious discussion. See 'Divina Commedia con Commento del Professor Giacomo Poletto,' 1874, vol. i, p. 657. Apparently Farabulini's theory was anticipated by D. Gregorio Palmieri (see p. 646).

He supposes Maestro Adamo to have come from Armorica—Britannia Minor—which was then part of the dominion of the English king. For the district of Brest the Latinised name is Brestia, and, both in speaking and in the writing of the old records, the interchange of *t* and *c* would be easy. Adam of Brestia would thus be transformed into Adam of Brescia. This is, of course, possible, but in the Bologna deed he is distinctly described as of Anglia, and not of Armorica or Brest. England is probably not anxious to claim him, and Brest will probably be content to allow Brescia to remain in possession of Maestro Adamo. We will wait with patience for further evidence, and leave Maestro Adamo, if not a man without county, at least a person of uncertain domicile.

[Arthurian Allusions.]

When Dante is among the traitors in Caina and sees them fixed in ice, with the heads alone exposed, he sees the shades of Napoleone and Alessandro degli Alberti, Counts of Mangona, who do not answer his question as to their identity. Another spirit interposes and with malicious glee gives the information the brothers would withhold. The informer was Alberto Camicione de' Pazzi di Valdarno, who had treacherously slain his kinsman Ubertino. He declares the two brothers are the worst of all:

> "... e tutta la Caina
> Portrai cercare, e non trovai ombra
> Degna più d' esser fitta in gelatina:

Non quelli a cui fu rotto il petto e l'ombra
Con esso un colpo per la man d'Artù:
Non Focaccia: non questi che m'ingombra
Col capo sì ch' io non veggio oltre più,
E fu nomato Sassol Mascheroni:
Se Tosco se', ben sa' omai chi fu."
('Inferno,' XXXII, 58–66.)

"Throughout all Caina"—that is the first ring of the ninth circle, in which are imprisoned those who have been traitors to their own kindred—"thou mayest search, and not one shade wilt thou find more deserving to be fixed in the jelly: not him whose breast and shadow were cleft at the same time by the hand of Arthur: not Focaccia, not this one here who so encumbers me with his head that I cannot see beyond it, and was called Sassol Mascheroni: if thou art a Tuscan, now knowest thou well who he was." We are not concerned now with the crimes of Focaccia and Mascheroni, but he whom Arthur slew belongs to our theme. Dante was not disturbed by any critical doubts as to the historical value of the Arthurian legends, which he admired, and to him the traitor Mordred is as real as the traitor Mascheroni. Mordred, left in charge of the kingdom, seeks to usurp the throne and is slain in a battle by King Arthur, whose lance pierces the traitor's body with so strong and swift a stroke that a ray of sunshine follows the weapon and breaks the shadow cast by the body as it falls. This incident, not given by Malory, is in the old French romance in the British Museum (Add. MS. 10294). Of the other Arthurian references, the most important are those in the story of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini,

whose fatal passion declared itself as they read together the romance of Lancelot du Lac. Here we have references to Guenevere and Gallehault as well as Lancelot ('Inferno,' V, 121–138). There is also a mention of Lancelot in the 'Convivio' (IV, 28). The kissing of Guenevere by Lancelot is again named in the 'Paradiso' (XVI, 15). Paris and Tristan are also named ('Inferno,' V, 67). Dante's use of the Lancelot romances has been made the subject of an excellent essay by Dr. Paget Toynbee in his 'Dante Studies and Researches.'

We now pass from the 'Inferno' to the 'Purgatorio.'

[HENRY III.]

"Vedete il re della semplice vita
Seder là solo, Arrigo d' Inghilterra:
Questi ha ne rami soui migliore uscita."
('Purgatorio,' VII, 130–132.)

This is Sordello's eulogistic reference to Henry III as the "King of simple life, who in his branches has a better issue"—that is his son Edward I, to whom there is another allusion in 'Paradiso,' XIX, 122. Henry III was perhaps more adapted for a monastery than a court—his piety was more famous than his statecraft. The "better issue" that he had is perhaps in comparison with that of Charles of Anjou and Pedro III of Aragon, whom the poet has just mentioned in the passage preceding the one just quoted. Dante's reference to his simple life is not very appropriate, for whilst his conduct was moral

beyond the standard of his time and class, he was extravagant and squandered the money he obtained from his subjects with reckless prodigality. At once obstinate and wavering, he was not feared or respected. But he loved art and letters, as his friendship for Matthew Paris, and his re-building of Westminster Abbey may testify.

There are some interesting English personages in the 'Paradiso.'

[THE VENERABLE BEDE.]

"Vedi oltre fiammeggior l' ardente spiro
D' Isidoro, di Beda, e di Riccardo
Che a considerar fu più che viro."
('Paradiso,' X, 130–132.)

Dante sees in Paradise the twelve great theologians, with St. Thomas Aquinas at their head. St. Thomas names his companions, and Bede is mentioned in the same group as St. Isidore of Seville, and Richard of St. Victor. There is another reference in the 'Epistola' VIII, 114, where, speaking of the neglect of theology and the study of law, civil and ecclesiastical, for the sake of gain, Dante says: "Iacet Gregorius tuus in telis aranearum; iacet Ambrosius in neglectis clericorum latibulis; iacet Ambrosius; abjectus Dionysius, Damascanus et Beda; et nescio quod *Speculum*, Innocentium, et Ostiensem declamant." Bede is one of the most attractive spirits in the long history of literature and learning in this country. The time not due to the services of the Church he devoted to study, and was always learning, teaching, or writing. His

power as a literary artist is seen in his account of the awakening of poetry in the soul of Caedmon. And whilst strenuous in the defence of his own views, he is fair and appreciative to those who do not share them. His ecclesiastical policy was far-seeing, wise, and sympathetic. He could with dignity reprove those who at the unseemly feast of the second Wilfrith, Bishop of York, had accused him of heresy. His death was a fitting close to a long and beautiful life. He was engaged upon a translation of the Gospel of John into English, and on the day of his death was still at work upon it. When the evening came his young scribe said, "There is yet one more sentence, dear master, to write out." Bede answered, "Write quickly." After a while the boy said, "Now, it is finished." "Well," replied Bede, "thou hast spoken truly, 'it is finished.'" He bade them carry him to where he could look upon his customary place of prayer. As he lay upon the pavement of his cell he chanted the "Gloria Patri," and with its last words upon his lips he passed to the Father.

Why does not some scholar give us a full biography of this saintly man?

[Richard of St. Victor.]

"... e di Riccardo
Che a considerar fu più che viro."
('Paradiso,' X, 131, 132.)

Richard of St. Victor, famous in the middle ages for his learning, piety, and mysticism, was a native of Scotland, though his life was spent in the Abbey

of St. Victor, at Paris. There is another allusion in the Epistle of Dante to Can Grande (section 28), but only the title of his book 'De Contemplatione' is given. This is the book that leads Dante to declare that Richard "in his contemplation was more than man." Lubini has printed many parallel passages to show how closely Richard of St. Victor was studied by Dante. He is believed to have died about the year 1173. Whilst he was Prior of St. Victor the Abbey was visited by Pope Alexander III and Thomas à Becket. He was the exponent of a philosophy of contemplative mysticism, and great as was his reputation for learning and piety in the twelfth century, he is now but a name and a shadow.

[Glastonbury Clock.]

There is a famous passage in the 'Paradiso' in which some have seen a reference to the great clock at Glastonbury Abbey. When the twelve great theologians have been named by St. Thomas Aquinas they move away singing:

'Indi come orologio, che ne chiami
  Nell' ora che la sposa di Dio surge
  A mattinar lo sposo perchè l' ami,
Che l' una parte l' altra tira ed urge,
  'Tin tin' sonando con si dolce nota,
  Che il ben dispost spirto d' amor turge;
Così vid'io la gloriosa rota
  Moversi e render voce a voce in tempra
  Ed in dolcezza ch' esser non più nota,
Se non colà dove gioir s' insempra."

('Paradiso,' X, 139–148.)

"Then like the clock which calls us at the hour when the Bride of God is wont to rise to chant night-songs to her Spouse that He may love her, which (clock) draws and urges forward the various parts, chiming 'Tin tin' with so sweet a note, that the well-disposed heart swells with love; so beheld I the glorious wheel moving, and returning voice to voice with a modulation and a sweetness that cannot be comprehended, save in that place where joy reigns for ever."

There was a clock such as is here described made by Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury in the early part of the fourteenth century. This same clock is now in Wells Cathedral, and the knights in armour still revolve in their mystic circle at the striking of the hour. Dean Plumptre could not find any trace of such a clock in Italy, Germany, or France before the middle of the fourteenth century. "But in England there was at some time or other in the first quarter of that century, a clock such as Dante describes, and it was to be found then at the great Benedictine Abbey of Glastonbury." And without positive affirmation Dr. Plumptre thinks it not improbable that Dante may have visited the great monastic house of the Holy Thorn. It is said that Dante's "tin tin" is the first allusion to the striking of the hours by a clock that is to be found in literature.*

* See Plumptre's notes on the passage above cited in his translation of Dante. The question as to Dante's connection with Oxford is argued by the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone in the 'Nineteenth Century,' June, 1892, by Dean Plumptre in the 'Contemporary Review,' December, 1881, and by Sig. Azeglio Valgimigli in the 'Giornale Dantesco,' 1894. Other references will be found in the catalogue of the Willard Fiske Collection at Carnell University.

[ST. ANSELM OF CANTERBURY.]

"Io son la vita di Bonaventura
Da Bagnoregio, che nei grandi offici
Sempre posposi la sinostra cura.
Illuminato ed Augustin son quici,
Che fur dei primi scalzi poverelli,
Che nel capestro a Dio si fero amici.
Ugo da San Vittore è qui con elli,
E Pietro Mangiadore, e Pietro Ispano,
Lo qual gia luce in dodici libelli;
Natan profeta, e il metropolitano
Crisostomo, ed Anselmo, e quel Donato
Ch' alla prim' arte degnò por la mano;
Rabano è qui, e lucemi da lato
Il Calabrese abate Gioacchino
Di spirito profectico dotati."
('Paradiso,' XII, 127–140.)

This is the list which Bonaventura gives to the poet of himself and his twelve companions.

"I am the spirit of Bonaventura of Bonregio, who in the discharge of offices ever gave temporal interests the second place. Illuminato and Augustino are here, who were among the first of the barefooted poor, who by wearing the cord became the friends of God. Hugo of St. Victor is here in their company, and Petrus Comestor, and Petrus Hispanus, whose fame on earth is proclaimed by twelve treatises, Nathan the Prophet, and the metropolitan Chrysostom, and Anselm, and that Donatus who deigned to treat of the first of the sciences, Rabanus is here, by my side the Abbot Joachim of Calabria shines, who was gifted with the spirit of prophecy."

In this company, ranging from the reprover of David to Pope John XXI, there is one name associated with England. Aosta gave birth to St.

Anselm, but it is as Archbishop of Canterbury that he lives in history. There are few more striking scenes than that in which the unwilling monk was forced by bishop and people to the bedside of the Red King, to receive from the sick monarch the pastoral staff of Canterbury. He was a man of genius, and remarkable in many ways. His career was stormy, but the straightforward honesty of his character is abundantly shown. It is, perhaps, to be regarded as one of the ironies of fate that his canonisation should have been at the hands of Pope Alexander VI. In his philosophical writings he is said to have anticipated some of the arguments of Descartes. He was a bold and original thinker, a man of spiritual insight, who united to sympathy and kindliness an unbounded courage in the defence of his ideals, and in the reproof of wrongdoing.

[EDWARD I.]

"La si vedrà la superbia ch' assetta,
Che fa lo Scotto e l' Inghilese folle,
Si che non può soffrir dentro a sua meta."
('Paradiso,' XIX, 122.)

Edward I, who has already been named as the "better issue" of Henry III, is further alluded to by the Eagle, who says that in the terrible catalogue of national ills set down in the book of the recording angel: "There will be seen the arrogance that sets athirst, that makes the Scot and the Englishman so mad that neither can rest within his borders." The friendly intercourse that had been between the two nations was followed by devastating wars when

Edward I claimed the crown and began the struggle with John Balliol. Some commentators, however, think that the English king here meant is Edward II. This seems inappropriate, and most critics agree that Edward I and John Balliol are the monarchs reproved.

Leaving aside the question of Maestro Adamo and the references to the mythical Arthurian personages we find in the 'Commedia' only eight passages relating to British history and British persons. And the supposed reference to Glastonbury clock can only be regarded as possible—not as certain—scarcely as probable. If the allusions are few they are not otherwise unsatisfactory. Edward I receives both praise and blame. The "Young King," no doubt, was, in spite of his popularity, a bad son. Henry of Cornwall's tragic end can only evoke sympathy. Henry III is praised for his unkingly virtues. If we find Guy de Montfort and Michael Scot in the Inferno, we have the goodly fellowship of Anselm, Richard of St. Victor, and the Venerable Bede amid the shining companies of Paradise.

POSTSCRIPT.

Did Dante visit England?

It is not impossible that Dante visited England, but the only positive testimonies on the subject are those of Boccaccio and Serravalle. Dante himself speaks of being "portato a diversi porti e foci e liti dal vento secco che vapora la dolorosa povertà"

('Convivo,' I, 3), but, unfortunately, he does not tell us where these ports and shores were placed. There is no mention of London or Oxford in Boccaccio's 'Life of Dante,' but in a Latin epistle to Petrarca he says:

> "Traxerit ut juvenum Phœbus per celsa nivosi
> Cyrrheos, mediosque sinus, tacit osque recessus
> Naturae, caelique vias Terraeque, marisque,
> Aonis fontes, Parnassi culmen, et antra
> Julia, Parisios dudum, extremosque Britannos."

The journey is placed in Dante's youth, which is inconsistent with Boccaccio's statement in his biography of the poet. "It is more probable," says Dr. Edward Moore, "that Boccaccio (if really the author) thus poetically expresses the wide extent of Dante's wanderings by inserting what he probably regarded as the *ultima Thule* of civilisation."*

The other witness is Giovanni Bertoldi, or Serravalle, who was the author of a Latin commentary on Dante which has never been printed. Of the two copies known, one is in the Vatican and the other in the British Museum.† This work was undertaken at the request of Cardinal Amidei, of Saluzzo, and of the Bishops of Bath and Salisbury, and completed whilst the author and these patrons were at the Council of Constance, January 16th, 1417. In this he says: "Modo nota quod Dantes dilexit hanc puellam Beatricem ystorice et literaliter; sed allegorice et anagogice dilexit theologiam sacram, in qua diu

* Moore: 'Dante and his Early Biographers,' London, 1890, pp. 113, 179.

† Colomb de Batines: 'Bibliografia Dantesca,' ii, 333; Moore: 'Dante and his Early Biographers,' p. 110.

studuit tam in Oxoniis in regno Anglie, quam Parisius in regno Francie." And again later it is stated that Dante studied at Padua and Bologna, "demum Oxoniis et Parisius ubi fecit multos actus mirabiles." Here the testimony is clear and unmistakable, but the passage is not without its own difficulties, as will be seen by Dr. Moore's comment:

"Now, much as one would wish to believe that Dante had visited Oxford, one cannot but remark that (1) the statement that he did so is first made in a work written a hundred years after his death, and is apparently unconfirmed by any other testimony; (2) it is suspicious that it is found in a work written to please two English patrons, one of whom [Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury] had been Chancellor of the University of Oxford; (3) the passage in which the statement occurs contains some palpably false and purely fabulous statements; (4) it is worth observing that the sojourn at Paris, as well as Oxford, is here said to have taken place in Dante's youth and in connection with his education, whereas the visit to Paris, at any rate, is stated by Boccaccio to have been in consequence of Dante's exile." *

Dean Plumptre has said perhaps all that can be said in favour of the view that Dante came to England. He thinks that he was a tertiary of St. Francis, and the chief schools of that order were at Paris and Oxford. Dean Plumptre, on examining Serravalle's MS., found a note on the fly-leaf stating that Dante had lodgings in Cheapside during his stay in London, but could not find the corresponding passage in the text.† He points out Fazio degli

* Moore, p. 113.

† 'Commedia,' etc., a new translation by E. H. Plumptre, vol. i, p. 56, 57.

Uberti, whose 'Dittamondo' was written in the fourteenth century, mentions Guenevere's tower, Merlin's cave, and Camelot, as things that travellers ought to see in England. These are all the data known to me on this subject, and it does not appear to be quite convincing. In the problems of history and literature, a Scotch verdict of "not proven" is sometimes the wisest. Dante may have visited England, but the evidence does not warrant a positive assertion.

GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
AUG 8 1907

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Royal Society of Literature

SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XXVII.—PART IV.

LONDON:
ASHER AND CO.,
13, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.
1907.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Royal Society of Literature.

SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XXVII.—PART IV.

LONDON:
ASHER AND CO.,
13, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.
1907.

CONTENTS.

I. Note on Ben Jonson's Books. By Robert W. Ramsey.

II. On the Numerical Symbols used by the Greek Historians. By Professor J. P. Mahaffy, C.V.O.

III. Roger Bacon and Francis Bacon: a Comparison. By Howard Candler, M.A.

IV. Dante's British Allusions. By William E. A. Axon, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
GRADUATE LIBRARY

DATE DUE

APR 22 1981

SEP 15 1986

AUG 18 1986

MAR 23 1909

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 01071 7430

DO NOT REMOVE
OR
MUTILATE CARD

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
GRADUATE LIBRARY

DATE DUE

APR 22 1981

SEP 15 1986

AUG 18 1986

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 01071 7430

DO NOT REMOVE
OR
MUTILATE CARD